This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

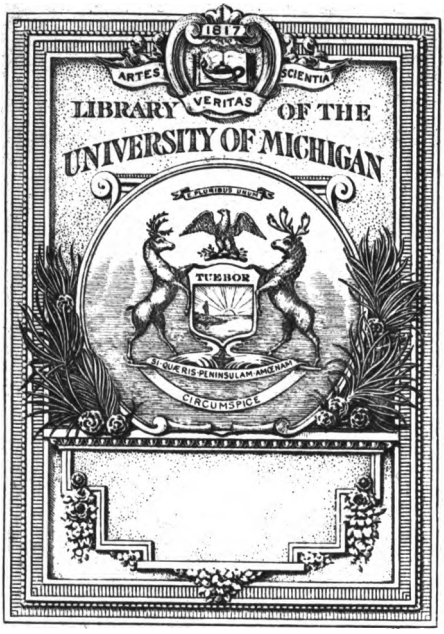
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Charlotte Temple

Rowson, Francis Whiting Halsey

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

828
K885c
1905
cop. 2

NCLL - 88

Robson

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

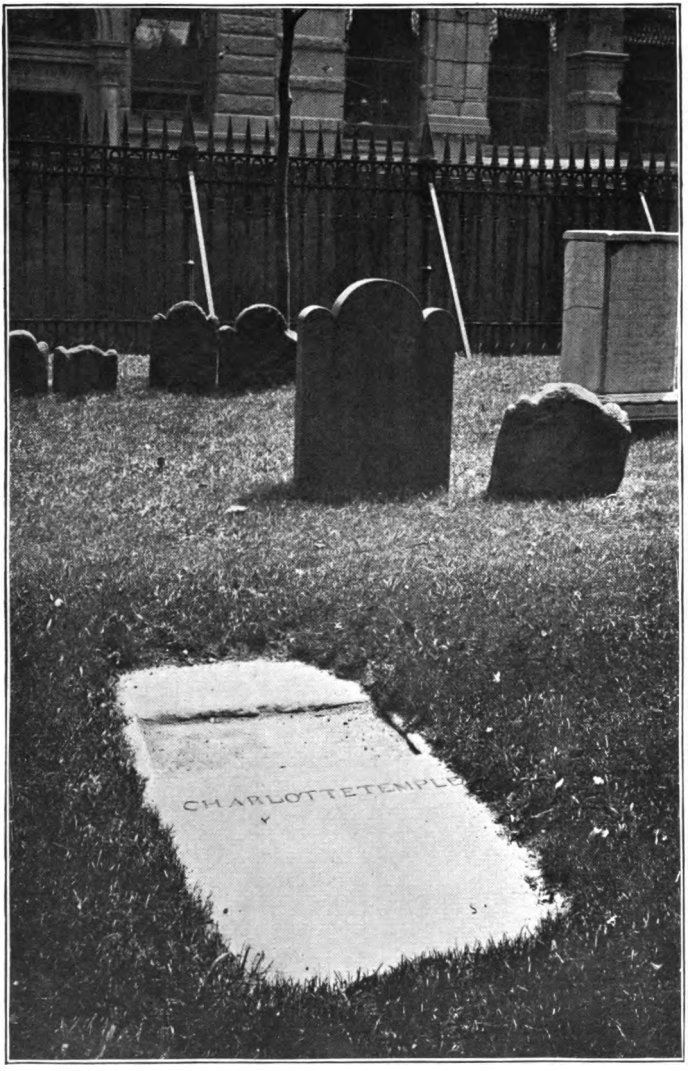
CHARLOTTE TEMPLE

Two Volumes in One

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



THE CHARLOTTE TEMPLE TOMBSTONE IN TRINITY CHURCHYARD
(LOOKING INTO BROADWAY)
From a recent photograph

UNIV. OF MICH.

Digitized by Google

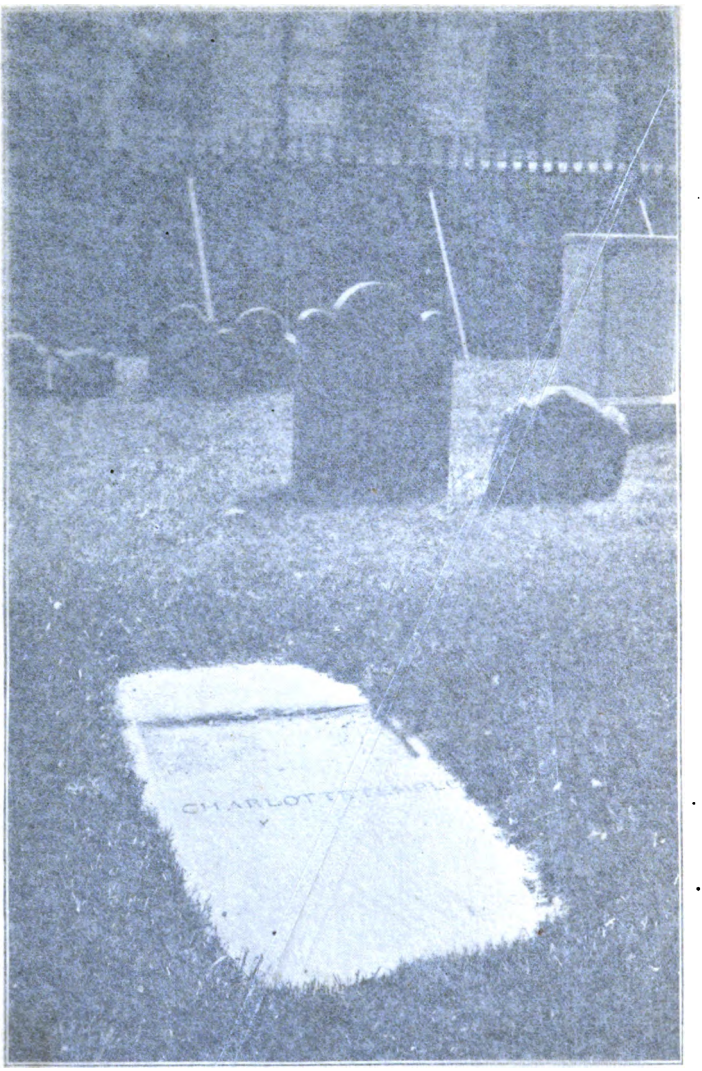
THE TEMPLE

OF TRUTH

ROWSON

COMPANY

Digitized by Google



THE CHARLOTTE TEMPLE TOMBSTONE IN [illegible] BURYARD
(LOOKING INTO BROADWAY)
From a recent photograph

Digitized by Google

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE

A TALE OF TRUTH

BY

SUSANNA HASWELL ROWSON

REPRINTED FROM THE RARE FIRST AMERICAN EDITION (1794), OVER TWELVE HUNDRED ERRORS IN LATER EDITIONS BEING CORRECTED, AND THE PREFACE RESTORED

WITH AN HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION BIBLIOGRAPHY, ETC.

BY

FRANCIS W. HALSEY

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
NEW YORK AND LONDON
1905

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
[*Printed in the United States of America*]
Published, November, 1905

Digitized by Google

To

MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

English
nat Bib
2-24-36
31508-2

WHY THIS EDITION

SEVERAL reasons exist for undertaking a new edition of Mrs. Rowson's story. The more obvious ones may be indicated here:

1. Owing to frequent reprints, extending over more than a century, the text has become so corrupt that it cries aloud for restoration to its original state. Large and small, the errors in the best current edition, by actual count, make a total of 1265.

2. There has been need of a brief memoir of Mrs. Rowson to accompany her story, as one of the most widely read of modern books. In the number of copies actually printed and read in America, it is doubtful if any work of fiction has surpassed this little "Tale of Truth."

3. Mrs. Rowson having assured her readers that the story was founded on

Digitized by Google

actual occurrences, some of which were within her personal knowledge, all the facts in the case known or ascertainable ought to be made accessible, and especially all that is known of Charlotte as a real person.

4. A detailed statement has been needed as to the authenticity of the tombstone in Trinity churchyard, which, for four generations, has been a place of constant pilgrimage, and has evoked many unaffected tears.

5. It is believed that in no edition heretofore printed have readers been furnished with an outline of the life of the English army officer who is the accepted original of Montraville.

6. In the matter of mere book-making the story has deserved a place in the company of standard fiction as offered in the better class of bookstores, and this it seems never to have had—at least not since the earliest years in its history.

7. In undertaking to meet these re-

Digitized by Google

quirements, it is clear that the new edition should be illustrated from authentic material.

8. Inasmuch as the best list heretofore printed comprises only sixteen editions of the work, an attempt at a more complete bibliography seemed to be called for. It has resulted in a list of one hundred and four, but with many editions still missing.

9. While Joseph Sabin described the book as "the most popular romance of its generation," and it has not lacked for popularity in any of the three generations that have elapsed since its own, we shall search in vain for Charlotte's name in dictionaries of biography and in lists of noted names of fiction.

F. W. H.

New York, *August* 25, 1905.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS

	PAGE
WHY THIS EDITION	vii
HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION	xvii
I MRS. ROWSON	xix
II THE BOOK	xxix
III CHARLOTTE	xxxviii
IV THE TOMBSTONE	xlix
V MONTRAVILLE	lxx
VI THE LAST DAYS OF MONTRÉSOR AND MONTRAVILLE	lxxxiii
VII A CONTRIBUTION TO A BIBLIOGRAPHY	xci

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE

VOLUME I

CHAPTER	PAGE
THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE	3
I A BOARDING-SCHOOL	7
II DOMESTIC CONCERNS	13
III UNEXPECTED MISFORTUNES	21
IV CHANGE OF FORTUNE	30
V SUCH THINGS ARE	40
VI AN INTRIGUING TEACHER	47
VII NATURAL SENSE OF PROPRIETY INHERENT IN THE FEMALE BOSOM	55
VIII DOMESTIC PLEASURES PLANNED	63
IX WE KNOW NOT WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH	71
X WHEN WE HAVE EXCITED CURIOSITY IT IS BUT AN ACT OF GOOD NATURE TO GRATIFY IT	78

Digitized by Google

Contents

CHAPTER		PAGE
XI	Conflict of Love and Duty	83
XII[1]		89

Nature's last, best gift:
Creature in whom excell'd whatever could
To sight or thought be named!
Holy, divine! good, amiable and sweet!
How thou art fall'n!——

XIII	Cruel Disappointment	97
XIV	Maternal Sorrow	105
XV	Embarkation	112
XVI	Necessary Digression	118
XVII	A Wedding	125

VOLUME II

XVIII	Reflections	3
XIX	A Mistake Discovered	11
XX		19

"Virtue never appears\so amiable as when reaching forth her hand to raise a fallen sister."—*Chapter of Accidents.*

XXI		28

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see,
That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me.
—*Pope.*

XXII	Sorrows of the Heart	34
XXIII	A Man May Smile, and Smile and Be a Villain	40
XXIV	Mystery Developed	48
XXV	Reception of a Letter	58
XXVI	What Might be Expected	63

[1] This and Chapters XX., XXI., XXVII., and XXX. have no captions except the passages quoted.

Digitized by Google

Contents

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXVII	. . . . .	70
	Pensive she mourn'd and hung her languid head, Like a fair lily overcharg'd with dew.	
XXVIII	A Trifling Retrospect	80
XXIX	We Go Forward Again	87
XXX	. . . . .	94
	And what is friendship but a name, A charm that lulls to sleep, A shade that follows wealth and fame, But leaves the wretch to weep. —*Goldsmith.*	
XXXI	Subject Continued	101
XXXII	Reasons Why and Wherefore . . .	107
XXXIII	Which People Void of Feeling Need Not Read	113
XXXIV	Retribution	122
XXXV	Conclusion	128
Index	. . . . .	133

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

1. The Charlotte Temple Tombstone in Trinity Churchyard . . . *Frontispiece.*
   Looking into Broadway. From a recent photograph.
2. Susanna Haswell Rowson xviii
   From a miniature still owned in the family.
3. Memorial to Mrs. Rowson in Forest Hill Cemetery, Roxbury, Mass xxvi
   From a recent photograph.
4. Sensational Cover-Title of "Charlotte Temple," with a So-Called Authentic Portrait xxxiv
   From the condensed edition published in Philadelphia in 1865.
5. Another So-Called Portrait of Charlotte Temple xxxvi
   From an advertising poster for a sensational story-paper published in New York about 1870.
6. Title-Page of the First American Edition, 1794 xxxviii
   From a copy of the book owned by Mabel Osgood Wright.
7. Charlotte's Home in New York, as Shown on the Ratzen Map of 1767 . . . xlvi
   From a copy of the original map in the Lenox Library.
8. Part of Colonel John Montrésor's Map of New York in 1775 xlvi
   From a copy in the Lenox Library.

Digitized by Google

List of Illustrations

FACING PAGE

9. "The Old Tree House" xlviii
Present building of that name on the later site of the original "Old Tree House," in which Charlotte lived, at the Bowery and Pell Street. From a recent photograph.

10. Trinity Church after the Fire of 1776 . . 1
From a sketch by Thomas Barrow, reproduced from Valentine's Manual for 1861.

11. Portrait of Colonel James G. Montrésor . lxx
From the original in oil, as reproduced in the New York Historical Society's Collections for 1881.

12. Portrait of Colonel John Montrésor . . lxxii
From a portrait in oil by Copley, as reproduced in the New York Historical Society's Collections for 1881.

13. Charlotte and Montraville Arriving at Portsmouth . . . . . Vol. I 114
Frontispiece to an edition of 1829.

14. View of New York from the Harbor in 1775. Vol. I 126
From a print in the Emmet Collection in the Lenox Library.

15 Trinity Church at the Time of Charlotte's Death . . . . . Vol. II 124
From an old print.

16. Montraville at Charlotte's Funeral . . Vol. II 126
From a woodcut in the sensational Philadelphia edition of 1865.

17 Charlotte's Tombstone . . . . . Vol. II 128
From an old woodcut (about 1850) in the Lenox Library.

Digitized by Google

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

INTRODUCTION

I

MRS. ROWSON

SUSANNA HASWELL ROWSON, the author of "Charlotte Temple," was born in Portsmouth, England, in 1761. Her father was William Haswell, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and her mother Susanna Musgrave. In 1769 she came to America with her father, who settled at Nantasket, in Massachusetts, and remained here until 1777. She wrote, nearly twenty years afterward, in an introduction to one of her books:[1]

"It was my fate, at a period when memory can scarcely retain the smallest trace of the occurrence, to accompany my father to Boston, in New England, where he had married a

[1] "Trials of the Human Heart," Philadelphia (4 vols.), 1795.

Digitized by Google

second wife, my mother having lost her life in giving me existence. Blessed with a genteel competency, and placed by his rank and education in that sphere of life where the polite and friendly attentions of the most respectable characters courted our acceptance, and enjoying a constant intercourse with the families of the officers of the British Army stationed there, eight years of my life glided almost imperceptibly away."

Her education was carefully supervised during her stay in Nantasket. She is said to have attracted the notice of James Otis, the orator and statesman, who called her "my little scholar," and endeavored to inculcate in her mind his own political sentiments, but whatever success he may have had with the daughter did not extend to the father. She adds:

"At that time the dissensions between England and America increased to an alarming degree. My father bore the King's commission; he had taken the oath of allegiance. Certain I am that no one who considers the nature of an oath voluntarily taken, no one who reflects

Digitized by Google

SUSANNA HASWELL ROWSON
From a miniature still owned in the family

UNIV. OF MICH.
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

that, previous to this period, he had served thirty years under the British Government, will blame him for strict adherence to principles which were interwoven, as it were, into his existence. He did adhere to them. The attendant consequences may readily be supposed. His person was confined; his property confiscated. Having been detained as a prisoner two years and a half, part of which was spent in Hingham and part in Abington, an exchange of prisoners taking place between the British and American, my father and his family were sent by cartel to Halifax, from which we embarked for England."

A few years after her return to England she began to support herself. At one time she acted as a governess in the family of the Duchess of Devonshire. She also wrote verses, and in 1786 published a novel called "Victoria," the characters in which she described as having been "taken from real life." To assist in its publication, subscriptions were secured, and several came from notable persons, including General John Burgoyne, Mrs.

Digitized by Google

Siddons, Sir Charles Middleton, and Samuel Adams. This work, the only one that appeared under Mrs. Rowson's maiden name, was dedicated to the Duchess of Devonshire, who introduced her to the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., through whom was secured a pension for her father.

In the same year she was married to William Rowson, a hardware merchant, serving as trumpeter in the Royal Horse Guards. Mr. Rowson soon failed in business, in consequence, it is said, of losses through a partner in America. She and he, as well as her husband's sister, then decided to go on the stage.[1] They made their first appearance in Edinburgh in the winter of 1792-3, and afterward acted in several other British towns. Meanwhile

[1] The Rowson family appears to have included at least one other actress. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1790, among the obituary notices, may be read the following: "Of a billious fever, Miss Rowson, of Covent Garden Theatre, a beautiful and interesting girl, on whose character, notwithstanding the blandishments of her situation, suspicion had never breathed."

Digitized by Google

she continued to write books. "Victoria" was followed by a story called "Mary; or, The Test of Honor," and then came in succession "The Inquisitor; or, Invisible Rambler," a work in three volumes, modeled on Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," 1788 (republished in Philadelphia in 1794); "Poems on Various Subjects," 1788; "A Trip to Parnassus"; "A Critique on Authors and Performers"; "Mentoria," being views on education, 1791; "Charlotte; a Tale of Truth" (such was the original title of "Charlotte Temple," the "Temple" being omitted), two volumes, 1790, which within a few years reached a sale of twenty-five thousand copies; and "Rebecca; or, the Fille de Chambre," an autobiographical novel; 1792, of which a revised edition was published in this country in 1814.

In 1793 Mr. and Mrs. Rowson entered into a contract to come to America and act in the Chestnut Street Theater in Philadelphia . When they arrived yellow fever

Digitized by Google

was prevalent in that city, and the company for a time acted in Annapolis instead. For three years Mrs. Rowson continued her life here as an actress, appearing mainly in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston. Coming to New York, she viewed the grave of the unfortunate Charlotte, and went to the house in which she died. Among the characters which she represented on the stage were Lady Sneerwell in "The School for Scandal," and Dame Quickley in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." She wrote several plays, among them "A Female Patriot," 1794; "Slaves in Algiers," 1794; "Americans in England" and "The Volunteers," 1793. The latter was a farce founded on the whisky insurrection in western Pennsylvania.

In 1794 appeared the first American edition of "Charlotte Temple," which was still called "Charlotte." William Cobbett (the once famous "Peter Porcupine") printed a rather brutal attack upon her

Digitized by Google

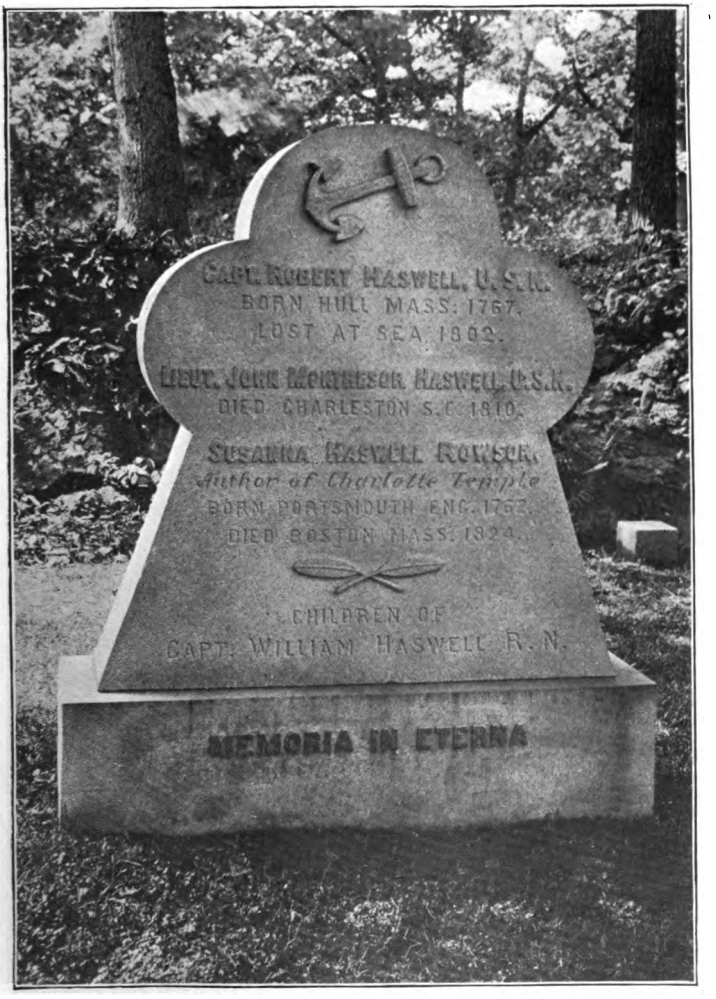
writings at this time, entitled "A Kick for a Bite," in which he indelicately said that in "Slaves in Algiers" she "had expressed sentiments foreign to her heart." She replied in an introduction to her next book, "Trials of the Human Heart," described on the title-page as "by Mrs. Rowson of the New Theatre." "The literary world is infested," said she, "with a kind of loathsome reptile," and then added that "one of them lately crawled over the volumes which I have had the temerity to submit to the public eye." "Trials of the Human Heart," in four volumes, 1795, was her most ambitious literary undertaking, but it had only a moderate success. Prominent persons, including Martha Washington and Benjamin Franklin, were among the subscribers for it. It was followed in Baltimore in the same year by "The Standard of Liberty," being a patriotic address to the armies of the United States.

Abandoning the stage in 1796, her last

Digitized by Google

appearance being made in Boston, Mrs. Rowson settled in Massachusetts. She taught for a time in Medford and Newton, and finally went to Boston, where for the remainder of her life she maintained a school in which were educated the children of many cultured families. Her experience as a teacher embraced twenty-five years. During this period she edited (1802-5) the *Boston Weekly Magazine,* wrote for several other periodicals, and published the following books: "Reuben and Rachel; or, Tales of Old Times," 1798; "Miscellaneous Poems," in which appeared original verse, including a song, "America, Commerce, and Freedom," that enjoyed wide popularity, besides translations from Homer and Virgil, 1804; "A System of Geography," 1806; "A Spelling Dictionary," 1807; "Sarah, the Exemplary Wife," 1813; "A Present for Young Ladies," being a compilation of poems, recitations, and dialogs, 1811; "Exercises in History," 1822; and, finally,

Digitized by Google


CAPT. ROBERT HASWELL, U. S. N.
BORN HULL MASS. 1767.
LOST AT SEA 1802.
LIEUT. JOHN MONTRESOR HASWELL, U.S.N.
DIED CHARLESTON S.C. 1810.
SUSANNA HASWELL ROWSON.
Author of Charlotte Temple
BORN PORTSMOUTH ENG. 1762.
DIED BOSTON MASS. 1824.
CHILDREN OF
CAPT. WILLIAM HASWELL R. N.
MEMORIA IN ETERNA

MEMORIAL TO MRS. ROWSON IN FOREST HILL CEMETERY, ROXBURY, MASS.

From a recent photograph

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

"Biblical Dialogues Between a Father and His Family," 1822; this being her last work, except a posthumous one, entitled "Lucy Temple, Charlotte's Daughter," a sequel to "Charlotte Temple," but much inferior to it. "Lucy Temple" contained a brief memoir of Mrs. Rowson by Samuel L. Knapp. Many of these books were published through subscriptions obtained in advance, and the names of the subscribers were printed at the end of each book.

Mrs. Rowson died in Boston, November 2, 1824, and was buried in the family vault of her friend, Gotlieb Graupner, in St. Michael's Church, South Boston. A granite monument to her memory was in recent years set up in a family lot in Forest Hill Cemetery, Roxbury, by her grandnieces and nephew, Mary and Haswell C. Clark, and Mrs. Samuel Osgood, born Ellen Haswell Murdock, the mother of Mabel Osgood Wright, who designed the stone. Her body was not removed

Digitized by Google

to this lot, however, inasmuch as identification of it after removal from St. Michael's Church had become impossible through the loss of a coffin plate. In 1859 the Rev. Elias Nason read a paper on Mrs. Rowson's life and work before the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, and in 1870 published in Albany a more extended memoir in book form, with a portrait.

Digitized by Google

II

THE BOOK

Of the twenty-four books and plays here enumerated, "Charlotte Temple" alone has survived. But what a survival that has been! Its early success in England merely foreshadowed the success it was destined to have in America, with scarcely an interruption down to the present day—a period of one hundred and fifteen years. As a survival among books of that generation it is probably matched in this country only by Franklin's "Autobiography," if indeed that book has matched it. Among novels it had no rival in its own day—not even "Evelina" or "The Children of the Abby." None of Scott's novels, which came a generation later, could have had so wide a reading here. Not until "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared

Digitized by Google

did an American work of fiction dispute its preeminence in point of circulation.

Perhaps even now, in the number of copies actually printed and read, "Charlotte Temple" has not been exceeded by Mrs. Stowe's work, because, being not protected by copyright, it has been constantly issued by many publishers in the cheapest possible forms of paper as well as cloth. The editions are innumerable. It has been published in London, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and several of the smaller American towns, including Ithaca, N. Y., Windsor, Vt., and Concord, N. H. Some of the early editions were in two volumes, but all later reprints seem to have been in one, tho some have appeared in the form of two volumes bound as one. Several have had a frontispiece, some a vignette, and a few have had illustrations in the text, but recent editions have commonly had no illustrations save now and then a frontispiece. In size the editions have been 18mos, 16mos, 12mos, and

Digitized by Google

8vos. A translation has been made into German, and a play based on the story long enjoyed much popularity.

Duyckinck, writing in 1855, said the story was still "a popular classic at the cheap bookstalls and with traveling chapmen."[1] Reprints of it to this day are offered in department stores, on sidewalk bookstalls, and by pushcart dealers. In the little stationery stores of tenement districts it can usually be found on shelves where are kept some hundreds of second-hand or shop-worn paper covered novels. The shopkeeper will probably say he keeps "Charlotte Temple" constantly in stock, and that it is one of his best-selling books. A collector in New York many years ago had secured a large shelfful of various editions, said to number about one hundred. Mr. Nason did not exaggerate the actual facts when he offered up the following tribute to the popularity of this book:

[1] "Cyclopedia of American Literature."

Digitized by Google

"It has stolen its way alike into the study of the divine and into the workshop of the mechanic; into the parlor of the accomplished lady and the bedchamber of her waiting-maid; into the log hut on the extreme borders of modern civilization and into the forecastle of the whale ship on the lonely ocean. It has been read by the gray-bearded professor after his divine Plato; by the beardless clerk after balancing his accounts by night; by the traveler waiting for his next conveyance at the village inn; by the schoolgirl stealthily in her seat. It has beguiled the workman in his hut at night in the deep solitudes of the forest; it has cheated the farmer's son of many an hour, while poring over its fascinating pages, seated around the broken spinning-wheel in the old attic; it has drawn tears from the miner's eyes in the dim twilight of his subterranean galley; it has unlocked the secret sympathies of the veteran soldier in his tent before the day of battle."

In the best modern editions the integrity of the text has been better preserved perhaps than the circumstances, carefully considered, would have led one to expect, but, as already stated, the text to-day is

Digitized by Google

extremely corrupt. Most errors in these editions were due to the carelessness of printers, since they seldom suggest the hand of an indiscreet editor or publisher. The original Preface I have not found in any available edition issued since 1803. The poetical quotations given on the title-pages are also missing from editions printed since the very early one, and changes have been made in the chapter-headings, one heading having been dropped altogether.

Once errors had crept into the text, it can be understood how they were almost inevitably repeated at the next setting of the type. With each resetting further errors would be made, so that an edition now current might show accumulations from three, or possibly four, generations of compositors. So formidable a total of errors (1265, large and small, by actual count) gives further evidence of the extraordinary popularity of Mrs. Rowson's little book.

Digitized by Google

In one edition among those I have seen, systematic condensation of the text has occurred, and other condensed editions are known to have been published. The one referred to was issued in Philadelphia in 1865, with the author's name omitted from the title-page. At least one-fourth of the matter has been eliminated, some of the chapters have been entirely rewritten, and their number reduced from thirty-five to twenty-eight. The publishers announced on the title-page that this was "the only correct and authentic edition" of the book; declared, in an introduction, that it was "the only correct one ever issued," and that it had been "printed from a copy of the original publication," which of course was impossible.

It was a thin, paper-covered octavo, with illustrations showing styles of dress worn in 1865—that is, ninety years later than the period of the story. Besides these sensational woodcuts in the text,

Digitized by Google

THE

BEAUTIFUL AND ACCOMPLISHED

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE,

AN ACCOUNT OF HER ELOPEMENT WITH

LIEUTENANT MONTROVILLE,

AND HER MISFORTUNES AND PAINFUL SUFFERINGS.

LIKENESS OF CHARLOTTE TEMPLE,
(Taken from an Original Portrait.)

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY BARCLAY & CO., 602 ARCH STREET.

SENSATIONAL COVER-TITLE OF "CHARLOTTE TEMPLE,"
WITH A SO-CALLED AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT
From the condensed edition published in Philadelphia in 1865

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

it pretended to have a likeness of Charlotte, "taken from an original portrait," but looking like a fashion-plate, Charlotte being arrayed in an evening dress supported by a hoopskirt. This stupid misrepresentation of Charlotte is reproduced elsewhere in the present volume, with the sensational cover-title which the portrait was supposed to adorn. As an appendix, an article on the tombstone in Trinity churchyard was printed with an outline of "Lucy Temple." It was written by John Barnitz Bacon.[1] Owing to these pictorial and editorial features, newly introduced, the publishers were able to copyright this edition.

Other liberties, much more reprehensible, have been taken with the book. In the slums of large cities, many years ago, perverted editions were common, the text having been altered in a way to secure

[1] Mr. Bacon wrote under the penname of "John Tripod," and in 1870 published "A Legendary History of New York."

Digitized by Google

large sales. With sensational titles printed in type that suggests the "scare-heads" of newspapers, and representing Charlotte as a noted courtesan, copies were unscrupulously paraded on the streets and sold in large numbers. About 1870 a sensational story-paper, then just started in New York, printed, with one of its advertising posters, a large so-called portrait of Charlotte, which is reproduced in the present volume, but reduced to less than one-fourth the original size. One of the features of the paper to which particular attention was called in the advertisement was a serial story entitled, "The Fastest Girl in New York."

By means of these publications, now forgotten, Charlotte's character became much perverted in the minds of ill-informed people, among whom doubtless were persons of respectability and intelligence. Something of that influence has survived to this day in the impressions

Digitized by Google

ANOTHER SO-CALLED PORTRAIT OF CHARLOTTE TEMPLE

From an advertising poster for a sensational story-paper published in New York about 1870

UNIV. OF MICH.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

which many retain of the real character of Charlotte Temple.

The text of the rare first American edition, which appeared in Philadelphia while Mrs. Rowson was living there, has been carefully followed in this reprint. A copy was obligingly lent for the purpose by its owner, Mabel Osgood Wright. The original owner, as shown by an autograph on the title-page of the first volume, was Susanna Rodgers, the inscription being dated September 25, 1794. Except for the stains of time and twenty-one pages which in the bottom margin have been invaded by a bookworm, the copy is perfect. The two volumes are bound as one in half morocco, the number of pages for the two volumes being 87 and 83 respectively.

Digitized by Google

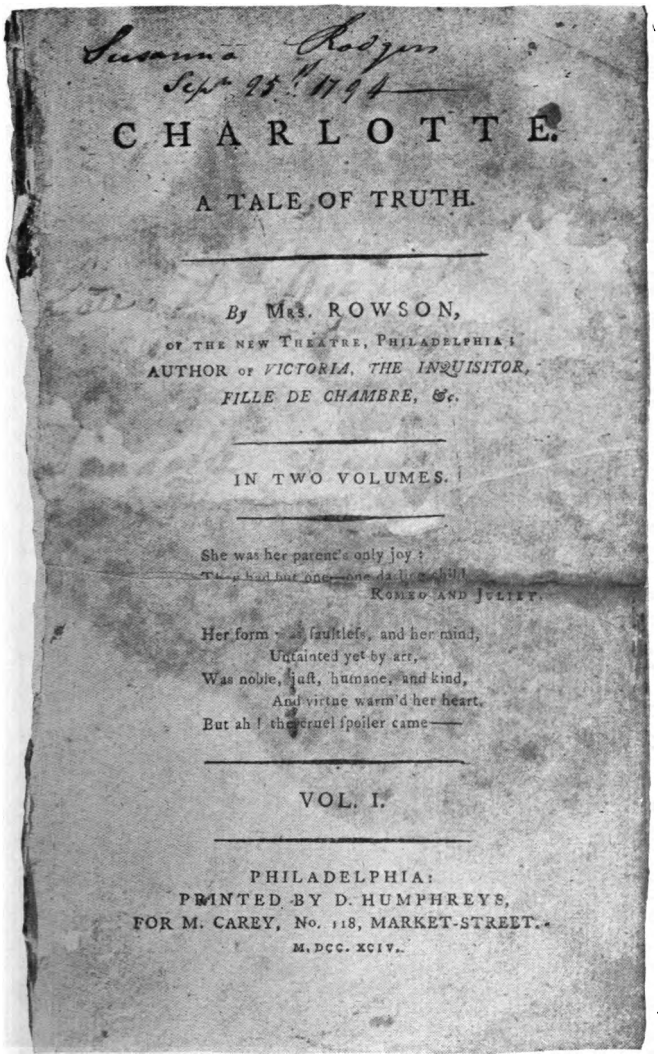
III

CHARLOTTE

Mrs. Rowson's stories are pervaded by old-fashioned sentiment, which it has been the custom nowadays to mention as if it were a reproach. Sentimental they unquestionably are; but whether this be a reproach, may be left an open question. Our own period is distinctly not a sentimental age—at least in so far as concerns the expression of sentiment, about which we have grown somewhat squeamish. Human nature, however, has not changed. The average man and woman remain very much what their forbears for many generations have been in their susceptibility to emotion.

The situations Mrs. Rowson describes, the sympathies she evokes, appeal to what is elemental in our nature and what is also eternal. Rudimentary as to right

Digitized by Google


Susanna Rodgers
Sept. 25th 1794

CHARLOTTE.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

By Mrs. ROWSON,

OF THE NEW THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA;

AUTHOR OF *VICTORIA, THE INQUISITOR, FILLE DE CHAMBRE, &c.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

She was her parent's only joy;
Their hope, their all in life's chill vale.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Her form was faultless, and her mind,
Untainted yet by art,
Was noble, just, humane, and kind,
And virtue warm'd her heart.
But ah! the cruel spoiler came——

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED BY D. HUMPHREYS,
FOR M. CAREY, No. 118, MARKET-STREET.
M, DCC. XCIV.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST AMERICAN EDITION. 1794
From a copy of the book owned by Mabel Osgood Wright

UNIV OF MI
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

thinking and right acting they may be, but they are wholesome, sane, and true all the same. As old as the hills, we may call this sentiment, but it will last with the hills themselves, immovable and fundamental in all our acts and thoughts, if not in our actual speech.

Mrs. Rowson was not gifted so much with creative imagination as with the power to delineate every-day human emotions. The situations which could move her were not those which she herself might have created, but those which she knew to have existed in the life she had seen. She wished always to draw some potent moral from them, holding up for emulation the staple virtues which keep the world strong and make it possible for men and women to be happy in one another's society. She was born to be a teacher, and a notable teacher she became in Boston. In her books she aimed also to teach, and in doing so adopted what we may call the "direct

Digitized by Google

process" style in fiction, taking her scenes and characters from real life. She began in this way with "Victoria"; she made "Rebecca" autobiographical, and one or two other books partly autobiographical; and she wrote plays that were photographic pictures of things she had seen. When she wrote "Charlotte" she founded a novelette on a tragedy that had occurred in her own day, the incidents in which she knew to be true, and the characters persons who once had been of flesh and blood, and at least two of whom she herself had personally known.

"A tale of truth" Mrs. Rowson declared "Charlotte Temple" to be, and Mr. Nason describes it as "a simple record of events as they happened, and as truthful as Macaulay's sketch of Charles I." Writing of the motive of the story, Mr. Nason says Mrs. Rowson had seen so much of the scandalous lives of land and naval officers in that period that she

Digitized by Google

"determined to warn her countrywomen against their seductive arts."[1] Charlotte is described by Mr. Nason as "a young lady of great personal beauty, and daughter of a clergyman who, it is affirmed, was the younger son of the family of the Earl of Derby"—that is, of the Stanley family. Mrs. Rowson, in the story, seems to refer to this family in such expressions as "the Earl of D——," and "the Countess of D——."

Mr. Nason then explains that it was

[1] One of Mrs. Rowson's poems, written with the same moral purpose as "Charlotte Temple," is as follows:

"The primrose gay, the snowdrop pale,
The lily blossoming in the vale
Too fragile or too fair to last,
Withers beneath the untimely blast
Or rudely falling shower.
No more a sweet perfume they shed,
Their fragrance lost, their beauty fled,
They can revive no more.

"So hapless woman's wounded name
If Malice seize the trump of fame
Or Envy should her poison shed
Upon the unprotected head
Of some forsaken maid;
Tho pity may her fate deplore,
Her virtue sinks to rise no more
From dark oblivion's shade."

Digitized by Google

by a lieutenant in the British Army, who was afterward a colonel, and was then in service, that Charlotte, in 1774, was induced "to leave her home and embark with him and his regiment for New York, where he most cruelly abandoned her, as Mrs. Rowson faithfully and tragically relates." Mrs. Rowson, in the Preface to "Charlotte Temple," printed two years after the death of the officer who is accepted as the original of Montraville, said:

"The circumstances on which I have founded this novel were related to me some little time since by an old lady [1] who had personally known Charlotte, tho she concealed the real names of the characters, and likewise the places where the unfortunate scenes were acted. I have thrown over the whole a slight veil of fiction, and substituted names and places according to my own fancy. The

[1] The Mrs. Beauchamp of the story, whose husband was an officer in the English Army and served in America. Mrs. Rowson heard the story from Mrs. Beauchamp after the Revolution, when the army had returned and they first met in England, where the book was written, and in 1790 first published.

Digitized by Google

principal characters are now consigned to the silent tomb: it can therefore hurt the feelings of no one."

Mrs. Rowson had ascertained who the original characters were, and where the events took place. When Cobbett assailed her for expressing sentiments foreign to her heart, she said in the course of her reply:

"I was myself personally acquainted with Montraville, and from the most authentic sources could now trace his history from the period of his marriage to within a very few late years of his death—a history which would tend to prove that retribution treads upon the heels of vice, and that, tho not always apparent, yet even in the midst of splendor and prosperity, conscience stings the guilty and 'puts rankles in the vessels of their peace.'"

The year of Charlotte's arrival in New York was the immediate eve of the Revolutionary War. The Boston Tea Party had taken place the year before (December 1773), and in the same month New

Digitized by Google

York had sent back to England a ship laden with tea, the captain of the ship being escorted out of town with much enthusiasm. In May, 1774, General Gage had been sent from New York to Boston as Governor of Massachusetts; on June 1 the port of Boston had been closed by decree of Parliament, and in September the First Continental Congress had met in Philadelphia. In the following year actual war began (at Lexington in April, at Bunker Hill in June), and eight days after the battle of Bunker Hill, George Washington, the new commander of the American Army, passed through New York to enter upon his duties in Cambridge.

Here, in New York, English sentiment at that time was extremely potent, officials owing their places to direct appointment from London, and the tone of society in the upper ranks being distinctly royal. But the people as a mass were notably patriotic—quite as much so as the people

Digitized by Google

of any other part of the Colonies. They had amply proved their loyalty in the Stamp Act controversy, and in the conflict which, under the name of the Sons of Liberty, they had had with British soldiers. Here, in fact, in 1770, had been shed the first blood of the Revolution. The town, when Charlotte arrived, was in a state of political and military turmoil such as it had not known since the Stamp Act Congress met in Federal Hall or the Battle of Golden Hill was fought in John Street.

New York at that time was only third in population among cities in the Colonies, Philadelphia and Boston both being larger. Save for a few houses around Chatham Square, the built-up parts did not extend north of the present City Hall Park, then an unnamed piece of vacant land, described in the Montrésor map of 1775 as "the intended square or common." The only highway that led northward from the city first followed the line

Digitized by Google

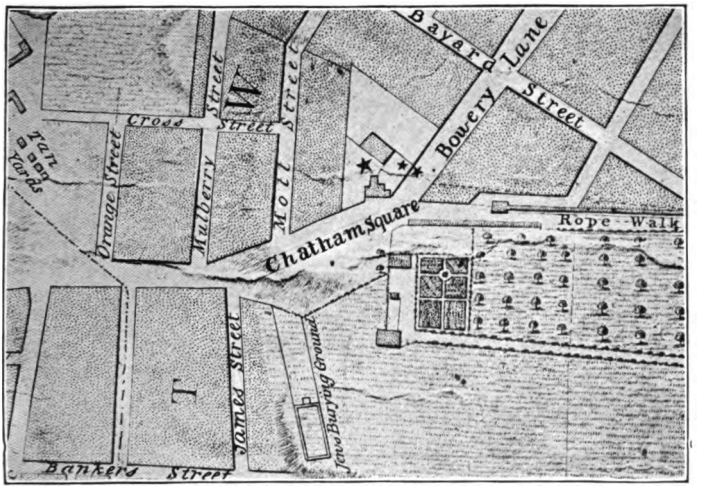
of the Bowery, and then, near the present Twenty-third Street, divided into Bloomingdale and Boston Post roads. Along this highway—in reality a great, and now an historic, thoroughfare—passed each day a varied procession of carriages, stage coaches, farm wagons, men on horseback, soldiers in red coats, and work-a-day pedestrians. Near the south end of the road—that is, near the beginning of the Bowery as it exists to-day, and forming one of the houses in the Chatham Square neighborhood—stood the cottage to which Charlotte was taken by her betrayer, the "small house a few miles from New York"[1] described in the story. The exact place has been identified by Henry B. Dawson, as follows:

"Below Bull's Head,[2] on the same side of the Bowery Lane, at a distance from the street, but near the corner of the Pell Street

[1] From this point to the Battery the distance is about two and a half miles.

[2] The Bull's Head Tavern occupied the site of the present Thalia (formerly the Old Bowery) Theater.

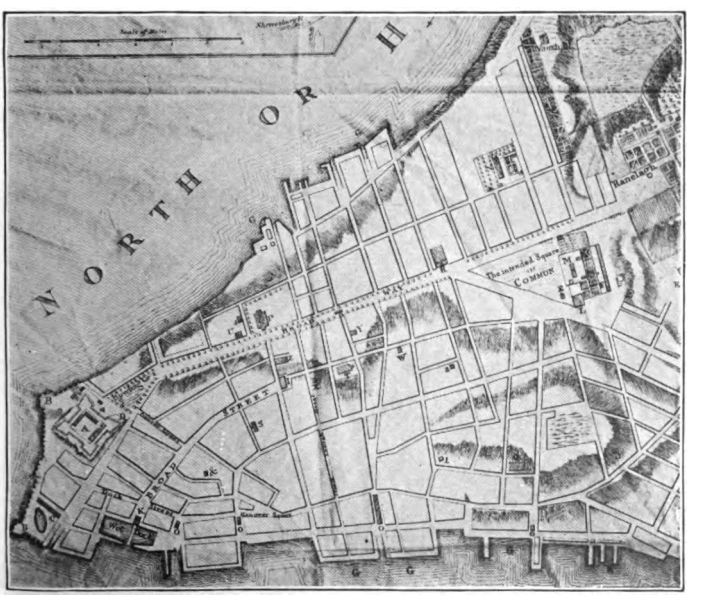
Digitized by Google



CHARLOTTE'S HOME IN NEW YORK. AS SHOWN ON THE RATZEN MAP OF 1767

* CHARLOTTE'S HOME AND MRS. BEAUCHAMP'S ** POINT IN THE BOWERY WHERE PELL STREET WAS CUT THROUGH

From a copy of the original map in the Lenox Library



PART OF COL. JOHN MONTRÉSOR'S MAP OF NEW YORK IN 1775

From a copy in the Lenox Library

UNIV. OF
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

of our day (not then open), in 1767 stood a small two-story frame building, which was the scene of the tragedy of Charlotte Temple. A portion of the old building, removed to the corner of Pell Street, still remains, being occupied as a drinking-shop, under the sign of the 'Old Tree House.'" [1]

The house Mr. Dawson describes is plainly shown on the "Plan of the City of New York," surveyed by Lieutenant Bernard Ratzen, of the British Army, in 1767, and published with a dedication to the governor, Sir Henry Moore.[2] A part of this map, embracing the Chatham Square neighborhood, is here reproduced. Pell Street was subsequently laid out through land on which stood Charlotte's

[1] Introduction to "New York City During the American Revolution; being a Collection of Original Papers Belonging to the Mercantile Library Association," published in 1861.

[2] This map, as showing streets and houses, is the most important one we have for that period. Colonel John Montrésor, in 1775, published a map, reproduced elsewhere, which is more important in a military and topographical sense, but not so satisfactory in its details of streets and houses.

Digitized by Google

home. It is the next street below Bayard, runs west to Mott, and is now chiefly inhabited by Chinamen.

Mr. Dawson wrote in 1861. Since his time that remnant of Charlotte's home has been supplanted by a modern building, in which a drinking-shop is still maintained, the upper floors being used as a lodging-house of the better class for that neighborhood. Over the doorway one still reads the sign, "The Old Tree House." This corner of the Bowery and Pell Street is the northwest corner. Next door to Charlotte, so that "their gardens joined," as stated in the story, lived Charlotte's friend, Mrs. Beauchamp. It will be observed that the Ratzen map shows two buildings at that point in the Bowery.

Digitized by Google

"THE OLD TREE HOUSE"

PRESENT BUILDING OF THAT NAME ON THE LATER SITE OF THE ORIGINAL "OLD TREE HOUSE," IN WHICH CHARLOTTE LIVED, AT THE BOWERY AND PELL STREET

From a recent photograph

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

IV

THE TOMBSTONE

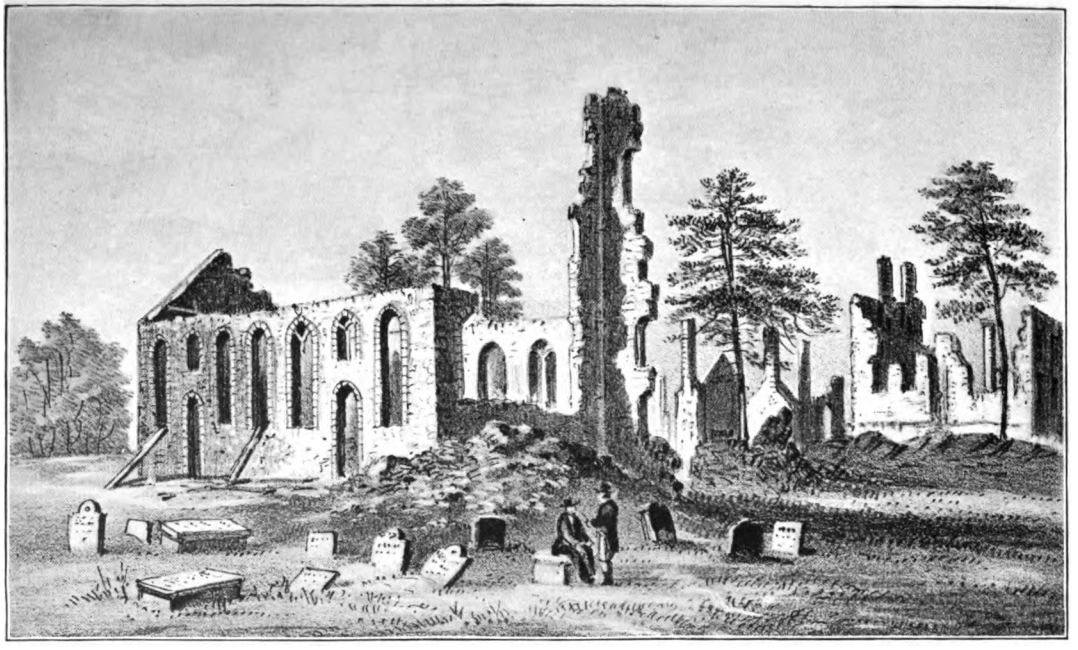
THE Charlotte Temple tombstone lies in the northern part of Trinity churchyard, between the eastern pathway and the iron fence that faces Broadway. It is a long brownstone slab, well sunk into the surrounding soil, and bears, without date or other inscription, the name "Charlotte Temple." The records of the parish having been destroyed in the fire which burned the church in 1776, and the inscription plate having disappeared from the stone before 1846, no means have been found for ascertaining the date of her death or burial. She is understood to have died when she was nineteen years old. Mrs. Rowson, however, gives her age at the time when she fled from England with Montraville as fifteen, and her death appears from the story to have occurred a year later—that is, in 1775, when, accord-

Digitized by Google

ing to Mrs. Rowson, she would have been sixteen instead of nineteen.

The absence of records has led to the growth of much skepticism among local historians as to the authenticity of the stone as marking the grave of a woman from whose tragic history Mrs. Rowson's tale was drawn. In the family of Mrs. Rowson, however, a fixed belief has always existed that the stone in this sense is authentic. It has come down from Mrs. Rowson herself—among others through her niece, Rebecca Haswell Clark, who was a pupil in Mrs. Rowson's school—and through Ellen Haswell Osgood, a grandniece, and nothing has ever shaken their faith in it. In Mr. Nason's biography of Mrs. Rowson, no question of its authenticity is raised. Nor does the writer of the sketch of Mrs. Rowson in "Appleton's Dictionary of National Biography" in any way qualify his statement that the Charlotte of flesh and blood was buried in Trinity churchyard.

Digitized by Google



TRINITY CHURCH AFTER THE FIRE OF 1776

From a sketch by Thomas Barrow, as reproduced in Valentine's Manual for 1861

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The Tombstone

Popular belief has not suffered appreciably from the skeptical views of local historians. After the lapse of one hundred and thirty years it still survives, active and potent. Pilgrimages continue to be made to the stone; flowers are reverently, tho often furtively, placed upon it,[1] and the newspapers periodically publish extended articles, giving details of Charlotte's life and death.[2] Neither the grave of Alexander Hamilton nor that of Robert Fulton successfully disputes its preeminence as the most popularly interesting tombstone in that famous burying-ground. In the autumn of 1903 a writer, seventy years old, who said he was born under the shadow of the spire of this church, had had the Battery for his play-

[1] In certain seasons of the year this occurs as often as once a week. The men employed in the churchyard say they never see any one in the act of placing them there. The flowers are found lying on the stone: whence they came no one knows.

[2] The most notable of recent articles appeared in the *New York Times* on Sunday, July 9, 1905, when nearly a page was given to the subject, with portraits and views, the writer being Mary A. Taft.

Digitized by Google

ground in boyhood, and for forty-seven years had had a law office that overlooked the churchyard, so that he had "been on this spot almost continuously from his birth"—that is, from about 1833—wrote as follows:

"When I was a boy the story of Charlotte Temple was familiar in the household of every New Yorker. The first tears I ever saw in the eyes of a grown person were shed for her. In that churchyard are graves of heroes, philosophers, and martyrs,[1] whose names are familiar to the youngest scholar, and whose memory is dear to the wisest and best. Their graves, tho marked by imposing monuments, win but a glance of curiosity, while the turf over Charlotte Temple is kept fresh by falling tears." [2]

The persistent survival of this story as the basis of Mrs. Rowson's romance must

[1] Besides Hamilton and Fulton, may be named Albert Gallatin, Captain James Lawrence, the Earl of Stirling, and General Philip Kearney.

[2] "H. S. B.," in a letter dated September 12, 1903, printed in the *New York Evening Post.*

Digitized by Google

be accepted in itself as a fact to be seriously considered. If it were the creation of recent years, we might perhaps, in the absence of documentary evidence, feel warranted in dismissing it from credence. But it is almost as old as Mrs. Rowson's book. Mrs. Rowson, in reply to criticism, maintained the truth of her story in her own lifetime and when the book was new. While she did not give, in her printed statements, the names of the originals of Charlotte and Montraville, that was hardly to be expected. Indeed, there were special reasons why she should not reveal the name of the original of Montraville, since he was her own cousin, and a younger half-brother of hers, Montrésor Haswell, bore his name. But his identity was known to her friends as well as to herself, and has been preserved in her family down to the present day, and along with it an unyielding belief in the genuineness of the stone.

Mrs. Rowson survived Charlotte's

Digitized by Google

death forty-nine years, which was ample time for a denial to have been effectively made. It nowhere appears that either Charlotte's family or the family of Montraville has denied it specifically or publicly. Had it been possible to produce disproof, it seems fair to infer that one or both of the families concerned would have brought it forth. An opportunity to do so occurred in 1881, when the family of Colonel John Montrésor permitted the New York Historical Society to publish the "Journals" of himself and his father.[1]

The only item in the book in any way dealing with the subject is contained in a foot-note to an introductory sketch of the family of Montrésor, where it is stated that Mrs. Rowson's father, William Haswell, was a brother of Mary Haswell, the mother of John Montrésor; that Mrs. Rowson was the author of "Charlotte Temple," and that she has assured her

[1] Collections of the New York Historical Society for the year 1881. The "Montrésor Journals," edited and annotated by G. B. Scull; published by the Society.

Digitized by Google

readers that, with only an alteration in the names of the characters, "the whole story is almost literally true."

Considering all the circumstances of Charlotte's life and death—that she was the daughter of an English clergyman, the granddaughter of an English earl, and that her father, on hearing of her forlorn condition, came to America from England, and was present at her death and funeral—what would have been more natural than that she should be buried in the churchyard of what was the most prominent Church of England place of worship in the city?[1]

It has often been said, and Mrs. Rowson's family still adhere to the statement,

[1] Besides Trinity, New York at that time had two other Established churches—St. George's, in Beekman Street, a few blocks from Broadway, and St. Paul's, then, as now, at Broadway and Vesey Street. There were two Dutch churches—the "Old," in Exchange Place, east of Broad Street, and the "New," in Nassau Street, where now stands the Mutual Life Building. Other denominations represented by a church edifice were the Jews, Lutherans, Quakers, and French Catholics.

Digitized by Google

that the tombstone originally bore the inscription, "Inscribed to the memory of Charlotte Stanley, aged 19," this inscription being cut into a plate of silvered copper or brass, with the arms of the house of Stanley placed just above it. Charlotte's daughter, who, in "Lucy Temple," the sequel to "Charlotte Temple," is known as Lucy Blakeney, is said to have come to America in 1800 for the purpose of seeing her mother's grave, and is credited[1] with having erected this stone. Some inferior stone is believed to have marked the spot previous to that time. In causing the new stone to be set up, Lucy elevated it on four pillars, after the manner then often employed for the finer kind of memorials. In the course of time the pillars crumbled or otherwise became insecure, and the stone was lowered to the ground, as it lies to-day.

[1] In an article in the *New York Tribune*, about 1876, where she is referred to as Mrs. Blakeney, which seems to imply that she was known here under the name she bears in "Lucy Temple."

Digitized by Google

Mr. Bacon tells essentially the same story. "A simple uninscribed headstone,"[1] he says, "marked the grave in 1800 when Lucy Blakeney visited it," and "Tommy Collister,[2] who had been for many years the sexton of Trinity, had no difficulty in pointing it out to the grave and stately lady in black who called upon him."

The two novels shed some interesting light on the name of Blakeney. In the second chapter of "Charlotte Temple" it is an army officer of that name who takes Mr. Temple to the Fleet Prison, and there introduces him to the unfortunate Mr. Eldridge and his daughter, the future mother of Charlotte. Blakeney does not again appear in "Charlotte Temple," but in "Lucy Temple" further details of his

[1] In some early editions of "Charlotte Temple" a crude woodcut appears as a frontispiece, giving a view of the grave. A small upright stone is shown with a large willow-tree drooping over it, the stone being inscribed "C. T." But it seems to be a fanciful sketch.

[2] Thomas Collister, as the Trinity Church records show, was appointed assistant sexton in 1788, and was made sexton in 1790. He appears to have served until 1816, when another sexton, Mr. Coutant, was appointed.

Digitized by Google

life are given. He is described as "Captain Blakeney of the Navy," Lucy's godfather, and an intimate friend of her great-grandfather, Mr. Eldridge, and is said to have died a bachelor, when Lucy was ten years old, and to have left her his entire property, amounting to $20,000, which he had acquired in America during the Revolution. A condition of the gift was that Lucy should assume the name of Blakeney. Mr. Nason says Blakeney was probably Lieutenant-Colonel Grice Blakeney, of the Fourteenth Royal Dragoons. Mr. Bacon, who confirms this statement, without making any reservation, says he found Blakeney's name in the "Royal Kalendar," where his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel it dated November 17, 1780.

We may perhaps assume that Mrs. Rowson, in writing "Lucy Temple," used the real name of Blakeney instead of resorting to a fictitious one. She might properly have done so. It will be recalled

Digitized by Google

that she did not publish the book in her own lifetime, and that when at last it appeared posthumously, Blakeney had been dead forty-one years. "Lucy Temple," perhaps more than "Charlotte Temple," reads as if it were a transcript from real life.

Among Mrs. Rowson's descendants it has always been believed that Charlotte's remains, some years after the burial, were removed to England. To reconcile this belief with the visit of Charlotte's daughter, we must assume that the remains were removed not earlier than 1800. The date of the removal has not been preserved in Mrs. Rowson's family, but the fact of the removal has been transmitted from Mrs. Rowson herself through her niece, Rebecca Haswell Clark.

Lucy never married. In 1800 she was twenty-five years old. Besides the Blakeney fortune, she now possessed a tidy sum which had come to her from her grandfather. Altogether, she was an

Digitized by Google

heiress of some consequence. "Various and comprehensive schemes of benevolence," says the author, "formed the work of her life, and religion shed its holy and healing light over all her paths." Possibly we are warranted in entertaining a belief that Lucy came to New York in 1800, and, after having had her mother's remains taken up, caused the present stone to be erected as a permanent memorial of the place where, for a quarter of a century, Charlotte had lain in her last sleep.

The stone, as it appears to-day, has a rectangular depression in its upper part, about one foot by nearly two feet in size, and perhaps an inch deep. At least sixty years ago the inscription plate had disappeared from this depression, and is understood to have been stolen and then recovered, but afterward to have been misplaced or lost. During the building of the present church edifice, which was consecrated in 1846, an engine-house, con-

Digitized by Google

nected with the hoisting apparatus of the builders, stood directly over the stone. After the removal of the little house the plate was seen to have disappeared, and circumstances indicated that this had occurred while the house stood there. William H. Crommelin, the foreman in charge of the stone-cutting for the new building, had his attention called to the missing plate, and has said in writing that he thereupon caused the name "Charlotte Temple" to be cut into the stone in the manner in which it remains to this day.[1]

It is clear from this statement that, among those who were engaged in building the new church sixty years ago, the stone was believed to mark the spot where Charlotte was buried, and that it originally contained a plate bearing an inscription. One naturally asks here, "Why

[1] Letter of William H. Crommelin to the late William Kelby, librarian of the New York Historical Society, dated July 8, 1876. The original is now in the possession of the Historical Society.

Digitized by Google

was not the name 'Charlotte Stanley' cut into the stone instead of 'Charlotte Temple'?" Assuming that the name on the plate was Charlotte Stanley, it perhaps would not have been wholly unnatural, at that time, when Mrs. Rowson's story was widely read and the grave a place of constant pilgrimage, for the stone-cutter to have substituted for it the name of Charlotte Temple, because by that name, rather than Charlotte Stanley, Mrs. Rowson had made the grave best known to the public. Further excuse for Mr. Crommelin's otherwise inexplicable act might be adduced, provided we could assume that he knew the grave no longer contained the bones of Charlotte Stanley.

Mr. Bacon gives an account in detail of the theft of the plate. Two men, he says, visited the churchyard on a cloudy night, and with tools cut and forced away the lead which fastened the plate to the stone. As they lifted the plate from its bed, they were discovered by two watch-

Digitized by Google

men who had been coming up Wall Street. The intruders made their escape at the rear of the churchyard, dropping the plate as they did so in the tall grass. On the following day the plate was found in the grass, but, owing to fear that it might be removed again, it was thought inadvisable to fasten it to the stone. Mr. Bacon says this occurred "not many weeks after Lucy's departure"—that is, in 1800. His statement is not reconcilable with the implication in Mr. Crommelin's letter that the plate disappeared during the rebuilding of the church as consecrated in 1846. But Mr. Bacon wrote long after the event—that is, in 1865. Perhaps he was misled by what some one had told him. While he was not a writer who adhered closely to research for his facts, the statements of fact in his article, when verification is possible, have been found in the main to be correct.

Philip Hone, once Mayor of New York,

Digitized by Google

and for quite forty years a worshiper in Trinity Church, serving long as vestryman, and warden, in 1835 is said to have opposed a proposal of the city authorities to extend Pine Street westward through the grounds of Trinity churchyard, and gave as one of his reasons that to do so would disturb the grave of Charlotte Temple. "She was treated shamefully while she lived," said he, "and I am firmly opposed to any injury to her grave now that she is dead."[1] This is a pleasing story, but it is not true that an extension of Pine Street would have disturbed Charlotte's grave. The stone lies far south of what would have been the street line. However, if this scheme had contemplated the abandonment of a further part of the churchyard for building purposes, Charlotte's grave would have been disturbed.

Would "Charlotte Temple" have lived

[1] "H. S. B." in his letter to the *Evening Post*, already referred to.

Digitized by Google

its glorious day had there been no tombstone bearing that name in Trinity churchyard?—moreover, had there been no room for controversy as to the authenticity of the stone? Something of the popularity of the book can be set down to this extraneous influence, but its share might easily be overestimated. Certain it is that those who now visit the churchyard and put flowers upon the stone are not skeptics; these with stiff necks keep away, leaving the credulous to pursue their pathetic way in peace.

The history of most great successes in popular fiction proves nothing more conclusive than that extraneous circumstances, including mere advertising, never in themselves made a great popular success. If the full history were told of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Ben Hur," and "David Harum," the three books which, with "Charlotte Temple," have had the largest sales known to fiction in this country, it would be revealed that the advertising

Digitized by Google

expenditures, so to speak, "cut very small ice."

"Charlotte Temple" was published in days when book advertising, if not actually unknown, was certainly unknown in the modern sense. It made its way purely on its intrinsic qualities as a book that appealed powerfully to human interest. As for the tombstone, we must not forget that the first success of the book was won in England, among readers who could never have heard that the grave of that unfortunate young English girl existed on the western border of Broadway. Its success in that country was immediate, the sale of 25,000 copies being extraordinary for that period—the period, moreover, of William Cowper, Fanny Burney, Hannah More, Mrs. Radcliffe, Elizabeth Inchbald, and Anna Letitia Barbauld.

The sole assistance the work could have had, from what in a larger sense may be called advertising, has come from

Digitized by Google

countless newspaper paragraphs and articles, which year after year have been evoked in America by the tombstone and the flowers. The book itself has seldom called forth an article. From reviewers there came at the beginning no appreciable aid—at least none until William Cobbett (who liked best to write when he could flog some one, and who could discover fair game in almost anything), assailed its author's writings in Philadelphia in 1794.

One of the most widely read novels in the English language, and probably one of the most talked about, it still remains one of those least written about. In England (for the first two years at least), it was left unnoticed by the *Monthly Review,* a periodical which had for its exclusive province news and reviews of books. Nor do I find any notice of it during that period in the *Gentleman's Magazine,* which each month devoted several pages to new publications. Poole

Digitized by Google

has been searched in vain for a single article.[1]

The only contemporary English notice which has come to light anywhere appeared in the *Critical Review* for April, 1791. "It may be a Tale of Truth," said the writer, "for it is not unnatural, and it is a tale of real distress. The situations are artless and effective, the descriptions natural and pathetic. We should feel for Charlotte, if such a person ever existed, who for one error scarcely perhaps deserved so severe a punishment." In conclusion the writer remarked that, if the story be really fiction, "poetic justice is not properly distributed"—a complaint for which we may find a satisfying answer in Mrs. Rowson's fidelity to actual occurrences.

The conclusion is irresistible that the

[1] "Index to Periodical Literature," 5 vols., 8vo. In this work are indexed the periodicals published in this country and England from the beginnings of modern magazine literature, late in the eighteenth century, until the present time.

Digitized by Google

early and immediate success of "Charlotte Temple" was due to its quality as a story which deeply touched the normal human heart. From the same quality—and this, it may be added, is the only source of real vitality in any novel—has come the success it has maintained with four generations of readers down to the present day. Seldom in the history of literature has a work of fiction been more exclusively the maker of its own fortunes.

Digitized by Google

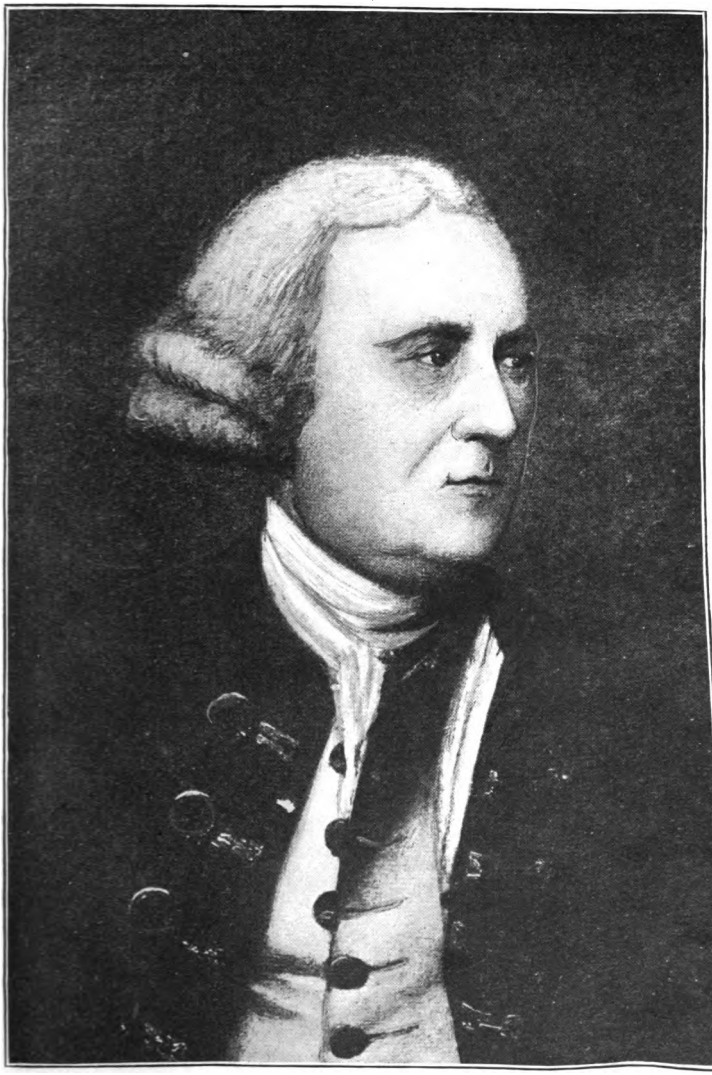
V

MONTRAVILLE

BUT who was Montraville? Mrs. Rowson and her biographer, as well as óthers whose statements have been generally current since the story was written, have represented that he was Colonel John Montrésor, of the British Royal Engineers. Colonel Montrésor belonged to a line of successful military men, and was of ancient Norman lineage. His great-grandfather, at the time of the English Restoration, commanded the troops of General Monk, which took the Seven Bishops to the Tower of London, and his grandfather was a captain of cavalry, serving in all the wars of Marlborough.

Colonel James G. Montrésor, his father, was resident for many years at Gibraltar as an engineer, and was present at the

Digitized by Google



COL. JAMES G. MONTRÉSOR

From the original in oil, as reproduced in the New York Historical Society's Collections for 1881

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

capture in 1727. In 1747 he was made chief engineer, the defenses of the fortress being greatly improved by him between that year and 1754, when he returned to England, and was appointed chief engineer of the expedition to America under General Braddock. Having arrived with the expedition at Alexandria, Virginia, he set out in June, 1754, in command of a force which prepared the roads for Braddock's advance westward over the Allegheny Mountains, through a country largely unexplored, and leading to what is now Pittsburg. He was present at the overwhelming defeat of Braddock, where he was wounded. He made his way back with the retreating army under Washington, and was ordered to Albany, where he remained seven months, preparing plans for a new campaign in the North. He made a survey of the military positions about Lake Champlain, reconstructing a fort on Lake George, and, in 1760, erected on Fort George a new fort with

Digitized by Google

accommodations for six hundred men, to which the name of Fort George was given.

Colonel John Montrésor was born in 1736, while his father was stationed at Gibraltar. He came to America with his father, and went with him on the expedition to Fort Duquesne, being wounded in the disastrous battle. For some time he continued to serve in the Colonies as an engineer, and then went to Nova Scotia, where he was active during the long siege of Louisbourg. In 1759 he took part in the siege of Quebec, carrying despatches to General Amherst, showing much personal bravery in doing so, and was present at the capitulation. His abilities as an artist enabled him to make an excellent likeness, in profile, of General Wolfe "in his camp at Montmorenci, near Quebec, September 1, 1759," or eleven days before the successful assault on the fortress. This portrait was afterward reproduced in mezzotint and published in London. He was employed, during the troubles

Digitized by Google

COL. JOHN MONTRÉSOR

From a portrait in oil by Copley, as reproduced in the New York Historical Society's Collections for 1881

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

growing out of Pontiac's conspiracy, in constructing a line of redoubts at Niagara seven miles long, and in completing a fort on the shore of Lake Erie. In doing this work he made a forced march to Niagara with a regiment of Canadians.

Colonel Montrésor was married on March 1, 1764, to Frances Tucker, whose portrait, painted by Copley, still exists in England. She was the only child of Thomas Tucker, of Bermuda, and by her he had ten children, of whom eight were born in New York.[1] He purchased, in 1770, an island in the East River, which received his name and bore it for some years afterward. It is now known as Randall's Island. Here he made his home during the British ascendency, until January 1, 1777, when his house and other buildings on the island were destroyed by fire.

Mrs. Rowson departs from this mar-

[1] "Dictionary of National Biography," vol. 38, page 329.

Digitized by Google

riage as a fact in Montrésor's history in that she attributes his desertion of Charlotte in part to his having met and become enamored of one Julia Franklin, a rich New York woman, whom he married shortly before Charlotte died, Charlotte having been portionless. Mrs. Rowson, from her relation to Montrésor as an own cousin, is known to have depicted his conduct with whatever extenuating circumstances she could employ, including the discovery of Belcour asleep in Charlotte's room—a circumstance in which Charlotte, as the reader can see, was innocent of any disloyalty to Montraville. To have represented Montraville as already married would have made the case against him darker still, and hence, at this point, it may be argued that she introduced the Julia Franklin incident in order to spare his name from unnecessary odium, her main purpose being to point a moral. Moreover, to have presented Montraville

Digitized by Google

as already married would have been bad art.

During the occupation of Boston and New York by British troops Montrésor was the principal engineer in charge, and in December, 1775, received the appointment of chief engineer in America. During the twenty-four years he spent in this country he says he took part in eighteen actions, made thirty-two voyages, and served under fourteen commanders-in-chief, among them Braddock, Shirley, Loudon, Abercrombie, Amherst, Wolfe, Gage, Haldimand, Howe, and Clinton. To these names might be added that of Washington, since it was Washington who led the army back from Fort Duquesne after the defeat and death of Braddock.

Socially Montrésor was prominent in the best circles. While stationed with the Army in Philadelphia, in 1777, he became one of the managers of the Mischianza, the famous farewell entertain-

Digitized by Google

ment given to General Howe just before his departure for England, another of the managers being John André.

Among the engineers' maps and plans drawn up by Montrésor in America were the following: "A Drawn Elevation of Part of the North Front of Albany"; "A Drawn Plan of Port Erie, 1764"; "A Drawn Plan of Fort Niagara, with a Design for Constructing the Same, 1768"; "Plan of Boston, its Environs and Harbours, with the Rebel Works Raised Against the Town in 1775"; "Plan of the Action of Bunker Hill on June 17, 1775, from an Actual Survey"; "Plan of the City of New York and its Environs to Greenwich on the North, or Hudson's River, and to Crown Point on the Sound, or East River, Surveyed in the Winter of 1775"; "A Map of the Province of New York, with Part of Pennsylvania and New England, from an Actual Survey, 1775"; "A Drawn Survey of the City of Philadelphia and its Environs, 1777."

Digitized by Google

In 1778 Montrésor retired from service in America, and in the autumn of that year, with the British fleet of one hundred and twenty-two ships, sailed for England, whence he never returned. He speaks in his journal of his health as extremely bad. "Very ill," says he, "and a fistula coming on *peu-à-peu*." Again he writes: "My wounds breaking out, and the old ball lodged in me ready to start; besides, a dreadful hydrocele—in short, my existence rather doubtful should my complaints increase for want of proper assistance." The following passages from the journal as relating to his services in America are of particular interest. They were written on shipbord during the voyage home:

"My timely securing Lieutenant-Governor Colden and the stamps within Fort George at New York, in 1765, by temporary . . . defense, there being no parapet to the works, and commanded by the neighboring houses."

"In 1769 I divided the line between the

Digitized by Google

Provinces of New York and New Jersey, by astronomical observations, so long a bone of contention, and in chancery so many years."

"I attended Lord Percy from Boston toward the battle of Lexington. My advancing some miles in front of his troops with four volunteers and securing the bridge across Cambridge River, 19th April, 1775, the town of Cambridge in arms, and I galloped through them."

"During part of General Gage's command at Boston the garrison were distressed for want of specie, and also cartridges, which I undertook to remedy by supplying it £6,000 in gold, and got it sent on board the *Asia*, and so to us in Boston, Government insuring it."

"I was twice attempted to be assassinated for supporting the honor and credit of the Crown during my command in the course of the Rebellion—first near Brattle Square, at Boston, and second near the south end of Boston."

"My proposals to Sir William Howe for the landing on the Sound at New York, at Kip's Bay,[1] contrary to the opinion of Lieutenant-General Clinton and the success that

[1] Now the foot of East Thirty-fourth Street.

Digitized by Google

attended it. My landing from General Howe under the fire of five frigates."

"The 16th of September, 1776, the action on Vandewater's Heights, near Harlem; no horses being near Mr. Gown's, where the guns were, had them hauled by hand, and brought into action to face the enemy." [1]

"At the Battle of Brandywine, 11th September, 1777, I directed the position and attack of most of the field trains."

"I gave the first information of the enemy's abandoning the works near Brooklyn, and was the first man of them, with one corporal and six men, in front of the piquets."

"My hearing that the rebels had cut the King's head off the equestrian statue (in the center of the Ellipps,[2] near the fort) at New York, which represented George III. in the figure of Marcus Aurelius, and that they had cut the nose off, clipped the laurels that were wreathed around his head, and drove a musket bullet part of the way through his head, and otherwise disfigured it, and that it was carried to Moore's Tavern, adjoining Fort Washing-

[1] The Battle of Harlem Heights, fought near the present grounds of Columbia University, and McGown's Pass, in the northeast part of Central Park, are here referred to.

[2] Now known as Bowling Green.

Digitized by Google

ton on New York Island, in order to be fixed on a spike on the truck of that flag-staff as soon as it could be got ready, I immediately sent Cordy, through the rebel camp, in the beginning of September, 1776, to Cox, who kept the tavern at Kingsbridge, to steal it from thence and bury it, which was effected, and was dug up on our arrival, and I rewarded the men, and sent the head by the *Lady Gage* to Lord Townshend, in order to convince them at home of the infamous disposition of the ungrateful people of this distressed country."

"I lost two brothers in the service of this country, and a father who broke his heart in his retreat for being neglected and deceived by his Majesty's deceitful servants, and my wife lost her father and a brother in this cause."

"I did honor to my corps (at least) by keeping an open table during the Rebellion, when provisions were so excessive scarce, and my house during it, the hospital for wounded officers, and my wife the matron from her indefatigable attention."

"I six times lost my baggage and as many times wounded. I never had any restitution from Government for my losses, as house and property on the island, dwelling and store-

Digitized by Google

houses on Cruger's Wharf, by the fire at New York."

Colonel Montrésor remarks that "should the Colonies (after all) be lost to Great Britain, it may be attributed to a variety of unfortunate circumstances and blunders, etc.," among which he names these:

"General Gage having all his cabinet papers, ministers' letters, etc., and his correspondence all stole out of a large closet or wardrobe, up one pair of stairs, on the landing at the Government House in Boston, 1775."

"Taking Post at Boston—a mere libel on common sense—being commanded all round —a mere target or man in the almanac, with the points of the swords directed at every feature."

"Not purchasing the rebel generals; even Israel Putnam, of Connecticut,[1] might have been bought to my certain knowledge for one dollar per day, or eight shillings New York currency."

"The sending of Burgoyne on a route where he never had been nor knew nothing

[1] Putnam was at Niagara with Montrésor in 1764.

Digitized by Google

of. Commanding officer of the artillery a parade man; neither knew American service; clogged with a needless heavy train of artillery; no engineer that had ever been there before; no plans, etc. Of all absurd things, dividing that little army, one division with St. Leger and the other with Skene—two madmen."

Digitized by Google

VI

THE LAST DAYS OF MONTRÉSOR AND MONTRAVILLE

After his arrival home, Colonel Montrésor was often asked to give his views of the American war, and the causes of British defeat. Usually he did so in terms critical and even caustic, disclosing at times a bitterness of sentiment that seems to have sprung from disappointment at not securing promotion. He had ardently desired promotion in accordance with the duration and character of his services in America. Eventually he was made a colonel, but during the years in which he did his important work, including the period when he was Chief Engineer in America, his rank had been no higher than captain or major.

Digitized by Google

His failure to secure better rank could not have been due to want of a meritorious record. Nor does it seem likely that in that age of bold adventure and dissolute habits among British Army officers, the connection of his name with the tragedy of Charlotte Stanley, if known in London, would have done his professional reputation any serious harm. The more probable reason is that successful engineers in the British Army at that time were not advanced in rank after the manner of successful soldiers. "In the present state of the engineer corps," said he, "you can be but colonel, should you arrive to be even Chief Engineer of England."

Colonel Montrésor purchased an estate called Belmont, near Faversham, in Kent, and added to his purchase in the same neighborhood afterward. He also had a London house in Portland Place. Belmont some years later was burned, and the house of one of his sons near Belmont was also destroyed. Meanwhile he said

Digitized by Google

his wife's family in America had been "reduced from opulence to poverty for their loyalty to the Crown." Before the war he was "in independent circumstances," but afterward had "all his collateral connections to maintain, and was tormented by a court of inquisition at the Creditors' Office."

In 1785 and 1786 he made a tour of France, England, and Switzerland with his family, meeting in Germany several Hessian officers with whom he had served in America, including Knyphausen, then in receipt of a pension of £300 from England, with whom he dined. He complains in his journal that from the Hessians (except Knyphausen) he did not receive the most hospitable treatment, altho he had brought letters from prominent Englishmen. At the Landgravine's Court, his welcome, however, was most polite, and even friendly. He died in 1788, in his fifty-first year, his wife surviving him until 1826.

Digitized by Google

The later career of Montraville, as we obtain glimpses of it in "Lucy Temple," published more than thirty years after "Charlotte Temple," and in which he appears under the new name of Colonel Franklin (Franklin being the family name of the woman whom Montraville is represented as having married just before Charlotte died), accords somewhat closely with known facts in the life of Montrésor. For example, the author says "his home was one of the most elegant in Portland Place," and Belmont is described as "Bellview, a large, handsome, and commodious mansion in Faversham, Kent, with several well-tenanted farms, pleasure-house, fish-ponds, green and hot houses."

Colonel Franklin is represented as dying before his time, after a lingering illness. His character in general is summed up as that of a man possessed of "patient, noble, and generous feeling—a promise of everything that was excel-

Digitized by Google

lent in character, and desirable in fortune—all blighted by once yielding to the impulses of guilty passion." He would have changed, "not only his name, but his own self," could he have done it, so deeply had he desired to blot out the dark stain on his record.

The most striking scene in the book is that in which the author describes Franklin's death. Lucy, when approaching her twentieth birthday, had become acquainted with Colonel Franklin's son, a young lieutenant. Neither he nor she at the time knew of the relation between their parents, nor of the changes that had taken place in their own names.

Lieutenant Franklin made Lucy an offer of marriage. On her twenty-first birthday she accepted it, and her guardian the same day presented her with a miniature portrait of her mother, taken when she was sixteen years old, and bearing the initials "C. T."—a portrait she had never before seen. The arrange-

Digitized by Google

ments for the marriage had been completed, when Lieutenant Franklin was called to London by news of the alarming condition of his father, who, as it proved, lay on his death-bed in the house in Portland Place. The young man had spoken to his father of his approaching marriage, when the following dramatic scene took place:

"'I have a picture of her mother,' said he, putting his hand in his bosom, 'and it is a good resemblance of herself.'

"He drew forth the miniature and held it up before his father, who rose up, seized it with a convulsive grasp the moment the light fell on the features, and, looking upon the initials upon the back of it, shrieked out—

"'It is—it is come again to blast my vision in my last hour! The woman you would marry is my own daughter! Just heaven! Oh, that I could have been spared this! Go, my son; go to my private desk; you will there find the records of your father's shame and your own fate.'

"Nature was exhausted by this effort. He

Digitized by Google

fell back on the bed, supported by his trembling wife, and in a few moments the wretched Franklin, the once gay, gallant, and happy Montraville, was no more. . . .

"Closeted with his bosom friend, Edward Ainslie, young Franklin laid before him the manuscript which he had found by his father's directions. It had been written in deep remorse, and its object was evidently to redeem from obloquy the memory of the unfortunate Charlotte Temple, mother of Lucy Temple Blakeney. He took the whole blame of her ill-fated elopement upon himself; he disclosed circumstances which he had discovered after her decease which proved her faithfulness to himself; and lamented in terms of the deepest sorrow that it was in his power to make her no better reparation for all her love and all her injuries, than the poor one of thus bearing testimony to her truth and his own cruelty and injustice."

Such are the known facts in Montrésor's later biography, and such is the picture in "Lucy Temple" of the melancholy scenes amid which Colonel Franklin's life came to its untimely close. These we may

Digitized by Google

cite in support of Mrs. Rowson's statement that the last years of Montraville's life "would tend to prove that retribution treads upon the heels of vice."

Of the substantial truth of the story told in "Lucy Temple," as affecting Colonel Montrésor's last days, there seems to be little room for serious doubt. Samuel L. Knapp who, shortly after Mrs. Rowson's death, wrote the memoir of her that accompanies the first edition of the book (published in 1828, and then called "Charlotte's Daughter,") knew Mrs. Rowson well. After quoting the remark, made by her in reply to Cobbett's assault, that "from the most authentic sources I could now trace his [Montraville's] history from the period of his marriage to within a very few late years of his death," Mr. Knapp adds that the information which Mrs. Rowson thus declared to be within her personal knowledge, "forms the basis of 'Charlotte's Daughter.'"

Digitized by Google

VII

A CONTRIBUTION TO A BIBLIOGRAPHY

BELOW will be found a list of such editions of "Charlotte Temple" as have become known to me while the present edition was in preparation. Altho it contains one hundred and four editions, the list is still incomplete. It may serve, however, as a beginning for some future bibliography more worthy of the name, and with that hope it is given here. As it stands, the list probably does not contain more than three-fourths of the extant titles and imprints.

Copies of the book are not plentiful anywhere, mainly because it has been issued in small and perishable forms. In the Astor and Lenox branches of the New York Public Library may be found eleven old editions. Several of these

Digitized by Google

came to the library as a gift in recent years,[1] and some are curious, but none is earlier than 1811. In the British Museum, altho the book has often been reprinted in England, only five editions are preserved. None of these is the first, and four have American imprints. The first American edition (1794) may turn up at auction once in several years, but not oftener; while the first English edition, published four years earlier, seems to be quite unknown in this country.

A search for copies of the book has been made in libraries other than the New York Public and the British Museum. After consulting some twoscore printed catalogs, English as well as American, five libraries out of the forty were found which had one edition each, and two others which had two editions. These copies, added to the eleven in the

[1] With the Gordon L. Ford collection, given by Mr. Ford's sons, Worthington C. and Paul Leicester Ford.

Digitized by Google

New York Public, and the five in the British Museum, give a total of only twenty-six copies of the book. With two exceptions the editions found were fifty or more years old, a circumstance which is to be accounted for by the almost general absence in later times of new editions bound in something better than cheap paper.

On going to the sales catalogs of important private libraries, no better results were accomplished. At the Astor nearly two hundred catalogs, embracing the most notable sales of thirty years, were consulted, but the number of copies found in them was only eight. This of course merely shows that "Charlotte Temple" has not been a collectors' book. But who shall say it might not have been, had collectors known the excessive and increasing rarity of early editions.

Nor does one fare better when he makes a tour of the little second-hand shops. Here in the outdoor stalls may be

Digitized by Google

found cheap, and often well-worn, paper editions, but rarely can one discover in the stalls or inside the door an edition, new or old, in leather, boards, or cloth—forms once so common, but now rapidly disappearing off the face of the earth. Some fifty of these shops exist in the Manhattan Borough of New York. The proprietor of each was asked if he had the book.[1] Exclusive of cheap paper editions, nine copies were thus discovered.

What is true of New York is also true of other cities. A large house in Cincinnati, in reply to an inquiry, wrote: "We have not, nor can we find in any of the second-hand shops of this city, an old edition of 'Charlotte Temple,' either in cloth or paper." No copy could be obtained from a Washington dealer, and none from Albany, while from a large

[1] One bookseller, to whom an inquiry by mail was addressed, made the following reply: "Please explain to me in Jewish what Charlotte Temple, and then I will see what I can do for you. I can't find out what it means." Had he been looking for a place of religious worship or for a building devoted to Free Masonry?

Digitized by Google

second-hand Philadelphia house only one was secured, and from Boston only two.

Roorbach's "Bibliotheca Americana," covering the period 1820 to 1855, names only two editions, and Sabin's list, altho the longest heretofore printed, enumerates only sixteen.[1] In the *Publishers' Weekly,* the trade organ of American publishers and booksellers, an advertisement has brought to light three copies. In the Saturday Review of Books, published by the *New York Times,* readers who had copies of the book were asked to send descriptions of them, the result being the discovery of nineteen copies in private hands.

Such, then, are the fruits of a systematic search for a book which Sabin describes as "the most popular romance of its generation." Mrs. Rowson's first biographer, Mr. Knapp, writing in 1828, said: "Three sets of stereotype plates

[1] "Dictionary of Books Relating to America." By Joseph Sabin.

Digitized by Google

are at present sending forth their innumerable series of editions in different parts of the country," while Joseph T. Buckingham, in his "Personal Memoirs," published in 1852, describes it as having had "the most extensive sale of any work of the kind published in this country." Trübner, in his "Bibliographical Guide to American Literature," published in 1859, describes the popularity of the book in this country and England as being quite as remarkable as that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and attributes it to a similar cause—"its appeal to the softer feelings of our nature." He adds that "many of the scenes are quite as ably described."

Considering all the circumstances, the subjoined list, incomplete tho it be in the number of editions named, and often very inadequate in the descriptions, may have interest, as I have already said, as a beginning for a bibliography.

Digitized by Google

Bibliography

1790 - 1825

CHARLOTTE: A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Rowson. *London,* 1790.

* THE FIRST EDITION. The date 1790 is usually given, but has not been confirmed.

CHARLOTTE: A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Rowson, of the New Theatre, Philadelphia, author of "Victoria," "The Inquisitor," "Fille de Chambre," etc. Two volumes bound as one. 16mo, pp. viii.—9-87, 83. *Philadelphia.* Printed by D. Humphreys for M. Carey, 1794.

* THE FIRST AMERICAN EDITION, of which the present edition, as to text, is a careful reprint. In the same year Mr. Carey issued an American edition of "The Inquisitor."

——— Two volumes in one. 16mo, pp. vi.—7-169. Second Philadelphia edition. *Philadelphia.* Mathew Carey, October 9, 1794.

* The date of this edition, October 9, 1794, shows that it was called for soon after the publication of the first, which had probably come out in April, some advertisements by Mr. Carey in the end pages of that edition being dated April 17, 1794.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Rowson, late of the New Theater, etc. Two volumes in one. 12mo, calf, pp. 202 (the final pages missing). Third American edition. *Philadelphia.* Mathew Carey, 1797.

* It is to be noted that in this, the third American edition, the title had been changed from "Charlotte" to "Charlotte Temple," and that in 1797 Mrs. Rowson had ceased to be connected with the New Theater of Philadelphia.

Digitized by Google

THE HISTORY OF CHARLOTTE TEMPLE. Founded on Fact. By Mrs. Rowson. Two volumes in one. 18mo, pp. 142. *Hartford, Conn.*, 1801.

* Apparently an unauthorized edition, since the title is changed in a way not afterward followed except in a few isolated instances.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Rowson. Fifth American edition. Two volumes in one. 16mo, pp. 205. *Harrisburg, Pa.* M. Carey, 1802.

——— *Alexandria [Va.?]*, 1802.

——— Two volumes in one, 12mo, pp. 168. *New York*, 1803.

THE HISTORY OF CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Rowson. Two volumes in one. 12mo. *Catskill.* Printed by N. Eliot for H. Steel. *Hudson*, 1808.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Rowson. Two volumes in one. 24mo, calf, pp. 137. Portrait. *Philadelphia.* M. Carey, 1809.

THE HISTORY OF CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Rowson. Two volumes in one. 24mo, pp. 143. Increase Cooke & Co., 1811.

* Has frontispiece showing a woman leaning against a tombstone.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Rowson. 18mo, pp. 175. *Windsor, Vt.* Merrifield, 1812.

——— Two volumes in one. Wooden boards. 24mo, pp. 180. Eighth American edition. *Brattleborough, Vt.* William Fessenden, 1813.

THE HISTORY OF CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: Founded on Fact.

Digitized by Google

By Mrs. Rowson. Two volumes in one. 16mo. *New York,* 1814.

THE HISTORY OF CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: Founded on Fact. By Mrs. Rowson. Two volumes in one. Half roan, 16mo, pp. 168. *New York.* Samuel A. Burtus, 1814.

* Possibly this edition and the preceding are the same. The inference, however, does not necessarily follow. In one or two other instances at least "Charlotte Temple" was issued without a publisher's name on the title-page.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Rowson. 16mo, half roan. *New York.* S. A. Burtus, 1814.

* It will be observed here that Mr. Burtus issued two editions of the book in one year—each having a different title.

——— 24mo, boards, pp.106. Vignette portrait. *New York.* Evert Duyckinck, 1814.

* From the above items it appears that in 1814 at least three publishers in New York were issuing the book. The type of the Duyckinck edition is very small and the paper flimsy.

——— 18mo, pp. 168. *Windsor, Vt.* Merrifield, 1815.

——— 12mo, pp. 177. *Windsor, Vt.* P. Merrifield, 1815.

——— 24mo, boards, pp. 175. *Windsor.* Preston Merrifield, 1815.

* Mr. Merrifield appears to have issued three editions in 1815, as indicated by the variations in the size and number of the pages, and in the forms in which his name is given. Of all the early editions, his are now the most common.

——— Two volumes in one. 16mo, pp. 132, boards. *Concord, N. H.* Isaac and Walter B. Hill, 1815.

Digitized by Google

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Rowson. 18mo. *Brookfield, Mass.,* 1816.

——— 16mo. *New Haven,* 1818.

——— 16mo, boards.

* Apparently a very early edition, of which a copy is in the Astor Library, but it has no title-page.

——— 12mo. *Philadelphia.* [n. d.]

* Apparently early.

——— 24mo, pp. 138.

* An early edition. A copy is in the Society Library, with no title-page. Has a woodcut frontispiece showing Charlotte and Montraville returning to the school at night.

——— 12mo, pp. 152. R. D. Rider. *Wallop, Hants, England,* 1821.

——— 18mo. *Philadelphia.* [n. d.]

* Apparently early.

1825 - 1850

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Rowson. 24mo, boards, pp. 176. *New York.* A. Spooner, printer, 1826.

——— 18mo, boards, pp. 144. *Philadelphia.* John Grigg, 1826.

——— 18mo, half calf, pp. 138. *New York.* R. Hobbs, 1827.

* Has the frontispiece showing the arrival at Portsmouth and an engraved title, vignetted. In type, paper, and binding the best of all the early editions here described.

——— 16mo. *Hartford, Conn.,* 1827.

CHARLOTTE'S DAUGHTER; OR, THE THREE ORPHANS. A sequel to "Charlotte Temple." Prefaced by a me-

Digitized by Google

moir of the author. [By Samuel L. Knapp.] 12mo, boards, pp. 184. *Boston.* Richardson & Lord, 1828.

* THE FIRST EDITION. Often reprinted, and still to be had in cheap paper editions, with the memoir omitted and the title changed to " Lucy Temple."

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Rowson. 18mo, pp. 138. *New York.* George C. Sickles, 1829.

* Has a frontispiece showing the arrival at Portsmouth, reproduced elsewhere in this edition, and a decorative title-page with vignette.

——— 18mo, boards, pp. 138. *New York.* George C. Sickles, 1830.

* A reissue of the preceding.

——— 24mo, pp. 138. *New York.* John Lomax, 1830.

——— 18mo, boards, pp. 138. *New York.* John Lomax, 1831.

* Has a frontispiece showing Montraville and Julia Franklin entering a church to be married, the picture being repeated on the cover.

——— 24mo, pp. 138. *New York.* John Lomax, 1832.

——— Two volumes in one. 18mo, pp. 168. Printed by Lazarus Beach for J. Harrison, S. Stephens, C. Flanagan, N. Judah, D. Smith, S. J. Langdon. *New York.* [n. d.]

——— 24mo, half roan, boards, pp. 138. *Hartford, Ct.* Andrus & Judd, 1833.

——— [Text in French]. *Paris.* [About 1835].

DIE GETÄUSCHTE. Ein Gemälde aus dem Wirklichen Leben nach dem Englishen (Charlotte Temple) Der Mrs. Rowson. Von Dr. J. G. Flügel. Octavo. *Leipsig,* 1835.

Digitized by Google

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Rowson. 8vo. *Leipzig*, 1835.

——— 24mo, pp. 148. *New York*. Nafis & Cornish. [n. d.]

——— *St. Louis, Mo.* Nafis, Cornish & Co. [n. d.]

——— 18mo. Cornish, L. & Co. [n. d.]

——— Two volumes in one. 16mo. *New York*. H. M. Griffith. [n. d.]

——— Two volumes in one. 12mo. *New York*. Printed by John Swain for H. M. Griffith. [n. d.]

* Possibly the same edition as the preceding. A copy, bound by William Matthews in calf gilt, was sold with the library of Theodore Irwin, in 1897.

——— 8vo. *New York*. John Swain. [n. d.]

——— 12mo, pp. 186. *New York*. John Swain. [n. d.]

* From being a printer, Mr. Swain appears to have become a publisher on his own account.

——— 18mo, boards, pp. 138. *Hartford*. Judd, Loomis & Co., 1837.

——— 18mo, pp. 140. *New York*. N. C. Nafis, 1840.

* Has a frontispiece showing Charlotte's grave in Trinity Churchyard, the stone standing upright, and inscribed "C. T.," with a willow tree drooping over it, and a vignette on the title-page.

——— *Cincinnati*. [n. d.]

——— 24mo. *London*. [n. d.]

——— 18mo, pp. 140, frontispiece. *Philadelphia*. John B. Perry, 1840 (?).

——— 18mo, pp. 138. *Ithaca, N. Y.* Mack, Andrus & Woodruff, 1841.

——— 24mo, cloth, pp. 125. Illustrated. *New York*. R. Hobbs, 1842.

* Has two illustrations on steel—"The Interview of

Digitized by Google

Charlotte with Montraville" and "Charlotte in the Garden." A frontispiece has apparently been torn out. "Charlotte in the Garden" was intended to illustrate the discovery by Mrs. Beauchamp of Charlotte at her Chatham Square home while she was singing the lines beginning

"Thou glorious orb supremely bright."

We are shown a stone, or marble, pavement and balustrade, a pedestal surmounted by an urn, a distant prospect of mountains, and another pedestal and urn at the foot of a stairway, Charlotte, with bowed head, being seated amid these garden splendors, which at that period probably did not exist anywhere in America—least of all in Chatham Square.

——— 8vo, pp. 60. *Boston.* Skinner & Blanchard, 1845.

——— 24mo, paper, pp. 139, frontispiece. *Cincinnati.* U. P. James. [n. d.]

——— 18mo, pp. 138. *Ithaca, N. Y.* Mack, Andrus & Co., 1846.

——— 12mo. *London,* 1849.

1850 - 1875

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: A Tale of Truth. By Susanna Rowson. 18mo, boards, pp. 140. *New York.* Richard Marsh, 1851.

*Has the same frontispiece and vignette as the Nafis edition of 1840.

——— 18mo, boards, pp. 140. *Philadelphia.* William A. Leary & Co., 1851.

*From the same plates as the preceding.

——— 24mo, pp. 165, cloth. *New York.* Leavitt & Allen, 1853.

Digitized by Google

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: A Tale of Truth. By Susanna Rowson. 24mo, boards, pp. 165. Portrait. *Philadelphia.* Fisher & Bros., 1853.

* Besides the frontispiece portrait, the cover has another portrait, showing a different face and costume, and printed in colors.

——— 24mo, boards, pp. 165. Portrait. *Baltimore.* Fisher & Denison, 1853.

——— 24mo, boards, pp. 165. Portrait. *New York.* Fisher, 1853.

——— 24mo, boards, pp. 165. Portrait. *Boston.* Fisher, 1853.

* This and the three preceding editions appear to have been printed from the same plates, or from duplicate sets, as the custom apparently then was with publishers, and as it had been twenty-five years earlier.

——— 18mo. *New York,* 1853.

LOVE AND ROMANCE: CHARLOTTE AND LUCY TEMPLE. By Susannah Rowson. Two volumes in one. 12mo, pp. 129. *Philadelphia.* Leary and Getz, 1854.

——— 18mo, pp. 133. *Ithaca, N. Y.* Andrus, Gauntlett & Co., 1855.

——— 18mo. *New York.* [n. d.]

——— 24mo, pp. 165. *New York.* Leavitt & Allen. [About 1860.]

——— 24mo, cloth, pp. 165. *New York.* Leavitt & Allen Bros. [n. d.]

——— 18mo. *New York,* 1864.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: The Lamentable History of the Beautiful and Accomplished, with an account of her elopement with Lieutenant Montroville [*sic*], and her misfortunes and painful sufferings are here pathetically depicted. 8vo, paper, with an appendix, pp. 59. Illustrated. *Philadelphia.* Barclay & Co., 1865.

* Already described on pages xxxiv and xxxv.

Digitized by Google

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Rowson. 1874.

* Mentioned by Caroline H. Dall as having a large sale, but "wretchedly printed."

LOVE AND ROMANCE: CHARLOTTE AND LUCY TEMPLE. By Susanna Rowson. 16mo, cloth. Two volumes in one. pp. 119, 129. *Philadelphia.* Lippincott, 1874.

* Though printed from small type, this is the best edition of those issued since 1855. It contains the Preface signed S. R., but the signature and the title, "Love and Romance," were never used by the author.

——— Two volumes in one. 12mo, cloth, pp. 119, 129. *New York.* Hurst. [n. d.]

* Printed from the same text plates as the preceding, but on larger paper, with a two-line border.

CHARLOTTE AND LUCY TEMPLE. By Susannah Rowson. 24mo, vi., 5—254, frontispiece and vignette. *London.* [About 1875.]

1875 - 1905

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Susannah Rawson [*sic*]. 12mo, pp. 190. *New York.* Lupton, 1876 (?).

——— 16mo, paper, pp. 98. *New York.* Munro. [n. d.]

* Printed from small type, with a portrait on the cover.

——— 18mo, boards. *New York.* Fisher, 1880.

CHARLOTTE AND LUCY TEMPLE. By Mrs. Rowson. 16mo. *Philadelphia.* Lippincott, 1881.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Rowson. Quarto. *New York.* Ogilvie, 1881.

——— 8vo, paper. *Philadelphia.* Barclay, 1883.

Digitized by Google

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Rowson. [German text.] 8vo, paper. *Philadelphia.* Barclay, 1883.

——— 16mo, paper. *New York.* Lovell, 1884.

——— Quarto, paper. *New York.* Munro, 1884.

——— 12mo, paper. *New York.* Munro, 1884.

——— 12mo, paper, pp. 119. *New York.* Munro, 1894.

——— Paper. *New York.* Optimus, 1894.

——— 12mo, pp. 119. *New York.* Munro. [n. d.]

——— 12mo, paper, pp. 135. *New York.* Hurst [n. d.]

CHARLOTTE AND LUCY TEMPLE. By Susannah Rowson. Two volumes in one. 12mo, paper, pp. 119. *New York.* Ogilvie. [n. d.]

——— 24mo, cloth, pp. vi., 5—254, frontispiece and vignette. *London.* Milner & Co. [n. d.]

* The binding of the copy examined is recent, but the text plates and illustration seem to have been made about thirty years ago.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Rowson. 12mo, paper, pp. 190. *Chicago.* Conkey. [n. d.]

——— 12mo, paper, pp. 135. *New York.* Hurst, 1892.

——— 18mo, cloth. *New York.* Optimus. [n. d.]

——— 12mo, cloth. *New York.* Federal Book Co. [n. d.]

——— 24mo, cloth, pp. 259, frontispiece. *Philadelphia.* Altemus. [n. d.]

——— 24mo, half vellum, pp. 259, frontispiece. *Philadelphia.* Altemus. [n. d.]

* Same plates as preceding, the text extremely corrupt.

——— 12mo, paper, pp. 119. *New York.* Ogilvie. [n. d.]

Digitized by Google

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE: A Tale of Truth. By Mrs. Rowson. 18mo, paper. *New York.* Federal Book Co. [n. d.]

* Of the cheap paper editions here named as published during the period 1875-1905, all but two seem now to be out of print. The others, in well-worn condition, may from time to time be picked up in the little shops of tenement districts.

——— 12mo, cloth. Two volumes in one. With an Historical and Biographical Introduction, Bibliography, and Foot-Notes by Francis W. Halsey. Seventeen illustrations, pp. cix., 137—150. *New York and London.* Funk & Wagnalls Co., 1905.

* Reprinted from the First American Edition of 1794. Over 1200 errors corrected, and the author's Preface restored.

From these one hundred and four editions, not to name others known to have been printed, it seems safe to conclude that few works of fiction have ever appeared in so many and such diverse forms, or in forms so perishable. "Charlotte Temple," in this sense, rises almost to a place with "The Vicar of Wakefield" or "Robinson Crusoe."

While the popularity of the book down to the present day cannot be questioned, and gives no evidence of declining, it is

Digitized by Google

a popularity which has not brought its name into the lists, either of best selling books or of books most called for in libraries. During the period covered by these researches, many well-read men and women were asked if they had ever read "Charlotte Temple." Nearly all knew about the tombstone in Trinity churchyard, and in general they had some notion of Charlotte's story, but that was all. On a Sixth Avenue surface car, however, and on a railway train bound for Chicago, during the same period were observed two young women reading paper editions with close attention.

Again and again have small dealers, with stalls in front areas and on sidewalks, assured me that "Charlotte Temple" was one of their most active books. "Ten sales a week," said a man in Harlem. "My order is always for a hundred copies," said another in lower Sixth Avenue. "I am always selling that book," said a third on the East Side,

Digitized by Google

"and it's a shame there has never been a decent edition of it."

Obviously the readers who have been patronizing these small dealers are not responsible for those questions-and-answers which regularly and at frequent intervals for many years have appeared in the newspapers and periodicals in regard to "Charlotte Temple." These questions have rather come from the ill-informed among people really bookish, to whom, at least in the present generation, has been denied all knowledge of a book which, if it has not shared in the greatest literary fame, has at least participated in the greatest literary notoriety, of the past one hundred and fifteen years.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE

A TALE OF TRUTH

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I.

Digitized by Google

"She was her parents' only joy:
They had but one—one darling child."
—*Romeo and Juliet.*

"Her form was faultless, and her mind
Untainted yet by art,
Was noble, just, humane, and kind,
And virtue warm'd her heart.

But, ah! the cruel spoiler came—"

[*The above lines, in the original American edition, are given on the title-pages of both volumes. The first two, as shown here, are credited to "Romeo and Juliet," but they do not appear to be in that work. Other lines which Mrs. Rowson may have had in mind, and attempted to quote from memory, appear, however, in Act V., Scene V., as follows:*

"But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in."

The second bit of verse seems to have been written by Mrs. Rowson herself.]

Digitized by Google

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

For the perusal of the young and thoughtless of the fair sex this Tale of Truth is designed; and I could wish my fair readers to consider it as not merely the effusion of Fancy, but as a reality. The circumstances on which I have founded this novel were related to me some little time since by an old lady who had personally known Charlotte, tho she concealed the real names of the characters and likewise the place where the unfortunate scenes were acted: yet, as it was impossible to offer a relation to the public in such an imperfect state, I have thrown over the whole a slight veil of fiction, and substituted names and places according to my own fancy. The principal characters in this little tale are now consigned to the silent tomb: it can therefore hurt the feelings of no one, and may,

Digitized by Google

I flatter myself, be of service to some who are so unfortunate as to have neither friends to advise or understanding to direct them through the various and unexpected evils that attend a young and unprotected woman in her first entrance into life.

While the tear of compassion still trembled in my eye for the fate of the unhappy Charlotte, I may have children of my own, said I, to whom this recital may be of use, and if to your own children, said Benevolence, why not to the many daughters of Misfortune who, deprived of natural friends or spoilt by a mistaken education, are thrown on an unfeeling world without the least power to defend themselves from the snares, not only of the other sex, but from the more dangerous arts of the profligate of their own?

Sensible as I am that a novel writer, at a time when such a variety of works are ushered into the world under that

Digitized by Google

name, stands but a poor chance for fame in the annals of literature, but conscious that I wrote with a mind anxious for the happiness of that sex whose morals and conduct have so powerful an influence on mankind in general; and convinced that I have not wrote [*sic*] a line that conveys a wrong idea to the head, or a corrupt wish to the heart, I shall rest satisfied in the purity of my own intentions, and if I merit not applause, I feel that I dread not censure.

If the following tale should save one hapless fair one from the errors which ruined poor Charlotte, or rescue from impending misery the heart of one anxious parent, I shall feel a much higher gratification in reflecting on this trifling performance than could possibly result from the applause which might attend the most elegant, finished piece of literature whose tendency might deprave the heart or mislead the understanding.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER I

A BOARDING-SCHOOL

"ARE you for a walk," said Montraville to his companion, as they arose from table; "are you for a walk? or shall we order the chaise and proceed to Portsmouth?" Belcour preferred the former, and they sauntered out to view the town and to make remarks on the inhabitants as they returned from church.

Montraville was a lieutenant in the army: Belcour was his brother officer; they had been to take leave of their friends previous to their departure for America, and were now returning to Portsmouth, where the troops waited orders for embarkation. They had stopped at Chichester to dine; and knowing they had sufficient time to reach the place of destination before dark, and yet allow them a walk, had resolved, it being Sun-

Digitized by Google

day afternoon, to take a survey of the Chichester ladies as they returned from their devotions.

They had gratified their curiosity, and were preparing to return to the inn without honoring any of the belles with particular notice, when Madame Du Pont, at the head of her school, descended from the church. Such an assemblage of youth and innocence naturally attracted the young soldiers: they stopped; and as the little cavalcade passed almost involuntarily pulled off their hats. A tall, elegant girl looked at Montraville and blushed; he instantly recollected the features of Charlotte Temple, whom he had once seen and danced with at a ball at Portsmouth. At that time he thought on her only as a very lovely child, she being then only thirteen; but the improvement two years had made in her person, and the blush of recollection which suffused her cheeks as she passed, awakened in his bosom new and pleasing ideas. Vanity

Digitized by Google

led him to think that pleasure at again beholding him might have occasioned the emotion he had witnessed, and the same vanity led him to wish to see her again.

"She is the sweetest girl in the world," said he, as he entered the inn. Belcour stared. "Did you not notice her?" continued Montraville: "she had on a blue bonnet, and with a pair of lovely eyes of the same color, has contrived to make me feel devilish odd about the heart."

"Pho," said Belcour, "a musket-ball from our friends, the Americans, may, in less than two months make you feel worse."

"I never think of the future," replied Montraville; "but am determined to make the most of the present, and would willingly compound with any kind Familiar who would inform me who the girl is and how I might be likely to obtain an interview."

But no kind Familiar at that time appearing, and the chaise which they had

Digitized by Google

ordered driving up to the door, Montraville and his companion were obliged to take leave of Chichester and its fair inhabitant and proceed on their journey.

But Charlotte had made too great an impression on his mind to be easily eradicated: having therefore spent three whole days in thinking on her, and in endeavoring to form some plan for seeing her, he determined to set off for Chichester, and trust to chance either to favor or frustrate his designs. Arriving at the verge of the town, he dismounted, and sending the servant forward with the horses proceeded toward the place, where, in the midst of an extensive pleasure-ground, stood the mansion which contained the lovely Charlotte Temple. Montraville leaned on a broken gate and loked earnestly at the house. The wall which surrounded it was high, and perhaps the Arguses who guarded the Hesperian fruit within were more watchful than those famed of old.

Digitized by Google

"'Tis a romantic attempt," said he; "and should I even succeed in seeing and conversing with her, it can be productive of no good: I must of necessity leave England in a few days, and probably may never return; why, then, should I endeavor to engage the affections of this lovely girl, only to leave her a prey to a thousand inquietudes of which at present she has no idea? I will return to Portsmouth and think no more about her."

The evening was now closed; a serene stillness reigned; and the chaste Queen of Night with her silver crescent faintly illuminated the hemisphere. The mind of Montraville was hushed into composure by the serenity of the surrounding objects. "I will think on her no more," said he, and turned with an intention to leave the place; but as he turned he saw the gate which led to the pleasure-grounds open and two women come out, who walked arm in arm across the field.

"I will at least see who these are,"

Digitized by Google

said he. He overtook them, and giving them the compliments of the evening, begged leave to see them into the more frequented parts of the town: but how was he delighted, when, waiting for an answer, he discovered, under the concealment of a large bonnet, the face of Charlotte Temple.

He soon found means to ingratiate himself with her companion, who was a French teacher at the school, and at parting, slipped a letter he had purposely written into Charlotte's hand, and five guineas into that of mademoiselle, who promised she would endeavor to bring her young charge into the field again the next evening.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER II

DOMESTIC CONCERNS

MR. TEMPLE was the youngest son of a nobleman, whose fortune was by no means adequate to the antiquity, grandeur, and, I may add, pride of the family. He saw his elder brother made completely wretched by marrying a disagreeable woman, whose fortune helped to prop the sinking dignity of the house; and he beheld his sisters legally prostituted to old, decrepit men, whose titles gave them consequence in the eyes of the world, and whose affluence rendered them splendidly miserable. "I will not sacrifice internal happiness for outward show," said he; "I will seek Content; and if I find her in a cottage, will embrace her with as much cordiality as I should if seated on a throne."

Mr. Temple possessed a small estate

Digitized by Google

of about five hundred pounds a year; and with that he resolved to preserve independence, to marry where the feelings of his heart should direct him, and to confine his expenses within the limits of his income. He had a heart open to every generous feeling of humanity, and a hand ready to dispense to those who wanted, part of the blessings he enjoyed himself.

As he was universally known to be the friend of the unfortunate, his advice and bounty was [*sic*] frequently solicited; nor was it seldom that he sought out indigent merit, and raised it from obscurity, confining his own expenses within a very narrow compass.

"You are a benevolent fellow," said a young officer to him one day; " and I have a great mind to give you a fine subject to exercise the goodness of your heart upon."

"You can not oblige me more," said Temple, "than to point out any way by

Digitized by Google

which I can be serviceable to my fellow creatures."

"Come along, then," said the young man, "we will go and visit a man who is not in so good a lodging as he deserves; and were it not that he has an angel with him, who comforts and supports him, he must long since have sunk under his misfortunes." The young man's heart was too full to proceed; and Temple, unwilling to irritate his feelings by making further inquiries, followed him in silence till they arrived at the Fleet Prison.[1]

The officer inquired for Captain Eldridge: a person led them up several pair of dirty stairs, and pointing to a door which led to a miserable, small apartment, said that was the captain's room, and retired.

[1] The famous Fleet Prison in London for centuries had been a general receptacle for debtors. In the eighteenth century it had become a scene of the worst forms of brutality, and even vice, in consequence of the extortions exacted by keepers, but primarily chargeable to a system by which wardens were able to underlet privileges.

Digitized by Google

The officer, whose name was Blakeney, tapped at the door, and was bid to enter by a voice melodiously soft. He opened the door and discovered to Temple a scene which rivited him to the spot with astonishment.

The apartment, tho small and bearing strong marks of poverty, was neat in the extreme. In an armchair, his head reclined upon his hand, his eyes fixed on a book which lay open before him, sat an aged man in a lieutenant's uniform, which, tho threadbare, would sooner call a blush of shame into the face of those who could neglect real merit, than cause the hectic of confusion to glow on the cheeks of him who wore it.

Beside him sat a lovely creature, busied in painting a fan mount. She was fair as the lily; but sorrow had nipped the rose in her cheek before it was half blown. Her eyes were blue; and her hair, which was light brown, was slightly confined under a plain muslin cap, tied round with

Digitized by Google

a black ribbon; a white linen gown and plain lawn handkerchief composed the remainder of her dress; and in this simple attire she was more irresistibly charming to such a heart as Temple's than she would have been if adorned with all the splendor of a courtly belle.

When they entered the old man arose from his seat, and, shaking Blakeney by the hand with great cordiality, offered Temple his chair; and there being but three in the room, seated himself on the side of his little bed with evident composure.

"This is a strange place," said he to Temple, "to receive visitors of distinction in, but we must fit our feelings to our station. While I am not ashamed to own the cause which brought me here, why should I blush at my situation? Our misfortunes are not our faults, and were it not for that poor girl——"

Here the philosopher was lost in the father. He rose hastily from his seat,

Digitized by Google

and, walking toward the window, wiped off a tear which he was afraid would tarnish the cheek of a sailor.

Temple cast his eye on Miss Eldridge; a pellucid drop had stolen from her eyes and fallen upon a rose she was painting. It blotted and discolored the flower. "'Tis emblematic," said he, mentally; "the rose of youth and health soon fades when watered by the tear of affliction."

"My friend Blakeney," said he, addressing the old man, "told me I could be of service to you: be so kind, then, dear sir, as to point out some way in which I can relieve the anxiety of your heart and increase the pleasures of my own."

"My good young man," said Eldridge, "you know not what you offer. While deprived of my liberty, I can not be free from anxiety on my own account; but that is a trifling concern; my anxious thoughts extend to one more dear a thousand times than life: I am a poor, weak

Digitized by Google

old man, and must expect in a few years to sink into silence and oblivion, but when I am gone who will protect that fair bud of innocence from the blasts of adversity, or from the cruel hand of insult and dishonor?"

"Oh, my father!" cried Miss Eldridge, tenderly taking his hand, "be not anxious on that account, for daily are my prayers offered to Heaven that our lives may terminate at the same instant, and one grave receive us both; for why should I live when deprived of my only friend?"

Temple was moved even to tears. "You will both live many years!" said he, "and, I hope, see much happiness. Cheerily, my friend, cheerily; these passing clouds of adversity will serve only to make the sunshine of prosperity more pleasing. But we are losing time: you might, ere this, have told me who were your creditors, what were their demands, and other particulars necessary to your liberation."

Digitized by Google

"My story is short," said Mr. Eldridge, "but there are some particulars which will wring my heart barely to remember; yet to one whose offers of friendship appear so open and disinterested, I will relate every circumstance that led to my present painful situation. But, my child," continued he, addressing his daughter, "let me prevail on you to take this opportunity, while my friends are with me, to enjoy the benefit of air and exercise. Go, my love; leave me now; to-morrow, at your usual hour, I will expect you."

Miss Eldridge impressed on his cheek the kiss of filial affection, and obeyed.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER III

UNEXPECTED MISFORTUNES

"My life," said Mr. Eldridge, "till within these few years, was marked by no particular circumstance deserving notice. I early embraced the life of a sailor, and have served my king with unremitted ardor for many years. At the age of twenty-five I married an amiable woman; one son and the girl who just now left us were the fruits of our union. My boy had genius and spirit. I straitened my little income to give him a liberal education; but the rapid progress he made in his studies amply compensated for the inconvenience. At the academy where he received his education, he commenced an acquaintance with a Mr. Lewis, a young man of affluent fortune: as they grew up their intimacy ripened into friendship,

Digitized by Google

and they became almost inseparable companions.

"George chose the profession of a soldier. I had neither friends nor money to procure him a commission, and had wished him to embrace a nautical life: but this was repugnant to his wishes, and I ceased to urge him on the subject.

"The friendship subsisting between Lewis and my son was of such a nature as gave him free access to our family, and so specious was his manner that we hesitated not to state to him all our little difficulties in regard to George's future views. He listened to us with attention, and offered to advance any sum necessary for his first setting out.

"I embraced the offer, and gave him my note for the payment of it; but he would not suffer me to mention any stipulated time, as he said I might do it whenever most convenient to myself. About this time my dear Lucy returned from school, and I soon began to imagine Lew-

Digitized by Google

is looked at her with eyes of affection. I gave my child a caution to beware of him, and to look on her mother as her friend. She was unaffectedly artless; and when, as I suspected, Lewis made professions of love, she confided in her parents, and assured us her heart was perfectly unbiased in his favor, and she would cheerfully submit to our direction.

"I took an early opportunity of questioning him concerning his intentions toward my child; he gave an equivocal answer, and I forbade him the house.

"The next day he sent and demanded payment of his money. It was not in my power to comply with the demand. I requested three days to endeavor to raise it, determining in that time to mortgage my half-pay, and live on a small annuity which my wife possessed, rather than be under any obligation to so worthless a man: but this short time was not allowed me, for that evening, as I was sitting down to supper, unsuspicious of

Digitized by Google

danger, an officer entered and tore me from the embraces of my family.

"My wife had been for some time in a declining state of health: ruin at once so unexpected and inevitable was a stroke she was not prepared to bear; and I saw her faint into the arms of our servant, as I left my own habitation for the comfortless walls of a prison. My poor Lucy, distracted with her fears for us both, sunk on the floor and endeavored to detain me by her feeble efforts; but in vain; they forced open her arms; she shrieked and fell prostrate. But pardon me. The horrors of that night unman me. I can not proceed."

He rose from his seat and walked several times across the room: at length, attaining more composure, he cried: "What a mere infant I am! Why, sir, I never felt thus in the day of battle."

"No," said Temple; "but the truly brave soul is tremblingly alive to the feelings of humanity."

Digitized by Google

"True," replied the old man (something like satisfaction darting across his features), "and painful as these feelings are, I would not exchange them for that torpor which the stoic mistakes for philosophy. How many exquisite delights should I have passed by unnoticed, but for these keen sensations, this quick sense of happiness or misery? Then let us, my friend, take the cup of life as it is presented to us, tempered by the hand of a wise Providence; be thankful for the good, be patient unto the evil, and presume not to inquire why the latter predominates."

"This is true philosophy," said Temple.

"'Tis the only way to reconcile ourselves to the cross events of life," replied he. "But I forget myself. I will not longer intrude on your patience, but proceed in my melancholy tale.

"The very evening that I was taken

Digitized by Google

to prison, my son arrived from Ireland, where he had been some time with his regiment. From the distracted expressions of his mother and sister, he learnt by whom I had been arrested; and, late as it was, flew on the wings of wounded affection to the house of his false friend, and earnestly enquired the cause of this cruel conduct. With all the calmness of a cool, deliberate villain, he avowed his passion for Lucy; declared her situation in life would not permit him to marry her; but offered to release me immediately, and make any settlement on her, if George would persuade her to live, as he impiously termed it, a life of honor.

"Fired at the insult offered to a man and a soldier, my boy struck the villain, and a challenge ensued. He then went to a coffee-house in the neighborhood, and wrote a long, affectionate letter to me, blaming himself severely for having introduced Lewis into the family, or per-

Digitized by Google

mitted him to confer an obligation which had brought inevitable ruin on us all. He begged me, whatever might be the event of the ensuing morning, not to suffer regret or unavailing sorrow for his fate to increase the anguish of my heart, which he greatly feared was already insupportable.

"This letter was delivered to me early in the morning. It would be vain to attempt to describe my feelings on the perusal of it; suffice it to say, that a merciful Providence interposed, and I was for three weeks insensible to miseries almost beyond the strength of human nature to support.

"A fever and strong delirium seized me, and my life was despaired of. At length nature, overpowered with fatigue, gave way to the salutary power of rest, and a quiet slumber of some hours restored me to reason, tho the extreme weakness of my frame prevented my feel-

Digitized by Google

ing my distress so acutely as I otherwise should.

"The first object that struck me on awaking was Lucy sitting by my bedside; her pale countenance and sable dress prevented my inquiries for poor George: for the letter I had received from him was the first thing that occurred to my memory. By degrees the rest returned: I recollected being arrested, but could no ways account for being in this apartment, whither they had conveyed me during my illness.

"I was so weak as to be almost unable to speak. I pressed Lucy's hand, and looked earnestly round the apartment in search of another dear object.

"'Where is your mother?' said I, faintly.

"The poor girl could not answer: she shook her head in expressive silence; and throwing herself on the bed, folded her arms about me and burst into tears.

"'What! both gone?' said I.

Digitized by Google

"'Both,' she replied, endeavoring to restrain her emotions: 'but they are happy, no doubt.'"

Here Mr. Eldridge paused: the recollection of the scene was too painful to permit him to proceed.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER IV

CHANGE OF FORTUNE

"It was some days," continued Mr. Eldridge, recovering himself, "before I could venture to inquire the particulars of what had happened during my illness: at length I assumed courage to ask my dear girl how long her mother and brother had been dead: she told me that the morning after my arrest, George came home early to inquire after his mother's health, staid with them but a few minutes, seemed greatly agitated at parting, but gave them strict charge to keep up their spirits, and hope everything would turn out for the best. In about two hours after, as they were sitting at breakfast and endeavoring to strike out some plan to attain my liberty, they heard a loud rap at the door, which Lucy, running to

Digitized by Google

open, she met the bleeding body of her brother, borne in by two men, who had lifted him from a litter, on which they had brought him from the place where he fought. Her poor mother, weakened by illness and the struggles of the preceding night, was not able to support this shock: gasping for breath, her looks wild and haggard, she reached the apartment where they had carried her dying son. She knelt by the bedside; and taking his cold hand: 'My poor boy,' said she, 'I will not be parted from thee: husband! son! both at once lost. Father of mercies, spare me!' She fell into a strong convulsion, and expired in about two hours. In the meantime a surgeon had dressed George's wounds; but they were in such a situation as to bar the smallest hopes of recovery. He never was sensible from the time he was brought home, and died that evening in the arms of his sister.

"Late as it was when this event took

Digitized by Google

place, my affectionate Lucy insisted on coming to me. 'What must he feel,' said she, 'at our apparent neglect, and how shall I inform him of the afflictions with which it has pleased Heaven to visit us?'

"She left the care of the dear departed ones to some neighbors, who had kindly come in to comfort and assist her; and on entering the house where I was confined, found me in the situation I have mentioned.

"How she supported herself in these trying moments I know not: Heaven no doubt was with her; and her anxiety to preserve the life of one parent in some measure abated her affliction for the loss of the other.

"My circumstances were greatly embarrassed, my acquaintances few, and those few utterly unable to assist me. When my wife and son were committed to their kindred earth, my creditors seized my house and furniture, which, not being

Digitized by Google

sufficient to discharge all their demands, detainers were lodged against me. No friend stepped forward to my relief; from the grave of her mother, my beloved Lucy followed an almost dying father to this melancholy place.

"Here we have been nearly a year and a half. My half-pay I have given up to satisfy my creditors, and my child supports me by her industry: sometimes by fine needlework, sometimes by painting. She leaves me every night, and goes to a lodging near the bridge; but returns in the morning to cheer me with her smiles, and bless me by her duteous affection. A lady once offered her an asylum in her family; but she would not leave me. 'We are all the world to each other,' said she. 'I thank God I have health and spirits to improve the talents with which nature has endowed me; and I trust, if I employ them in the support of a beloved parent, I shall not be thought an unprofitable servant. While he lives, I

Digitized by Google

pray for strength to pursue my employment; and when it pleases Heaven to take one of us, may it give the survivor resignation to bear the separation as we ought: till then I will never leave him.'"

"But where is this inhuman persecutor?" said Temple.

"He has been abroad ever since," replied the old man; "but he has left orders with his lawyer never to give up the note until the utmost farthing is paid."

"And how much is the amount of your debts in all?" said Temple.

"Five hundred pounds," he replied.

Temple started; it was more than he expected.

"But something must be done," said he: "that sweet maid must not wear out her life in a prison. I will see you again to-morrow, my friend," said he, shaking Eldridge's hand: "keep up your spirits; light and shade are not more happily blended than are the pleasures and pains of life; and the horrors of the one serve

Digitized by Google

only to increase the splendor of the other."

"You never lost a wife and son," said Eldridge.

"No," replied he, "but I can feel for those that have."

Eldridge pressed his hand, as they went toward the door, and they parted in silence.

When they got without the walls of the prison, Temple thanked his friend Blakeney[1] for introducing him to so worthy a character; and, telling him he had a particular engagement in the city, wished him a good-evening.

"And what is to be done for this distressed man?" said Temple, as he walk-

[1] If there be a hero in "Charlotte Temple" and "Lucy Temple," it is Blakeney, and yet this is the last that the reader sees of him. There is something fine in a romance which makes of the man who thus brought together Henry Temple and Lucy Eldridge, the benefactor, a quarter of a century afterward, of the daughter of their unfortunate child, Charlotte. The reader wishes to know more of him. We must find in the absence of further information new evidence of the fidelity with which the author conformed her narrative to events that had actually taken place.

Digitized by Google

ed up Ludgate Hill. "Would to Heaven I had a fortune that would enable me instantly to discharge his debt: what exquisite transport, to see the expressive eyes of Lucy beaming at once with pleasure for her father's deliverance and gratitude for her deliverer: but is not my fortune affluence," continued he, "nay superfluous wealth, when compared to the extreme indigence of Eldridge; and what have I done to deserve ease and plenty, while a brave worthy officer starves in a prison? Three hundred a year is surely sufficient for all my wants and wishes; at any rate, Eldridge must be relieved."

When the heart has will, the hands can soon find means to execute a good action.

Temple was a young man, his feelings warm and impetuous; unacquainted with the world, his heart had not been rendered callous by being convinced of its fraud and hypocrisy. He pitied their

Digitized by Google

sufferings, overlooked their faults, thought every bosom as generous as his own, and would cheerfully have divided his last guinea with an unfortunate fellow creature.

No wonder, then, that such a man (without waiting a moment for the interference of Madame Prudence) should resolve to raise money sufficient for the relief of Eldridge, by mortgaging part of his fortune.

We will not enquire too minutely into the cause which might actuate him in this instance: suffice it to say, he immediately put the plan in execution; and in three days from the time he first saw the unfortunate lieutenant, he had the superlative felicity of seeing him at liberty, and receiving an ample reward in the tearful eye and half-articulated thanks of the grateful Lucy.

"And pray, young man," said his father to him one morning, "what are

Digitized by Google

your designs in visiting thus constantly that old man and his daughter?"

Temple was at a loss for a reply: he had never asked himself the question: he hesitated, and his father continued—

"It was not till within these few days that I heard in what manner your acquaintance first commenced, and can not suppose anything but attachment to the daughter could carry you such imprudent lengths for the father: it certainly must be her art that drew you into mortgage [*sic*] part of your fortune."

"Art, sir!" cried Temple, eagerly. "Lucy Eldridge is as free from art as she is from every other error: she is——"

"Everything that is amiable and lovely," said his father, interrupting him, ironically: "no doubt, in your opinion, she is a pattern of excellence for all her sex to follow; but come, sir, pray tell me, what are your designs toward this paragon? I hope you do not intend to complete your folly by marrying her."

Digitized by Google

"Were my fortune such as would support her according to her merit, I don't know a woman more formed to insure happiness in the marriage state."

"Then, prithee, my dear lad," said his father, "since your rank and fortune are so much beneath what your *Princess* might expect, be so kind as to turn your eyes on Miss Weatherby, who, having only an estate of three thousand a year, is more upon a level with you, and whose father yesterday solicited the mighty honor of your alliance. I shall leave you to consider on this offer, and pray remember that your union with Miss Weatherby will put it in your power to be more liberally the friend of Lucy Eldridge."

The old gentleman walked in a stately manner out of the room, and Temple stood almost petrified with astonishment, contempt and rage.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER V

SUCH THINGS ARE

MISS WEATHERBY was the only child of a wealthy man, almost idolized by her parents, flattered by her dependents, and never contradicted, even by those who called themselves her friends: I can not give a better description than by the following lines:

The lovely maid whose form and face
Nature has deck'd with every grace,
But in whose breast no virtues glow,
Whose heart ne'er felt another's woe,
Whose hand ne'er smooth'd the bed of pain,
Or eas'd the captive's galling chain;
But like the tulip caught the eye,
Born just to be admir'd and die;
When gone, no one regrets its loss,
Or scarce remembers that it was.[1]

Such was Miss Weatherby: her form

[1] These lines seem to be original with Mrs. Rowson.

Digitized by Google

lovely as nature could make it, but her mind uncultivated, her heart unfeeling, her passions impetuous, and her brain almost turned with flattery, dissipation, and pleasure; and such was the girl whom a partial grandfather left independent mistress of the fortune before mentioned.

She had seen Temple frequently; and fancying she could never be happy without him, nor once imagining he could refuse a girl of her beauty and fortune, she prevailed on her fond father to offer the alliance to the old[1] Earl of D——, Mr. Temple's father.

The earl had received the offer court-

[1] The word "old" in this paragraph does not appear in late editions. It it now restored to its place from the original American text. When Mrs. Rowson was writing her story, the living Earl of Derby had held the title about thirteen years, and was then thirty-seven years old. The "old Earl" was his grandfather, Edward Stanley, who had held the title forty-two years, and died in 1776, at the age of eighty-seven. One of the "old Earl's" daughters, named Charlotte, was the wife of General Burgoyne, of the Revolution. The Charlotte Stanley who is believed to have been buried in Trinity churchyard appears, therefore, to have borne the name of her father's sister. See Burke's "Peerage."

Digitized by Google

eously: he thought it a great match for Henry; and was too fashionable a man to suppose a wife could be any impediment to the friendship he professed for Eldridge and his daughter.

Unfortunately for Temple, he thought quite otherwise: the conversation he had just had with his father discovered to him the situation of his heart; and he found that the most affluent fortune would bring no increase of happiness unless Lucy Eldridge shared it with him; and the knowledge of the purity of her sentiments and the integrity of his own heart, made him shudder at the idea his father had started, of marrying a woman for no other reason than because the affluence of her fortune would enable him to injure her by maintaining in splendor the woman to whom his heart was devoted: he therefore resolved to refuse Miss Weatherby, and, be the event what it might, offer his heart and hand to Lucy Eldridge.

Digitized by Google

Full of this determination, he sought his father, declared his resolution, and was commanded never more to appear in his presence. Temple bowed; his heart was too full to permit him to speak; he left the house precipitately, and hastened to relate the cause of his sorrows to his good old friend and his amiable daughter.

In the meantime, the earl, vexed to the soul that such a fortune should be lost, determined to offer himself a candidate for Miss Weatherby's favor.

What wonderful changes are wrought by that reigning power, ambition! The love-sick girl, when first she heard of Temple's refusal, wept, raved, tore her hair, and vowed to found a Protestant nunnery with her fortune; and by commencing abbess, shut herself up from the sight of cruel, ungrateful man forever.

Her father was a man of the world: he suffered this first transport to subside, and then very deliberately unfolded to her the offers of the old earl, expatiated on the

Digitized by Google

many benefits arising from an elevated title, painted in glowing colors the surprise and vexation of Temple when he should see her figuring as a countess and his mother-in-law [*sic*], and begged her to consider well before she made any rash vows.

The *distressed* fair one dried her tears, listened patiently, and at length declared she believed the surest method to revenge the slight put on her by the son, would be to accept the father: so said so done, and in a few days she became the Countess D——.

Temple heard the news with emotion: he had lost his father's favor by avowing his passion for Lucy, and he saw now there was no hope of regaining it. "But he shall not make me miserable," said he. "Lucy and I have no ambitious notions; we can live on three hundred a year for some little time, till the mortgage is paid off, and then we shall have sufficient not only for the comforts, but

Digitized by Google

many of the little elegancies of life. We will purchase a little cottage, my Lucy," said he, "and thither with your reverend father, we will retire; we will forget there are such things as splendor, profusion, and dissipation: we will have some cows, and you shall be queen of the dairy; in the morning, while I look after my garden, you shall take a basket on your arm, and sally forth to feed your poultry; and as they flutter round you in token of humble gratitude, your father shall smoke his pipe in a woodbine alcove, and viewing the serenity of your countenance, feel such real pleasure dilate his own heart as shall make him forget he had ever been unhappy."

Lucy smiled, and Temple saw it was the smile of approbation. He sought and found a cottage suited to his taste; thither, attended by Love and Hymen, the happy trio retired; where, during many years of uninterrupted felicity, they cast not a wish beyond the little boun-

Digitized by Google

daries of their own tenement. Plenty, and her hand-maid, Prudence, presided at their board; Hospitality stood at their gate; Peace smiled on each face, Content reigned in each heart, and Love and Health strewed roses on their pillows.

Such were the parents of Charlotte Temple, who was the only pledge of their mutual love, and who, at the earnest entreaty of a particular friend, was permitted to finish the education her mother had begun, at Madame Du Pont's school, where we first introduced her to the acquaintance of the reader.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VI

AN INTRIGUING TEACHER

MADAME DU PONT was a woman every way calculated to take the care of young ladies, had that care entirely devolved on herself; but it was impossible to attend the education of a numerous school without proper assistants; and those assistants were not always the kind of people whose conversation and morals were exactly such as parents of delicacy and refinement would wish a daughter to copy.

Among the teachers at Madame Du Pont's school was Mademoiselle La Rue, who added to a pleasing person and insinuating address, a liberal education and the manners of a gentlewoman. She was recommended to the school by a lady

Digitized by Google

whose humanity overstepped the bounds of discretion; for, tho she knew Miss La Rue had eloped from a convent with a young officer, and on coming to England had lived with several different men in open defiance of all moral and religious duties; yet, finding her reduced to the most abject want, and believing the penitence which she professed to be sincere, she took her into her own family, and from thence recommended her to Madame Du Pont, as thinking the situation more suitable for a woman of her abilities.

But mademoiselle possessed too much of the spirit of intrigue to remain long without adventures. At church, where she constantly appeared, her person attracted the attention of a young man who was upon a visit at a gentleman's seat in the neighborhood: she had met him several times clandestinely; and being invited to come out that evening and eat some fruit and pastry in a summer-

Digitized by Google

house belonging to the gentleman he was visiting, and requested to bring some of the ladies with her, Charlotte, being her favorite, was fixed on to accompany her.

The mind of youth eagerly catches at promised pleasure: pure and innocent by nature, it thinks not of the dangers lurking beneath those pleasures till too late to avoid them: when mademoiselle asked Charlotte to go with her, she mentioned the gentleman as a relation, and spoke in such high terms of the elegance of his gardens, the sprightliness of his conversation, and the liberality with which he ever entertained his guests, that Charlotte thought only of the pleasure she should enjoy in the visit,—not on the imprudence of going without her governess' knowledge, or of the danger to which she exposed herself in visiting the house of a gay young man of fashion.

Madame Du Pont was gone out for the evening, and the rest of the ladies retired to rest, when Charlotte and the

Digitized by Google

teacher stole out of the back gate, and in crossing the field, were accosted by Montraville, as mentioned in the first chapter.

Charlotte was disappointed in the pleasure she had promised herself from this visit. The levity of the gentlemen and the freedom of their conversation disgusted her. She was astonished at the liberties mademoiselle permitted them to take; grew thoughtful and uneasy, and heartily wished herself at home again, in her own chamber.

Perhaps one cause of that wish might be an earnest desire to see the contents of the letter which had been put into her hand by Montraville.

Any reader, who has the least knowledge of the world, will easily imagine the letter was made up of encomiums on her beauty, and vows of everlasting love and constancy; nor will he be surprised that a heart open to every gentle, generous

Digitized by Google

sentiment, should feel itself warmed by gratitude for a man who professed to feel so much for her; nor is it improbable but her mind might revert to the agreeable person and martial appearance of Montraville.

In affairs of love, a young heart is never in more danger than when attempted by a handsome young soldier. A man of an indifferent appearance will, when arrayed in a military habit, show to advantage, but when beauty of person, elegance of manner, and an easy method of paying compliments are united to the scarlet coat, smart cockade, and military sash, ah! well-a-day for the poor girl who gazes on him: she is in imminent danger; but if she listens to him with pleasure, 'tis all over with her, and from that moment she has neither eyes nor ears for any other object.

Now, my dear sober matron, (if a sober matron should deign to turn over

Digitized by Google

these pages before she trusts them to the eye of a darling daughter,) let me entreat you not to put on a grave face and throw down the book in a passion, and declare 'tis enough to turn the heads of half the girls in England; I do solemnly protest, my dear madam, I mean no more by what I have here advanced than to ridicule those romantic girls who foolishly imagine a red coat and silver epaulet constitute the fine gentleman; and should that fine gentleman make half a dozen fine speeches to them they will imagine themselves so much in love as to fancy it a meritorious action to jump out of a two-pair of stairs window, abandon their friends, and trust entirely to the honor of a man who, perhaps, hardly knows the meaning of the word, and if he does, will be too much the modern man of refinement to practise it in their favor.

Gracious Heaven! when I think on the

Digitized by Google

miseries that must rend the heart of a doting parent, when he sees the darling of his age at first seduced from his protection, and afterward abandoned by the very wretch whose promises of love decoyed her from the paternal roof—when he sees her poor and wretched, her bosom torn between remorse for her crime and love for her vile betrayer—when fancy paints to me the good old man stooping to raise the weeping penitent, while every tear from her eye is numbered by drops from his bleeding heart, my bosom glows with honest indignation, and I wish for power to extirpate those monsters of seduction from the earth.

Oh, my dear girls—for to such only am I writing—listen not to the voice of love, unless sanctioned by paternal approbation: be assured, it is now past the days of romance: no woman can be run away with contrary to her own inclination: then kneel down each morning and request kind Heaven to keep you free

Digitized by Google

from temptation, or should it please to suffer you to be tried, pray for fortitude to resist the impulse of inclination, when it runs counter to the precepts of religion and virtue.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VII

NATURAL SENSE OF PROPRIETY INHERENT IN THE FEMALE BOSOM

"I CAN NOT think we have done exactly right in going out this evening, mademoiselle," said Charlotte, seating herself, when she entered her apartment: "nay, I am sure it was not right; for I expected to be very happy, but was sadly disappointed."

"It was your own fault, then," replied mademoiselle: "for I am sure my cousin omitted nothing that could serve to render the evening agreeable."

"True," said Charlotte: "but I thought the gentlemen were very free in their manner: I wonder you would suffer them to behave as they did."

"Prithee, don't be such a foolish little prude," said the artful woman, affecting

Digitized by Google

anger: "I invited you to go, in hopes it would divert you, and be an agreeable change of scene; however, if your delicacy was hurt by the behavior of the gentlemen, you need not go again; so there let it rest."

"I do not intend to go again," said Charlotte, gravely, taking off her bonnet, and beginning to prepare for bed: "I am sure, if Madame Du Pont knew we had been out to-night, she would be very angry; and it is ten to one but she hears of it by some means or other."

"Nay, miss," said La Rue, "perhaps your mighty sense of propriety may lead you to tell her yourself: and in order to avoid the censure you would incur, should she hear of it by accident, throw the blame on me: but I confess I deserve it: it will be a very kind return for that partiality which led me to prefer you before any of the rest of the ladies; but perhaps it will give you pleasure," continued she, letting fall some hypocritical

Digitized by Google

tears, "to see me deprived of bread, and for an action which by the most rigid could only be esteemed an inadvertency, lose my place and character, and be driven again into the world, where I have already suffered all the evils attendant on poverty."

This was touching Charlotte in the most vulnerable part: she rose from her seat, and taking mademoiselle's hand—"You know, my dear La Rue," said she, "I love you too well to do anything that would injure you in my governess' opinion: I am only sorry we went out this evening."

"I don't believe it, Charlotte," said she, assuming a little vivacity; "for, if you had not gone out, you would not have seen the gentleman who met us crossing the field, and I rather think you were pleased with his conversation."

"I had seen him once before," replied Charlotte, "and thought him an agreeable man, and you know one is always

Digitized by Google

pleased to see a person with whom one has passed several cheerful hours. But," said she pausing and drawing a letter from her pocket, while a general suffusion of vermilion tinged her neck and face, "he gave me this letter; what shall I do with it?"

"Read it, to be sure," returned mademoiselle.

"I am afraid I ought not," said Charlotte: "my mother has often told me I should never read a letter given me by a young man without first giving it to her."

"Lord bless you, my dear girl!" cried the teacher, smiling, "have you a mind to be in leading strings all your lifetime. Prithee, open the letter, read it, and judge for yourself; if you show it your mother, the consequence will be, you will be taken from school, and a strict guard kept over you; so you will stand no chance of ever seeing the smart young officer again."

Digitized by Google

"I should not like to leave school yet," replied Charlotte, "till I have attained a greater proficiency in my Italian and music. But you can, if you please, mademoiselle, take the letter back to Montraville, and tell him I wish him well, but can not, with any propriety, enter into a clandestine correspondence with him."

She laid the letter on the table, and began to undress herself.

"Well," said La Rue, "I vow you are an unaccountable girl: have you no curiosity to see the inside now? For my part, I could no more let a letter addressed to me lie unopened so long than I could work miracles: he writes a good hand," continued she, turning the letter to look at the superscription.

"'Tis well enough," said Charlotte, drawing it toward her.

"He is a genteel young fellow," said La Rue, carelessly, folding up her apron at the same time; "but I think he is marked with the smallpox."

Digitized by Google

"Oh, you are greatly mistaken," said Charlotte, eagerly; "he has a remarkable clear skin and fine complexion.

"His eyes, if I could judge by what I saw," said La Rue, "are gray, and want expression."

"By no means," replied Charlotte; "they are the most expressive eyes I ever saw."

"Well, child, whether they are gray or black is of no consequence: you have determined not to read his letter; so it is likely you will never either see or hear from him again."

Charlotte took up the letter, and mademoiselle continued—

"He is most probably going to America; and if ever you should hear any account of him it may possibly be that he is killed; and tho he loved you ever so fervently, tho his last breath should be spent in a prayer for your happiness, it can be nothing to you: you can feel nothing for the fate of the man whose

Digitized by Google

letters you will not open, and whose sufferings you will not alleviate, by permitting him to think you would remember him when absent and pray for his safety."

Charlotte still held the letter in her hand: her heart swelled at the conclusion of mademoiselle's speech, and a tear dropped upon the wafer that closed it.

"The wafer is not dry yet," said she, "and sure there can be no great harm——" She hesitated. La Rue was silent. "I may read it, mademoiselle, and return it afterward."

"Certainly," replied mademoiselle.

"At any rate, I am determined not to answer it," continued Charlotte, as she opened the letter.

Here let me stop to make one remark, and trust me, my very heart aches while I write it; but certain I am that when once a woman has stifled the sense of shame in her own bosom, when once she has lost sight of the basis on which reputation, honor, everything that should

Digitized by Google

be dear to the female heart, rests, she grows hardened in guilt, and will spare no pains to bring down innocence and beauty to the shocking level with herself: and this proceeds from that diabolical spirit of envy which repines at seeing another in the full possession of that respect and esteem which she can no longer hope to enjoy.

Mademoiselle eyed the unsuspecting Charlotte, as she perused the letter, with a malignant pleasure. She saw that the contents had awakened new emotions in her youthful bosom: she encouraged her hopes, calmed her fears, and before they parted for the night, it was determined that she should meet Montraville the ensuing evening.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VIII

DOMESTIC PLEASURES PLANNED

"I THINK, my dear," said Mrs. Temple, laying her hand on her husband's arm, as they were walking together in the garden, "I think next Wednesday is Charlotte's birthday: now, I have formed a little scheme in my own mind to give her an agreeable surprise; and if you have no objection, we will send for her home on that day."

Temple pressed his wife's hand in token of approbation, and she proceeded—

"You know the little alcove at the bottom of the garden, of which Charlotte is so fond? I have an inclination to deck this out in a fanciful manner, and invite all her little friends to partake of a collation of fruit, sweetmeats, and

Digitized by Google

other things suitable to the general taste of young guests, and to make it more pleasing to Charlotte, she shall be mistress of the feast, and entertain her visitors in this alcove. I know she will be delighted, and, to complete all, they shall have some music, and finish with a dance."

"A very fine plan, indeed," said Temple, smiling; "and you really suppose I will wink at your indulging the girl in this manner? You will quite spoil her, Lucy; indeed you will."

"She is the only child we have," said Mrs. Temple, the whole tenderness of a mother adding animation to her fine countenance; but it was withal tempered so sweetly with the meek affection and submissive duty of the wife, that as she paused, expecting her husband's answer, he gazed at her tenderly, and found he was unable to refuse her request.

"She is a good girl," said Temple.

"She is, indeed," replied the fond

Digitized by Google

mother, exultingly, "a grateful, affectionate girl; and I am sure will never lose sight of the duty she owes her parents."

"If she does," said he, "she must forget the example set her by the best of mothers."

Mrs. Temple could not reply; but the delightful sensation that dilated her heart sparkled in her intelligent eyes and heightened the vermillion on her cheeks.

Of all the pleasures of which the human mind is sensible, there is none equal to that which warms and expands the bosom when listening to commendations bestowed on us by a beloved object, and are conscious of having deserved them.

Ye giddy flutterers in the fantastic round of dissipation, who eagerly seek pleasure in the lofty dome, rich treat, and midnight revel—tell me, ye thoughtless daughters of folly, have ye ever found the phantom you have so long

Digitized by Google

sought with such unremitted assiduity? Has she not always eluded your grasp, and when you have reached your hand to take the cup she extends to her deluded votaries, have you not found the long-expected draught strongly tinctured with the bitter dregs of disappointment? I know you have: I see it in the wan cheek, sunk eye, and air of chagrin, which ever mark the children of dissipation. Pleasure is a vain illusion; she draws you on to a thousand follies, errors, and, I may say, vices, and then leaves you to deplore your thoughtless credulity.

Look, my dear friends, at yonder lovely Virgin, arrayed in a white robe, devoid of ornament; behold the meekness of her countenance, the modesty of her gait; her handmaids are *Humility, Filial Piety, Conjugal Affection, Industry* and *Benevolence;* her name is *Content;* she holds in her hand the cup of true felic-

Digitized by Google

ity, and when once you have formed an intimate acquaintance with these her attendants, nay, you must admit them as your bosom friends and chief counsellors, then, whatever may be your situation in life, the meek-eyed Virgin will immediately take up her abode with you.

Is poverty your portion?—she will lighten your labors, preside at your frugal board, and watch your quiet slumbers.

Is your state mediocrity?—she will heighten every blessing you enjoy, by informing you how grateful you should be to that bountiful Providence, who might have placed you in the most abject situation; and by teaching you to weigh your blessings against your deserts, show you how much more you receive than you have a right to expect.

Are you possessed of affluence?—what an inexhaustible fund of happiness she will lay before you! To relieve the distressed, redress the injured—in short to

Digitized by Google

perform all the good works of peace and mercy.

Content, my dear friends, will blunt even the arrows of adversity, so that they can not materially harm you. She will dwell in the humblest cottage; she will attend you even to a prison; her parent is Religion; her sisters, Patience and Hope. She will pass with you through life, smoothing the rough paths, and tread to earth those thorns which every one must meet with as they journey onward to the appointed goal. She will soften the pains of sickness, continue with you even in the cold, gloomy hour of death, and cheering you with the smiles of her heaven-born sister, Hope, will lead you triumphant to a blissful eternity.

I confess I have rambled strangely from my story: but what of that? If I have been so lucky as to find the road to happiness, why should I be such a niggard as to omit so good an opportunity

Digitized by Google

of pointing out the way to others. The very basis of true peace of mind is a benevolent wish to see all the world as happy as one's self; and from my soul do I pity the selfish churl, who, remembering the little bickerings of anger, envy, and fifty other disagreeables to which frail mortality is subject, would wish to revenge the affront which pride whispers him he has received. For my own part, I can safely declare, there is not a human being in the universe whose prosperity I should not rejoice in, and to whose happiness I would not contribute to the utmost limit of my power: and may my offenses be no more remembered in the day of general retribution, than as from my soul I forgive every offense or injury received from a fellow creature.

Merciful Heaven! who would exchange the rapture of such a reflection for all the gaudy tinsel which the world calls pleasure!

Digitized by Google

But to return—Content dwelt in Mrs. Temple's bosom, and spread a charming animation over her countenance, as her husband led her in, to lay the plan she had formed (for the celebration of Charlotte's birthday) before Mr. Eldridge.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER IX

WE KNOW NOT WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH

VARIOUS were the sensations which agitated the mind of Charlotte during the day preceding the evening in which she was to meet Montraville. Several times did she almost resolve to go to her governess, show her the letter, and be guided by her advice: but Charlotte had taken one step in the ways of imprudence; and when that is once done, there are always innumerable obstacles to prevent the erring person returning to the path of rectitude: yet these obstacles, however forcible they may appear in general, exist chiefly in the imagination.

Charlotte feared the anger of her governess: she loved her mother, and the very idea of incurring her displeasure gave her the greatest uneasiness: but

Digitized by Google

there was a more forcible reason still remaining: should she show the letter to Madame Du Pont, she must confess the means by which it came into her possession; and what would be the consequence? Mademoiselle would be turned out-of-doors.

"I must not be ungrateful," said she. "La Rue is very kind to me; besides, I can, when I see Montraville, inform him of the impropriety of our continuing to see or correspond with each other, and request him to come no more to Chichester."

However prudent Charlotte might be in these resolutions, she certainly did not take a proper method to confirm herself in them. Several times in the course of the day, she indulged herself in reading over the letter, and each time she read it the contents sunk deeper in her heart. As evening drew near, she caught herself frequently consulting her watch. "I wish this foolish meeting was

Digitized by Google

over," said she, by way of apology to her own heart, "I wish it was over; for when I have seen him and convinced him my resolution is not to be shaken, I shall feel my mind much easier."

The appointed hour arrived. Charlotte and mademoiselle eluded the eye of vigilance; and Montraville, who had waited their coming with impatience, received them with rapturous and unbounded acknowledgments for their condescension: he had wisely brought Belcour with him to entertain mademoiselle, while he enjoyed an uninterrupted conversation with Charlotte.

Belcour was a man whose character might be comprised in a few words; and as he will make some figure in the ensuing pages, I shall here describe him. He possessed a genteel fortune, and had a liberal education; dissipated, thoughtless and capricious, he paid little regard to the moral duties, and less to religious ones: eager in the pursuit of pleasure,

Digitized by Google

he minded not the miseries he inflicted on others, provided his own wishes, however extravagant, were gratified. Self, darling self, was the idol he worshiped, and to that he would have sacrificed the interest and happiness of all mankind. Such was the friend of Montraville; will not the reader be ready to imagine, that the man who could regard such a character must be actuated by the same feelings, follow the same pursuits, and be equally unworthy with the person to whom he thus gave his confidence?

But Montraville was a different character: generous in his disposition, liberal in his opinion, and good-natured almost to a fault; yet eager and impetuous in the pursuit of a favorite object, he stayed not to reflect on the consequence which might follow the attainment of his wishes; with a mind ever open to conviction, had he been so fortunate as to possess a friend who would have pointed out the cruelty of endeavoring

Digitized by Google

to gain the heart of an innocent, artless girl, when he knew it was utterly impossible for him to marry her, and when the gratification of his passion would be unavoidable infamy and misery to her, and a cause of never-ceasing remorse to himself: had these dreadful consequences been placed before him in a proper light, the humanity of his nature would have urged him to give up the pursuit: but Belcour was not this friend; he rather encouraged the growing passion of Montraville, and being pleased with the vivacity of mademoiselle, resolved to leave no argument untried which he thought might prevail on her to be the companion of their intended voyage; and he made no doubt but her example, added to the rhetoric of Montraville, would persuade Charlotte to go with them.

Charlotte had, when she went out to meet Montraville, flattered herself that her resolution was not to be shaken, and that, conscious of the impropriety

Digitized by Google

of her conduct in having a clandestine intercourse with a stranger, she would never repeat the indiscretion.

But alas! poor Charlotte, she knew not the deceitfulness of her own heart, or she would have avoided the trial of her stability.

Montraville was tender, eloquent, ardent, and yet respectful. "Shall I not see you once more," said he, "before I leave England? Will you not bless me by an assurance that, when we are divided by a vast expanse of sea, I shall not be forgotten?"

Charlotte sighed.

"Why that sigh, my dear Charlotte? Could I flatter myself that a fear for my safety, or a wish for my welfare occasioned it, how happy would it make me."

"I shall ever wish you well, Montraville," said she, "but we must meet no more."

"Oh, say not so, my lovely girl: reflect that when I leave my native land,

Digitized by Google

perhaps a few short weeks may terminate my existence; the perils of the ocean—the dangers of war——"

"I can hear no more," said Charlotte, in a tremulous voice. "I must leave you."

"Say you will see me once again."

"I dare not," said she.

"Only for one half hour to-morrow evening: 'tis my last request. I shall never trouble you again, Charlotte."

"I know not what to say," cried Charlotte, struggling to draw her hands from him; "let me leave you now."

"And will you come to-morrow?" said Montraville.

"Perhaps I may," said she.

"Adieu, then. I will live upon that hope until we meet again."

He kissed her hand. She sighed an adieu, and catching hold of mademoiselle's arm, hastily entered the garden gate.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER X

WHEN WE HAVE EXCITED CURIOSITY, IT IS BUT AN ACT OF GOOD NATURE TO GRATIFY IT

MONTRAVILLE was the youngest son of a gentleman of fortune, whose family being numerous, he was obliged to bring up his sons[1] to genteel professions, by the exercise of which they might hope to raise themselves into notice.

"My daughters," said he, "have been educated like gentlewomen; and should I die before they are settled, they must have some provision made to place them above the snares and temptations which vice ever holds out to the elegant, ac-

[1] Colonel James G. Montrésor, the father of Colonel John Montrésor, was thrice married, first to John's mother, Mary Haswell. There were several sons by the first marriage, including, besides John, James, who was a lieutenant in the Navy, and Henry, who also followed a military or naval career.

Digitized by Google

complished female, when oppressed by the frowns of poverty and the sting of dependence: my boys, with only moderate incomes, when placed in the church, at the bar, or in the field, may exert their talents, make themselves friends, and raise their fortunes on the basis of merit."

When Montraville chose the profession of arms, his father presented him with a commission, and made him a handsome provision for his private purse. "Now, my boy," said he; "go! seek glory on the field of battle. You have received from me all I shall ever have it in my power to bestow: it is certain I have interest to gain your promotion; but be assured that interest shall never be exerted unless by your future conduct you deserve it. Remember, therefore, your success in life depends entirely on yourself. There is one thing I think it my duty to caution you against: the precipitancy with which young men frequent-

Digitized by Google

ly rush into matrimonial engagements, and by their thoughtlessness draw many a deserving woman into scenes of poverty and distress. A soldier has no business to think of a wife till his rank is such as to place him above the fear of bringing into the world a train of helpless innocents, heirs only to penury and affliction. If, indeed, a woman, whose fortune is sufficient to preserve you in that state of independence I would teach you to prize, should generously bestow herself on a young soldier, whose chief hope of future prosperity depended on his success in the field—if such a woman should offer—every barrier is removed, and I should rejoice in an union which would promise so much felicity. But mark me, boy, if, on the contrary, you rush into a precipitate union with a girl of little or no fortune, take the poor creature from a comfortable home and kind friends, and plunge her into all the evils a narrow income and increasing

Digitized by Google

family can inflict, I will leave you to enjoy the blessed fruits of your rashness; for, by all that is sacred, neither my interest or fortune shall ever be exerted in your favor. I am serious," continued he, "therefore imprint this conversation on your memory, and let it influence your future conduct. Your happiness will always be dear to me; and I wish to warn you of a rock on which the peace of many an honest fellow has been wrecked; for, believe me, the difficulties and dangers of the longest winter campaign are much easier to be borne than the pangs that would seize your heart, when you beheld the woman of your choice, the children of your affection, involved in penury and distress, and reflected that it was your own folly and precipitancy had been the prime cause of their suffering."

As this conversation passed but a few hours before Montraville took leave of his father, it was deeply impressed

Digitized by Google

on his mind: when, therefore, Belcour came with him to the place of assignation with Charlotte, he directed him to inquire of the Frenchwoman what were Miss Temple's expectations in regard to fortune.

Mademoiselle informed him, that tho Charlotte's father possessed a genteel independence, it was by no means probable that he could give his daughter more than a thousand pounds; and in case she did not marry to his liking, it was possible he might not give her a single *sous* [*sic*]; nor did it appear the least likely that Mr. Temple would agree to her union with a young man on the point of embarking for the seat of war.

Montraville, therefore, concluded it was impossible he should ever marry Charlotte Temple; and what end he proposed to himself by continuing the acquaintance he had commenced with her, he did not at that moment give himself time to inquire.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XI

CONFLICT OF LOVE AND DUTY

ALMOST a week was now gone, and Charlotte continued every evening to meet Montraville, and in her heart every meeting was resolved to be the last; but alas! when Montraville, at parting, would earnestly entreat one more interview that treacherous heart betrayed her; and forgetful of its resolution, pleaded the cause of the enemy so powerfully, that Charlotte was unable to resist. Another and another meeting succeeded; and so well did Montraville improve each opportunity, that the heedless girl at length confessed no idea could be so painful to her as that of never seeing him again.

"Then we will never be parted," said he.

"Ah, Montraville!" replied Charlotte,

Digitized by Google

forcing a smile, "how can it be avoided? My parents would never consent to our union; and even could they be brought to approve of it, how should I bear to be separated from my kind, my beloved mother?"

"Then you love your parents more than you do me, Charlotte?"

"I hope I do," said she, blushing and looking down; "I hope my affection for them will ever keep me from infringing the laws of filial duty."

"Well, Charlotte," said Montraville, gravely, and letting go her hand, "since that is the case, I find I have deceived myself with fallacious hopes. I had flattered my fond heart that I was dearer to Charlotte than anything in the world besides. I thought that you would for my sake have braved the danger of the ocean, that you would, by your affection and smiles, have softened the hardships of war, and had it been my fate to fall, that your tenderness would cheer

Digitized by Google

the hour of death, and smooth my passage to another world. But farewell, Charlotte! I see you never loved me. I shall now welcome the friendly ball that deprives me of the sense of my misery."

"Oh, stay, unkind Montraville," cried she, catching hold of his arm, as he pretended to leave her—"stay; and to calm your fears, I will here protest, that was [*sic*] it not for the fear of giving pain to the best of parents, and returning their kindness with ingratitude, I would follow you through every danger, and in studying to promote your happiness, insure my own. But I can not break my mother's heart, Montraville; I must not bring the gray hairs of my doting grandfather with sorrow to the grave, or make my beloved father perhaps curse the hour that gave me birth." She covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"All these distressing scenes, my dear Charlotte," cried Montraville, "are mere-

Digitized by Google

ly the chimeras of a disturbed fancy. Your parents might perhaps grieve at first, but when they heard from your own hands that you was with a man of honor, and that it was to insure your felicity by an union with him, to which you feared they would never have given their assent, that you left their protection, they will, be assured, forgive an error which love alone occasioned, and when we return from America, receive you with open arms and tears of joy."

Belcour and mademoiselle heard this last speech, and conceiving it a proper time to throw in their advice and persuasions, approached Charlotte, and so well seconded the entreaties of Montraville, that finding mademoiselle intended going with Belcour, and feeling her own treacherous heart too much inclined to accompany them, the hapless Charlotte in an evil hour consented that the next evening they should bring a chaise to the end of the town, and that she would leave

Digitized by Google

her friends, and throw herself entirely on the protection of Montraville. "But should you," said she, looking earnestly at him, her eyes full of tears, "should you, forgetful of your promises, and repenting the engagements you here voluntarily enter into, forsake and leave me on a foreign shore——"

"Judge not so meanly of me," said he. "The moment we reach our place of destination, Hymen shall sanctify our love, and when I shall forget your goodness may Heaven forget me!"

"Ah," said Charlotte, leaning on mademoiselle's arm, as they walked up the garden together, "I have forgot all that I ought to have remembered, in consenting to this intended elopement."

"You are a strange girl," said mademoiselle: "you never know your own mind two minutes at a time. Just now you declared Montraville's happiness was what you prized most in the world; and now I suppose you repent having insured

Digitized by Google

that happiness by agreeing to accompany him abroad."

"Indeed, I do repent," replied Charlotte, "from my soul; but while discretion points out the impropriety of my conduct, inclination urges me on to ruin."

"Ruin! fiddlesticks!" said mademoiselle; "am not I going with you? and do I feel any of these qualms?"

"You do not renounce a tender father and mother," said Charlotte.

"But I hazard my dear reputation," replied mademoiselle, bridling.

"True," replied Charlotte, "but you do not feel what I do." She then bade her good-night: but sleep was a stranger to her eyes, and the tear of anguish watered her pillow.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XII

Nature's last, best gift:
Creature in whom excell'd, whatever could
To sight or thought be nam'd!
Holy, divine! good, amiable and sweet!
How thou art fall'n!——

WHEN Charlotte left her restless bed, her languid eye and pale cheek discovered to Madame Du Pont the little repose she had tasted.

"My dear child," said the affectionate governess, "what is the cause of the langor so apparent in your frame? Are you not well?"

"Yes, my dear madame, very well," replied Charlotte, attempting to smile, "but I know not how it was; I could not sleep last night, and my spirits are depressed this morning."

"Come, cheer up, my love," said the governess; "I believe I have brought a

Digitized by Google

cordial to revive them. I have just received a letter from your good mamma, and here is one for yourself."

Charlotte hastily took the letter: it contained these words—

"As to-morrow is the anniversary of the happy day that gave my beloved girl to the anxious wishes of a maternal heart, I have requested your governess to let you come home and spend it with us; and as I know you to be a good, affectionate child, and make it your study to improve in those branches of education which you know will give most pleasure to your delighted parents, as a reward for your diligence and attention, I have prepared an agreeable surprise for your reception. Your grandfather, eager to embrace the darling of his aged heart, will come in the chaise for you; so hold yourself in readiness to attend him by nine o'clock. Your dear father joins in every tender wish for your health and future felicity which warms the heart of my dear Charlotte's affectionate mother.

"L. TEMPLE."

"Gracious Heaven!" cried Charlotte,

Digitized by Google

forgetting where she was, and raising her streaming eyes as if in earnest supplication.

Madame Du Pont was surprised. "Why these tears, my love?" said she. "Why this seeming agitation? I thought the letter would have rejoiced, instead of distressing you."

"It does rejoice me." replied Charlotte, endeavoring at composure; "but I was praying for merit to deserve the unremitted attentions of the best of parents."

"You do right," said Madame Du Pont, "to ask the assistance of Heaven that you may continue to deserve their love. Continue, my dear Charlotte, in the course you have ever pursued, and you will insure at once their happiness and your own."

"Oh!" cried Charlotte, as her governess left her, "I have forfeited both forever! Yet let me reflect:—the irrevocable step is not yet taken: it is not

Digitized by Google

too late to recede from the brink of a precipice from which I can only behold the dark abyss of ruin, shame and remorse!"

She arose from her seat, and flew to the apartment of La Rue. "Oh, mademoiselle!" said she, "I am snatched by a miracle from destruction! This letter has saved me: it has opened my eyes to the folly I was so near committing. I will not go, mademoiselle; I will not wound the hearts of those dear parents who make my happiness the whole study of their lives."

"Well," said mademoiselle, "do as you please, miss; but pray understand that my resolution is taken, and it is not in your power to alter it. I shall meet the gentlemen at the appointed hour, and shall not be surprised at any outrage which Montraville may commit when he finds himself disappointed. Indeed, I should not be astonished was [*sic*] he to come immediately here and re-

Digitized by Google

proach you for your instability in the hearing of the whole school: and what will be the consequence? You will bear the odium of having formed the resolution of eloping, and every girl of spirit will laugh at your want of fortitude to put it in execution, while prudes and fools will load you with reproach and contempt. You will have lost the confidence of your parents, incurred their anger and the scoffs of the world; and what fruit do you expect to reap from this piece of heroism (for such, no doubt, you think it is)? You will have the pleasure to reflect that you have deceived the man who adores you, and whom, in your heart, you prefer to all other men, and that you are separated from him forever."

This eloquent harangue was given with such volubility that Charlotte could not find an opportunity to interrupt her or to offer a single word till the whole was finished, and then found her ideas

Digitized by Google

so confused that she knew not what to say.

At length she determined that she would go with mademoiselle to the place of assignation, convince Montraville of the necessity of adhering to the resolution of remaining behind, assure him of her affection, and bid him adieu.

Charlotte formed this plan in her mind, and exulted in the certainty of its success. "How shall I rejoice," said she, "in this triumph of reason over inclination; and when in the arms of my affectionate parents, lift up my soul in gratitude to Heaven as I look back on the dangers I have escaped!"

The hour of assignation arrived: mademoiselle put what money and valuables she possessed in her pocket, and advised Charlotte to do the same; but she refused; "my resolution is fixed;" said she; "I will sacrifice love to duty."

Mademoiselle smiled internally; and they proceeded softly down the back

Digitized by Google

stairs and out of the garden gate. Montraville and Belcour were ready to receive them.

"Now," said Montraville, taking Charlotte in his arms, "you are mine forever."

"No," said she, withdrawing from his embrace; "I am come to take an everlasting farewell."

It would be useless to repeat the conversation that here ensued; suffice it to say, that Montraville used every argument that had formerly been successful, Charlotte's resolution began to waver, and he drew her almost imperceptibly toward the chaise.

"I can not go," said she, "cease, dear Montraville, to persuade. I must not: religion, duty, forbid."

"Cruel Charlotte!" said he, "if you disappoint my ardent hopes, by all that is sacred! this hand shall put a period to my existence. I can not—will not—live without you."

Digitized by Google

"Alas! my torn heart!" said Charlotte, "how shall I act?"

"Let me direct you," said Montraville, lifting her into the chaise.

"Oh! my dear, forsaken parents!" cried Charlotte.

The chaise drove off. She shrieked and fainted into the arms of her betrayer.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XIII

CRUEL DISAPPOINTMENT

"WHAT pleasure!" cried Mr. Eldridge, as he stepped into the chaise to go for his granddaughter, "what pleasure expands the heart of an old man when he beholds the progeny of a beloved child growing up in every virtue that adorned the minds of her parents. I foolishly thought, some few years since, that every sense of joy was buried in the graves of my dear partner and my son; but my Lucy, by her filial affection, soothed my soul to peace, and this dear Charlotte has twined herself around my heart, and opened such new scenes of delight to my view that I almost forget I have ever been unhappy."

When the chaise stopped he alighted with the alacrity of youth; so much do

Digitized by Google

the emotions of the soul influence the body.

It was half-past eight o'clock: the ladies were assembled in the school-room, and Madame Du Pont was preparing to offer the morning sacrifice of prayer and praise, when it was discovered that mademoiselle and Charlotte were missing.

"She is busy, no doubt," said the governess, "in preparing Charlotte for her little excursion; but pleasure should never make us forget our duty to our Creator. Go, one of you, and bid them both attend prayers."

The lady who went to summon them soon returned, and informed the governess that the room was locked, and that she had knocked repeatedly, but obtained no answer.

"Good Heaven!" cried Madame Du Pont, "this is very strange:" and turning pale with terror, she went hastily to the door, and ordered it to be forced open. The apartment instantly discovered

Digitized by Google

the fact that no person had been in it the preceding night, the beds appearing as tho just made. The house was instantly a scene of confusion: the garden, the pleasure grounds, were searched to no purpose; every apartment rang with the names of Miss Temple and mademoiselle; but they were too distant to hear; and every face wore the marks of disappointment.

Mr. Eldridge was sitting in the parlor, eagerly expecting his granddaughter to descend, ready equipped for her journey: he heard the confusion that reigned in the house; he heard the name of Charlotte frequently repeated.

"What can be the matter?" said he, rising, and opening the door: "I fear some accident has befallen my dear girl."

The governess entered. The visible agitation of her countenance discovered that something extraordinary had happened.

"Where is Charlotte?" said he.

Digitized by Google

"Why does not my child come to welcome her doting parent?"

"Be composed, my dear sir," said Madame Du Pont; "do not frighten yourself unnecessarily. She is not in the house at present; but as mademoiselle is undoubtedly with her, she will speedily return in safety; and I hope they will both be able to account for this unseasonable absence in such a manner as shall remove our present uneasiness."

"Madame," cried the old man, with an angry look, "has my child been accustomed to go out without leave, with no other company or protector than that French woman? Pardon me, madame, I mean no reflection on your country, but I never did like Mademoiselle La Rue; I think she was a very improper person to be intrusted with the care of such a girl as Charlotte Temple, or to be suffered to take her from under your immediate protection."

"You wrong me, Mr. Eldridge," re-

Digitized by Google

plied she, "if you suppose I have ever permitted your granddaughter to go out, unless with the other ladies. I would to Heaven I could form any probable conjecture concerning her absence this morning, but it is a mystery which her return can alone unravel."

Servants were now dispatched to every place where there was the least hope of hearing any tidings of the fugitives, but in vain. Dreadful were the hours of horrid suspense which Mr. Eldridge passed till twelve o'clock, when that suspense was reduced to a shocking certainty, and every spark of hope, which till then they had indulged, was in a moment extinguished.

Mr. Eldridge was preparing, with a heavy heart, to return to his anxiously-expecting children, when Madame Du Pont received the following note, without either name or date:

"Miss Temple is well, and wishes to relieve the anxiety of her parents, by letting them

Digitized by Google

know she has voluntarily put herself under the protection of a man whose future study shall be to make her happy. Pursuit is needless; the measures taken to avoid discovery are too effectual to be eluded. When she thinks her friends are reconciled to this precipitate step, they may, perhaps, be informed of her place of residence. Mademoiselle is with her."

As Madame Du Pont read these cruel lines, she turned pale as ashes, her limbs trembled, and she was forced to call for a glass of water. She loved Charlotte truly; and when she reflected on the innocence and gentleness of her disposition, she concluded that it must have been the advice and machinations of La Rue which led her to this imprudent action; she recollected her agitation at the receipt of her mother's letter, and saw in it the conflict of her mind.

"Does that letter relate to Charlotte?" said Mr. Eldridge, having waited some time in expectation of Madame Du Pont's speaking.

Digitized by Google

"It does," said she. "Charlotte is well, but can not return to-day."

"Not return, madame? Where is she? Who will detain her from her fond, expecting parents?"

"You distract me with these questions, Mr. Eldridge. Indeed, I know not where she is, or who has seduced her from her duty."

The whole truth now rushed at once upon Mr. Eldridge's mind. "She has eloped, then," said he; "my child is betrayed; the darling, the comfort of my aged heart is lost! Oh, would to heaven I had died but yesterday."

A violent gush of grief in some measure relieved him, and after several vain attempts, he at length assumed sufficient composure to read the note.

"And how shall I return to my children?" said he: "how approach that mansion so late the habitation of peace? Alas! my dear Lucy, how will you support these heart-rending tidings? or how

Digitized by Google

shall I be enabled to console you, who need so much consolation myself?"

The old man returned to the chaise, but the light step and cheerful countenance were no more; sorrow filled his heart and guided his emotions.

He seated himself in the chaise; his venerable head reclined upon his bosom, his hands were folded, his eye fixed on vacancy, and the large drops of sorrow rolled silently down his cheeks. There was a mixture of anguish and resignation depicted in his countenance, as if he would say:

"Henceforth, who shall dare to boast his happiness, or even in idea contemplate his treasure, lest in the very moment his heart is exulting in its own felicity, the object which constitutes that felicity should be torn from him?"

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XIV

MATERNAL SORROW

SLOW and heavy passed the time while the carriage was conveying Mr. Eldridge home; and yet, when he came in sight of the house, he wished a longer reprieve from the dreadful task of informing Mr. and Mrs. Temple of their daughter's elopement.

It is easy to judge the anxiety of these affectionate parents, when they found the return of their father delayed so much beyond the expected time. They were now met in the dining-parlor, and several of the young people who had been invited were already arrived. Each different part of the company was employed in the same manner, looking out at the windows which faced the road. At length the long-expected chaise ap-

Digitized by Google

peared. Mrs. Temple ran out to receive and welcome her darling: her young companions flocked around the door, each one eager to give her joy on the return of her birthday. The door of the chaise was opened. Charlotte was not there. "Where is my child?" cried Mrs. Temple, in breathless agitation. Mr. Eldridge could not answer; he took hold of his daughter's hand and led her into the house; and sinking on the first chair he came to, burst into tears, and sobbed aloud.

"She is dead!" cried Mrs. Temple. "Oh, my dear Charlotte?" and, clasping her hands in an agony of distress, fell into strong hysterics.

Mr. Temple, who had stood speechless with surprise and fear, now ventured to enquire if indeed his Charlotte was no more. Mr. Eldridge led him into another apartment; and putting the fatal note into his hand, cried: "Bear it like a Christian!" and turned from him, en-

Digitized by Google

deavoring to suppress his own too visible emotions.

It would be vain to attempt describing what Mr. Temple felt whilst he hastily ran over the dreadful lines. When he had finished, the paper dropped from his unnerved hand. "Gracious Heaven!" said he. "could Charlotte act thus?" Neither tear nor sigh escaped him; and he sat the image of mute sorrow, till roused from his stupor by the repeated shrieks of Mrs. Temple. He rose hastily, and rushing into the apartment where she was, folded his arms about her, and saying—"Let us be patient, my dear Lucy," nature relieved his almost bursting heart by a friendly gush of tears.

Should any one, presuming on his own philosophic temper, look with an eye of contempt on the man who could indulge a woman's weakness, let him remember that man was a father, and

Digitized by Google

he will then pity the misery which wrung those drops from a noble, generous heart.

Mrs. Temple, beginning to be a little more composed, but still imagining her child was dead, her husband, gently taking her hand, cried: "You are mistaken, my love. Charlotte is not dead."

"Then she is very ill; else why did she not come? But I will go to her; the chaise is still at the door; let me go instantly to the dear girl. If I was ill, she would fly to attend me, to alleviate my sufferings, and cheer me with her love."

"Be calm, my dearest Lucy, and I will tell you all," said Mr. Temple. "You must not go; indeed you must not; it will be of no use."

"Temple," said she, assuming a look of firmness and composure, "tell me the truth, I beseech you! I can not bear this dreadful suspense. What misfortune has befallen my child? Let me know

Digitized by Google

the worst, and I will endeavor to bear it as I ought."

"Lucy," replied Mr. Temple, "imagine your daughter alive, and in no danger of death: what misfortune would you then dread?"

"There is one misfortune which is worse than death. But I know my child too well to suspect——"

"Be not too confident, Lucy."

"Oh, Heaven!" said she, "what horrid images do you start? Is it possible she should forget?"

"She has forgot us all, my love; she has preferred the love of a stranger to the affectionate protection of her friends."

"Not eloped!" cried she, eagerly.

Mr. Temple was silent.

"You can not contradict it," said she. "I see my fate in those tearful eyes. Oh, Charlotte! Charlotte! how ill have you requited our tenderness! But, Father of Mercies," continued she, sinking on her knees and raising her streaming eyes and

Digitized by Google

clasped hands to Heaven, "this once vouchsafe to hear a fond, a distracted mother's prayer. Oh, let thy bounteous Providence watch over and protect the dear, thoughtless girl, save her from the miseries which I fear will be her portion; and, oh! of Thine infinite mercy, make her not a mother, lest she should one day feel what I now suffer!"

The last words faltered on her tongue, and she fell fainting into the arms of her husband, who had involuntarily dropped on his knees beside her.

A mother's anguish, when disappointed in her tenderest hopes, none but a mother can conceive. Yet, my dear young readers, I would have you read this scene with attention, and reflect that you may yourselves one day be mothers.

Oh, my friends, as you value your eternal happiness, wound not, by thoughtless ingratitude, the peace of the mother who bore you: remember the tenderness, the care, the unremitting

Digitized by Google

anxiety with which she has attended to all your wants and wishes from earliest infancy to the present day; behold the mild ray of affectionate applause that beams from her eye on the performance of your duty: listen to her reproofs with silent attention; they proceed from a heart anxious for your future felicity: you must love her; nature, all-powerful nature, has planted the seeds of filial affection in your bosoms.

Then, once more read over the sorrows of poor Mrs. Temple; and remember, the mother whom you so dearly love and venerate will feel the same, when you, forgetful of the respect due to your Maker and yourself, forsake the paths of virtue, for those of vice and folly.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XV

EMBARKATION

It was with the utmost difficulty that the united efforts of mademoiselle and Montraville could support Charlotte's spirits during their short ride from Chichester[1] to Portsmouth, where a boat waited to take them immediately on board the ship in which they were to embark for America.

As soon as she became tolerably com-

[1] Chichester lies distant from Portsmouth seventeen and one-half miles. Portsmouth then as now was the chief naval arsenal of England, its fortifications being the most important in Great Britain. Its harbor lies close to Spithead, where 1,000 ships of the line, sheltered by the Isle of Wight, could safely ride. Here, in 1782, was lost the *Royal George,* of 108 guns, with nearly one thousand men on board—a disaster now remembered mainly because it was the subject of Cowper's familiar poem beginning—

"Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!"

Digitized by Google

posed, she entreated pen and ink to write to her parents. This she did in the most affecting, artless manner, entreating their pardon and blessing, and describing the dreadful situation of her mind, the conflict she suffered in endeavoring to conquer this unfortunate attachment, and concluded with saying her only hope of future comfort consisted in the (perhaps delusive) idea she indulged, of being once more folded in their protecting arms, and hearing the words of peace and pardon from their lips.

The tears streamed incessantly while she was writing, and she was frequently obliged to lay down her pen: but when the task was completed, and she had committed the letter to the care of Montraville, to be sent to the postoffice, she became more calm, and indulging the delightful hope of soon receiving an answer that would seal her pardon, she in some measure assumed her usual cheerfulness.

But Montraville knew too well the

Digitized by Google

consequences that must unavoidably ensue should this letter reach Mr. Temple: he, therefore, wisely resolved to walk on the deck, tear it in pieces, and commit the fragments to the care of Neptune, who might or might not, as it suited his convenience, convey them on shore.

All Charlotte's hopes and wishes were now concentered in one, namely, that the fleet might be detained at Spithead till she could receive a letter from her friends; but in this she was disappointed, for the second morning after she went on board the signal was made, the fleet[1] weighed anchor, and in a few hours, (the wind being favorable), they bid [*sic*] adieu to the white cliffs of Albion.

In the meantime every enquiry that could be thought of was made by Mr.

[1] The war preparations here indicated were those which followed the Boston Tea Party of December, 1773. General Gage, having been sent to Boston as Governor of Massachusetts and the Port Bill having been passed by Parliament, reinforcements were being dispatched to America in support of vigorous measures against the rebellious colonists.

Digitized by Google

CHARLOTTE AND MONTRAVILLE ARRIVING AT PORTSMOUTH

Frontispiece to an edition of 1829

UNIV OF TORONTO
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

and Mrs. Temple; for many days did they indulge the fond hope that she was merely gone off to be married, and that when the indissoluble knot was once tied, she would return with the partner she had chosen and entreat their blessing and forgiveness.

"And shall we not forgive her?" said Mr. Temple.

"Forgive her!" exclaimed the mother. "Oh! yes; whatever be our [*sic*] errors, is she not our child? And tho bowed to the earth even with shame and remorse, is it not our duty to raise the poor penitent and whisper peace and comfort to her desponding soul? would she but return, with rapture would I fold her to my heart and bury every remembrance of her faults in the dear embrace."

But still, day after day passed on and Charlotte did not appear, nor were any tidings to be heard of her: yet each rising morning was welcomed by some new hope—the evening brought with it dis-

Digitized by Google

appointment. At length hope was no more; despair usurped her place, and the mansion which was once the mansion of peace became the habitation of pale, dejected melancholy.

The cheerful smile that was wont to adorn the face of Mrs. Temple was fled, and had it not been for the support of unaffected piety, and a consciousness of having ever set before her child the fairest example, she must have sunk under this heavy affliction.

"Since," said she, "the severest scrutiny can not charge me with any breach of duty, to have deserved this severe chastisement, I will bow before the Power who inflicts it with humble resignation to His will; nor shall the duty of a wife be totally absorbed in the feelings of the mother; I will endeavor to appear more cheerful, and by appearing in some measure to have conquered my own sorrow, alleviate the sufferings of my husband, and rouse him from that torpor

Digitized by Google

into which this misfortune has plunged him. My father, too, demands my care and attention: I must not, by a selfish indulgence of my own grief, forget the interest those two dear objects take in my happiness or misery: I will wear a smile on my face, tho the thorn rankles in my heart; and if by so doing, I in the smallest degree contribute to restore their peace of mind, I shall be amply rewarded for the pain the concealment of my own feelings may occasion."

Thus argued this excellent woman: and in the execution of so laudable a resolution, we shall leave her to follow the fortunes of the hapless victim of imprudence and evil counselors.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XVI

NECESSARY DIGRESSION

On board of the ship on which Charlotte and mademoiselle were embarked, was an officer of large, unencumbered fortune and elevated rank, and whom I shall call Clayton [*sic*].

He was one of those men who, having traveled in their youth, pretend to have contracted a peculiar fondness for everything foreign, and to hold in contempt the productions of their own country; and this affected partiality extended even to the women.

With him, therefore, the blushing modesty and unaffected simplicity of Charlotte passed unnoticed; but the forward pertness of La Rue, the freedom of her conversation, the elegance of her person, mixed with a certain engaging *je ne sais quoi,* perfectly enchanted him.

Digitized by Google

Digression

The reader, no doubt, has already developed the character of La Rue: designing, artful and selfish, she had accepted the devoirs of Belcour because she was heartily weary of the retired life she led at the school, wished to be released from what she deemed a slavery, and to return to that vortex of folly and dissipation, which had once plunged her into the deepest misery; but her plan, she flattered herself, was now better formed: she resolved to put herself under the protection of no man, till she had first secured a settlement; but the clandestine manner in which she left Madame Du Pont's prevented her putting this plan in execution, tho Belcour solemnly protested he would make her a handsome settlement the moment they arrived at Portsmouth. This he afterward contrived to evade by a pretended hurry of business: La Rue, readily conceiving he never meant to fulfil his promise, determined to change her bat-

Digitized by Google

tery, and attack the heart of Colonel Crayton. She soon discovered the partiality he entertained for her nation; and having imposed on him a feigned tale of distress, representing Belcour as a villain who had seduced her from her friends under promise of marriage, and afterward betrayed her, pretending great remorse for the errors she had committed, and declaring whatever her affection might have been, it was now entirely extinguished, and she wished for nothing more than an opportunity to leave a course of life which her soul abhorred; but she had no friends to apply to, they had all renounced her, and guilt and misery would undoubtedly be her future portion through life.

Crayton was possessed of many amiable qualities, tho the peculiar trait in his character, which we have already mentioned, in a great measure threw a shade over them. He was beloved for his humanity and benevolence by all who

Digitized by Google

knew him, but he was easy and unsuspicious himself, and became a dupe to the artifice of others.

He was, when very young, united to an amiable Parisian lady, and perhaps it was his affection for her that laid the foundation for the partiality he ever retained for the whole nation. He had by her one daughter, who entered into the world but a few hours before her mother left it. This lady was universally beloved and admired, being endowed with all the virtues of her mother, without the weakness of the father: she was married to Major Beauchamp, and was at this time in the same fleet with her father, attending her husband to New York.

Crayton was melted by the affected contrition and distress of La Rue; he would converse with her for hours, read to her, play cards with her, listen to all her complaints, and promise to protect her to the utmost of his power. La Rue

Digitized by Google

easily saw his character; her sole aim was to awaken a passion in his bosom that might turn out to her advantage, and in this aim she was but too successful, for before the voyage was finished, the infatuated colonel gave her from under his hand a promise of marriage on their arrival at New York, under forfeiture of five thousand pounds.

And how did our poor Charlotte pass her time during a tedious and tempestuous passage? Naturally delicate, the fatigue and sickness which she endured rendered her so weak as to be almost entirely confined to her bed; yet the kindness and attention of Montraville, in some measure contributed to alleviate her sufferings, and the hope of hearing from her friends soon after their arrival, kept up her spirits, and cheered many a gloomy hour.

But during the voyage a great revolution took place, not only in the fortune of La Rue, but in the bosom of Belcour:

Digitized by Google

whilst in the pursuit of his amour with mademoiselle, he had attended little to the interesting, inobtrusive charms of Charlotte; but when, cloyed by possession, and disgusted with the art and dissimulation of one, he beheld the simplicity and gentleness of the other, the contrast became too striking not to fill him at once with surprise and admiration. He frequently conversed with Charlotte; he found her sensible, well informed, but diffident and unassuming. The langor which the fatigue of her body and perturbation of her mind spread over her delicate features, served only, in his opinion, to render her more lovely: he knew that Montraville did not design to marry her, and he formed a resolution to endeavor to gain her himself, whenever Montraville should leave her.

Let not the reader imagine Belcour's designs were honorable. Alas! when once a woman has forgot the respect due

Digitized by Google

to herself by yielding to the solicitations of illicit love, they [*sic*] lose all the consequence, even in the eyes of the man whose art has betrayed them, and for whose sake they have sacrificed every valuable consideration.

> The heedless Fair, who stoops to guilty joys,
> A man may pity—but he must despise.

Nay, every libertine will think he has a right to insult her with his licentious passions; and should the unhappy creature shrink from the insolent overture, he will sneeringly taunt her with pretense of modesty.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XVII

A WEDDING

On the day before their arrival at New York, after dinner, Crayton arose from his seat, and placing himself by mademoiselle, thus addressed the company—

"As we are now nearly arrived at our destined port, I think it but my duty to inform you, my friends, that this lady," (taking her hand) "has placed herself under my protection. I have seen and severely felt the anguish of her heart, and through every shade which cruelty or malice may throw over her, can discover the most amiable qualities. I thought it but necessary to mention my esteem for her before our disembarkation, as it is my fixed resolution, the morning after we land, to give her an undoubted title to my favor and protection by honorably uniting my fate to

Digitized by Google

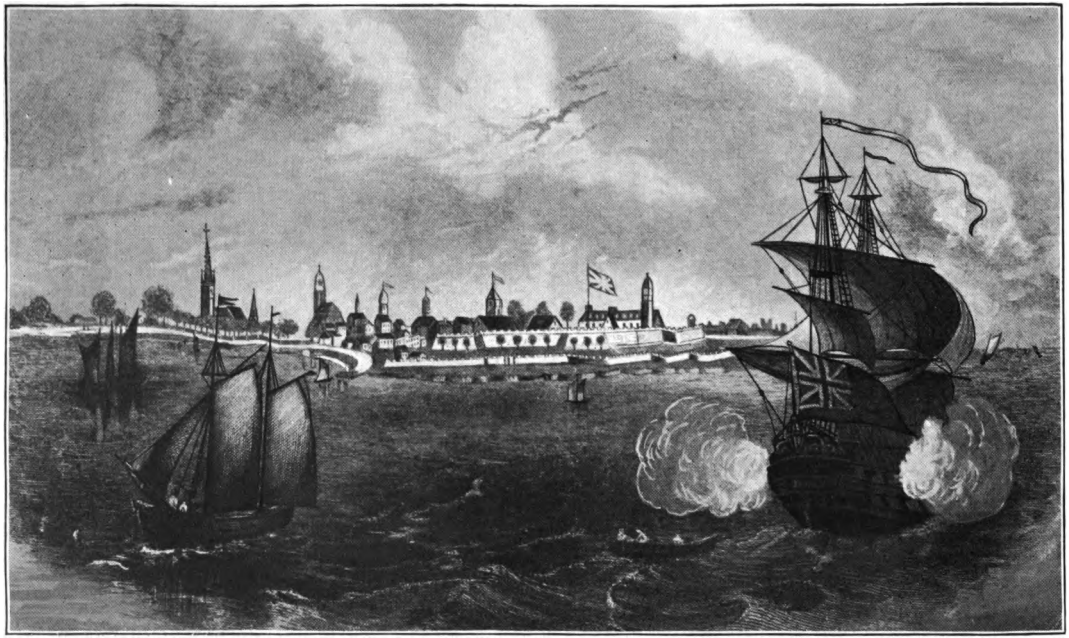
hers. I would wish every gentleman hence, therefore, to remember that her honor henceforth is mine; and," continued he, looking at Belcour, "should any man presume to speak in the least disrespectfully of her, I shall not hesitate to pronounce him a scoundrel!"

Belcour cast at him a smile of contempt, and bowing profoundly low, wished mademoiselle much joy in the proposed union; and assuring the colonel that he need not be in the least apprehensive of any one throwing the least odium on the character of his lady, shook him by the hand with ridiculous gravity, and left the cabin.

The truth was, he was glad to be rid of La Rue, and so he was but freed from her, he cared not who fell a victim to her infamous arts.

The inexperienced Charlotte was astonished at what she heard. She thought La Rue had, like herself, only been urged by the force of her attachment to

Digitized by Google



VIEW OF NEW YORK FROM THE HARBOR IN 1775

IN THE CENTER, THE FORT; TO THE LEFT, THE SPIRE OF TRINITY CHURCH

From a print in the Emmet Collection in the Lenox Library

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Belcour, to quit her friends, and follow him to the seat of war: how wonderful, then, that she should resolve to marry another man! It was certainly extremely wrong. It was indelicate. She mentioned her thoughts to Montraville. He laughed at her simplicity, called her a little idiot, and patting her on the cheek, said she knew nothing of the world.

"If the world sanctifies such things, 'tis a very bad world, I think," said Charlotte. "Why, I always understood they were to have been married when they arrived at New York. I am sure mademoiselle told me Belcour promised to marry her."

"Well, and suppose he did?"

"Why, he should be obliged to keep his word, I think."

"Well, but I suppose he has changed his mind," said Montraville, "and then, you know, the case is altered."

Digitized by Google

Charlotte looked at him attentively for a moment. A full sense of her own situation rushed upon her mind. She burst into tears, and remained silent. Montraville too well understood the cause of her tears. He kissed her cheek, and bidding her not make herself uneasy, unable to bear the silent but keen remonstrance, hastily left her.

The next morning by sunrise they found themselves at anchor before the city of New York. A boat was ordered to convey the ladies on shore. Crayton accompanied them; and they were shown to a house of public entertainment. Scarcely were they seated, when the door opened and the colonel found himself in the arms of his daughter, who had landed a few minutes before him. The first transport of meeting subsided, Crayton introduced his daughter to Mademoiselle La Rue as an old friend of her mother's, (for the artful Frenchwoman had really

Digitized by Google

made it appear to the credulous colonel that she was in the same convent with his first wife, and tho much younger, had received many tokens of her esteem and regard).

"If, mademoiselle," said Mrs. Beauchamp, "you were the friend of my mother, you must be worthy the esteem of all good hearts."

"Mademoiselle will soon honor our family," said Crayton, "by supplying the place that valuable woman filled; and as you are married, my dear, I think you will not blame——"

"Hush, my dear sir," replied Mrs. Beauchamp: "I know my duty too well to scrutinize your conduct. Be assured, my dear father, your happiness is mine. I shall rejoice in it, and sincerely love the person who contributes to it. But tell me," continued she, turning to Charlotte, "who is this lovely girl? Is she your sister, mademoiselle?"

Digitized by Google

A blush, deep as the glow of the carnation, suffused the cheeks of Charlotte.

"It is a young lady," replied the colonel, "who came in the same vessel with us from England." He then drew his daughter aside and told her in a whisper, that Charlotte was the mistress of Montraville.

"What a pity!" said Mrs. Beauchamp, softly, (casting a most compassionate glance at her). "But surely her mind is not depraved. The goodness of her heart is depicted in her ingenuous countenance."

Charlotte caught the word pity. "And am I already fallen so low?" said she. A sigh escaped her, and a tear was ready to start, but Montraville appeared, and she checked the rising emotion. Mademoiselle went with the colonel and his daughter to another apartment. Charlotte remained with Montraville and Belcour. The next morning the colonel

Digitized by Google

performed his promise, and La Rue became in due form Mrs. Crayton, exulted in her good fortune, and dared to look with an eye of contempt on the unfortunate but far less guilty Charlotte.

[END OF THE FIRST VOLUME]

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE

A TALE OF TRUTH

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II.

Digitized by Google

"She was her parents' only joy:
They had but one—one darling child."
—*Romeo and Juliet.*

"Her form was faultless, and her mind
Untainted yet by art,
Was noble, just, humane, and kind,
And virtue warm'd her heart.

But, ah! the cruel spoiler came—"

[*The above lines, in the original American edition, are given on the title-pages of both volumes. The first two, as shown here, are credited to "Romeo and Juliet," but they do not appear to be in that work. Other lines which Mrs. Rowson may have had in mind, and attempted to quote from memory, appear, however, in Act V., Scene V., as follows:*

"But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in."

The second bit of verse seems to have been written by Mrs. Rowson herself.]

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XVIII

REFLECTIONS

"AND am I indeed fallen so low," said Charlotte, "as to be only pitied? Will the voice of approbation no more meet my ear? And shall I never again possess a friend whose face will wear a smile of joy whenever I approach? Alas! how thoughtless, how dreadfully imprudent have I been! I know not which is most painful to endure—the sneer of contempt, or the glance of compassion which is depicted in the various countenances of my own sex: they are both equally humiliating. Ah! my dear parents, could you now see the child of your affections, the daughter whom you so dearly loved, a poor, solitary being, without society, here wearing out her heavy hours in deep regret and anguish of heart, no kind

Digitized by Google

friend of her own sex to whom she can unbosom her griefs, no beloved mother, no woman of character will [*sic*] appear in my company; and low as your Charlotte is fallen, she can not associate with infamy."

These were the painful reflections which occupied the mind of Charlotte. Montraville had placed her in a small house a few miles from New York: he gave her one female attendant, and supplied her with what money she wanted; but business and pleasure so entirely occupied his time, that he had little to devote to the woman whom he had brought from all her connections, and robbed of innocence. Sometimes, indeed, he would steal out at the close of the evening, and pass a few hours with her. And then, so much was she attached to him, that all her sorrows were forgotten while blessed with his society: she would enjoy a walk by moonlight, or sit by him in a little arbor at the bot-

Digitized by Google

tom of the garden, and play on the harp, accompanying it with her plaintive, harmonious voice. But often, very often, did he promise to renew his visits, and forgetful of his promise, leave her to mourn her disappointment. What painful hours of expectation would she pass! she would sit at a window which looked toward a field he used to cross, counting the minutes and straining her eyes to catch the first glimpse of his person, till, blinded with tears of disappointment, she would lean her head on her hands, and give free vent to her sorrows: then catching at some new hope, she would again renew her watchful position till the shades of evening enveloped every object in a dusky cloud: she would then renew her complaints, and, with a heart bursting with disappointed love and wounded sensibility, retire to a bed which remorse had strewed with thorns, and court in vain that comforter of weary nature (who seldom visits the un-

Digitized by Google

happy) to come and steep her senses in oblivion.

Who can form an adequate idea of the sorrow that preyed upon the mind of Charlotte? The wife, whose breast glows with affection to her husband, and who in return meets only indifference, can but faintly conceive her anguish. Dreadfully painful is the situation of such a woman, but she has many comforts of which our poor Charlotte was deprived. The duteous, faithful wife, tho treated with indifference, has one solid pleasure within her own bosom; she can reflect that she has not deserved neglect—that she has ever fulfilled the duties of her station with the strictest exactness; she may hope by constant assiduity and unremitted attention to recall her wanderer, and be doubly happy in his returning affection; she knows he can not leave her to unite himself to another: he can not cast her out to poverty and contempt.

Digitized by Google

She looks around her and sees the smile of friendly welcome or the tear of affectionate consolation on the face of every person whom she favors with her esteem; and from all these circumstances she gathers comfort: but the poor girl by thoughtless passion led astray, who, in parting with her honor, has forfeited the esteem of the very man to whom she has sacrificed everything dear and valuable in life, feels his indifference in the fruit of her own folly, and laments her want of power to recall his lost affection; she knows there is no tie but honor, and that, in a man who has been guilty of seduction, is but very feeble: he may leave her in a moment to shame and want; he may marry and forsake her forever; and should he, she has no redress, no friendly, soothing companion to pour into her wounded mind the balm of consolation, no benevolent hand to lead her back to the path of rectitude; she has disgraced her friends, forfeited the good

Digitized by Google

opinion of the world, and undone herself; she feels herself a poor solitary being in the midst of surrounding multitudes; shame bows her to the earth, remorse tears her distracted mind, and guilt, poverty and disease close the dreadful scene: she sinks unnoticed to oblivion. The finger of contempt may point out to some passing daughter of youthful mirth the humble bed where lies this frail sister of mortality; and will she, in the unbounded gayety of her heart, exult in her own unblemished fame and triumph over the silent ashes of the dead? Oh, no! has she a heart of sensibility; she will stop and thus address the unhappy victim of folly—

"Thou hadst thy faults, but sure thy sufferings have expatiated them: thy errors brought thee to an early grave; but thou wert a fellow creature—thou hast been unhappy—then be those errors forgotten."

Then, as she stoops to pluck the nox-

Digitized by Google

ious weed from off the sod, a tear will fall and consecrate the spot to Charity.

Forever honored be the sacred drop of humanity; the angel of mercy shall record its source, and the soul from whence it sprang shall be immortal.

My dear madam, contract not your brow into a frown of disapprobation. I mean not to extenuate the faults of those unhappy women who fall victims to guilt and folly; but surely, when we reflect how many errors we are ourselves subject to, how many secret faults lie hid in the recesses of our hearts, which we should blush to have brought into open day (and yet those faults require the lenity and pity of a benevolent judge, or awful would be our prospect of futurity). I say, my dear madam, when we consider this, we surely may pity the faults of others.

Believe me, many an unfortunate female, who has once strayed into the thorny paths of vice, would gladly re-

Digitized by Google

turn to virtue was [*sic*] any generous friend to endeavor to raise and reassure her; but alas! it can not be, you say; the world would deride and scoff. Then let me tell you, madam, it is a very unfeeling world, and does not deserve half the blessings which a bountiful Providence showers upon it.

Oh, thou benevolent Giver of all good! how shall we erring mortals dare to look up to thy mercy in the great day of retribution, if we now uncharitably refuse to overlook the errors, or alleviate the miseries of our fellow creatures!

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XIX

A MISTAKE DISCOVERED

JULIA FRANKLIN[1] was the only child of a man of large property, who at the age of eighteen left her independent mistress of an unencumbered income of seven hundred a year; she was a girl of a lively disposition, and humane, susceptible heart; she resided in New York with an uncle who loved her too well, and had too high an opinion of her prudence, to scrutinize her actions so much as would have been necessary with many young ladies who were not blest with her discretion: she was, at the time Montraville arrived at New York, the life of society, and the universal toast.

[1] Writers, not knowing that Colonel Montrésor in 1774 was already married to Miss Frances Tucker, have been led into taking Julia Franklin for a real person, identifying her with the family from which Franklin Square got its name.

Digitized by Google

Montraville was introduced to her by the following accident.

One night when he was upon guard, a dreadful fire broke out near Mr. Franklin's house, which in a few hours reduced that and several others to ashes; fortunately no lives were lost, and by the assiduity of the soldiers much valuable property was saved from the flames. In the midst of the confusion an old gentleman came up to Montraville, and putting a small box into his hands, cried—"Keep it, my good sir, till I come to you again;" and then rushing again into the thickest of the crowd, Montraville saw him no more. He waited till the fire was quite extinguished, and the mob dispersed, but in vain: the old gentleman did not appear to claim his property; and Montraville, fearing to make any enquiry, lest he should meet with impostors who might lay claim without any legal right to the box, carried it to his lodgings, and locked it up: he naturally imagined that

Digitized by Google

the person who committed it to his care knew him, and would in a day or two reclaim it; but several weeks passed on, and no enquiry being made, he began to be uneasy, and resolved to examine the contents of the box, and if they were, as he supposed, valuable, to spare no pains to discover and restore them to the owner. Upon opening it, he found it contained jewels to a large amount, about two hundred pounds in money, and a miniature picture set for a bracelet. On examining the picture, he thought he had somewhere seen features very like it, but could not recollect where. A few days after, being at a public assembly, he saw Miss Franklin, and the likeness was too evident to be mistaken: he inquired among his brother officers if any of them knew her, and found one who was upon terms of intimacy in the family: "then introduce me to her immediately," said he, "for I am certain

Digitized by Google

I can inform her of something which will give her peculiar pleasure."

He was immediately introduced, found she was the owner of the jewels, and was invited to breakfast the next morning, in order to their restoration. This whole evening Montraville was honored with Julia's hand; the lively sallies of her wit, the elegance of her manner, powerfully charmed him: he forgot Charlotte, and indulged himself in saying everything that was polite and tender to Julia. But on retiring, recollection returned. "What am I about?" said he: "tho I can not marry Charlotte, I can not be villain enough to forsake her, nor must I dare to trifle with the heart of Julia Franklin. I will return this box," said he, "which has been the source of so much uneasiness already, and in the evening pay a visit to my poor, melancholy Charlotte, and endeavor to forget this fascinating Julia."

He arose, dressed himself, and taking

Digitized by Google

the picture out, "I will reserve this from the rest," said he, "and by presenting it to her when she thinks it is lost, enhance the value of the obligation." He repaired to Mr. Franklin's, and found Julia in the breakfast parlor alone.

"How happy am I, madam," said he, "that being the fortunate instrument of saving these jewels, has been the means of procuring me the acquaintance of so amiable a lady. There are the jewels and money all safe."

"But where is the picture, sir?" said Julia.

"Here, madam. I would not willingly part with it."

"It is the portrait of my mother," said she, taking it from him; "'tis all that remains." She pressed it to her lips, and a tear trembled in her eyes. Montraville glanced his eye on her gray nightgown and black ribbon, and his own feelings prevented a reply.

Julia Franklin was the very reverse

Digitized by Google

of Charlotte Temple: she was tall, elegantly shaped, and possessed much of the air and manner of a woman of fashion; her complexion was a clear brown, enlivened with the glow of health; her eyes, full, black, and sparkling, darted their intelligent glances through long silken lashes; her hair was shining brown, and her features regular and striking; there was an air of innocent gayety that played about her countenance where good humor sat triumphant.

"I have been mistaken," said Montraville. "I imagined I loved Charlotte: but, alas! I am now too late convinced my attachment to her was merely the impulse of the moment. I fear I have not only entailed lasting misery on that poor girl, but also thrown a barrier in the way of my own happiness which it will be impossible to surmount. I feel I love Julia Franklin with ardor and sincerity; yet, when in her presence, I am sensible of my own inability to offer a heart

Digitized by Google

worthy her acceptance, and remain silent."

Full of these painful thoughts, Montraville walked out to see Charlotte: she saw him approach, and ran out to meet him: she banished from her countenance the air of discontent, which ever appeared when he was absent, and met him with a smile of joy.

"I thought you had forgotten me, Montraville," said she, "and was very unhappy."

"I shall never forget you, Charlotte," he replied, pressing her hand.

The uncommon gravity of his countenance and the brevity of his reply alarmed her.

"You are not well," said she; "your hand is hot; your eyes are heavy; you are very ill."

"I am a villain," said he mentally, as he turned from her to hide his emotions.

"But come," continued she, tenderly, "you shall go to bed, and I will sit by

Digitized by Google

and watch you; you will be better when you have slept."

Montraville was glad to retire, and by pretending to sleep, hide the agitation of his mind from her penetrating eye. Charlotte watched by him till a late hour, and then, lying softly down by his side, sunk into a profound sleep, from which she awoke not till late the next morning.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XX

Virtue never appears so amiable as when reaching forth her hand to raise a fallen sister.

—*Chapter of Accidents.*

WHEN Charlotte awoke she missed Montraville; but thinking he might have arisen early to enjoy the beauties of the morning, she was preparing to follow him, when casting her eye on the table, she saw a note, and opening it hastily, found these words—

"My dear Charlotte must not be surprised if she does not see me again for some time: unavoidable business will prevent me that pleasure: be assured I am quite well this morning; and what your fond imagination magnified into illness, was nothing more than fatigue, which a few hours' rest has entirely removed. Make yourself happy, and be certain of the unalterable friendship of

MONTRAVILLE."

"*Friendship!*" said Charlotte, em-

Digitized by Google

phatically, as she finished the note. "Is it come to this at last? Alas! poor forsaken Charlotte! Thy doom is now but too apparent. Montraville is no longer interested in thy happiness; and shame, remorse, and disappointed love will henceforth be thy only attendants."

Tho these were the ideas that involuntarily rushed upon the mind of Charlotte, as she perused the fatal note, yet, after a few hours had elapsed, the siren Hope again took possession of her bosom, and she flattered herself she could on a second perusal discover an air of tenderness in the few lines he had left, which at first had escaped her notice.

"He certainly can not be so base as to leave me," said she; "and in styling himself my friend, does he not promise to protect me. I will not torment myself with these causeless fears; I will place a confidence in his honor; and sure he will not be so unjust as to abuse it."

Just as she had, by this manner of

Digitized by Google

reasoning, brought her mind to some tolerable degree of composure, she was surprised by a visit from Belcour. The dejection visible in Charlotte's countenance, her swollen eyes and neglected attire, at once told him she was unhappy: He made no doubt but Montraville had, by his coldness, alarmed her suspicions, and was resolved, if possible, to rouse her to jealousy, urge her to reproach him, and by that means occasion a breach between them. "If I can once convince her that she has a rival," said he, "she will listen to my passion, if it is only to revenge his slights." Belcour knew but little of the female heart; and what he did know was only of those of loose and dissolute lives. He had no idea that a woman might fall a victim to imprudence, and yet retain so strong a sense of honor as to reject, with horror and contempt, every solicitation to a second fault. He never imagined that a gentle, generous female heart, once tenderly attached,

Digitized by Google

when treated with unkindness, might break, but would never harbor a thought of revenge.

His visit was not long, but before he went, he fixed a scorpion in the heart of Charlotte, whose venom embittered every future hour of her life.

We will now return, for a moment, to Colonel Crayton. He had been three months married, and in that little time had discovered that the conduct of his lady was not so prudent as it ought to have been: but remonstrance was vain; her temper was violent; and to the colonel's great misfortune, he had conceived a sincere affection for her: she saw her own power, and with the art of a Circe, made every action appear to him in what light she pleased: his acquaintances laughed at his blindness, his friends pitied his infatuation, his amiable daughter, Mrs. Beauchamp, in secret deplored the loss of her father's affection, and grieved that he should be so entirely

Digitized by Google

swayed by an artful and, she much feared, infamous woman.

Mrs. Beauchamp was mild and engaging; she loved not the hurry and bustle of a city, and had prevailed on her husband to take a house a few miles from New York. Chance led her into the same neighborhood with Charlotte; their houses stood within a short space of each other, and their gardens joined. She had not been long in her new habitation before the figure of Charlotte struck her; she recollected her interesting features; she saw the melancholy so conspicuous in her countenance, and her heart bled at the reflection that, perhaps, deprived of honor, friends, all that was valuable in life, she was doomed to linger out a wretched existence in a strange land, and sink broken-hearted into an untimely grave. "Would to Heaven I could snatch her from so hard a fate!" said she; "but the merciless world has barred the doors of compassion against a poor, weak girl,

Digitized by Google

who, perhaps, had she one kind friend to raise and reassure her, would gladly return to peace and virtue; nay, even the woman who dares to pity and endeavor to recall a wandering sister, incurs the sneer of contempt and ridicule, for an action in which even angels are said to rejoice."

The longer Mrs. Beauchamp was a witness to the solitary life Charlotte led, the more she wished to speak to her; and often as she saw her cheeks wet with the tears of anguish, she would say—"Dear sufferer, how gladly would I pour into your heart the balm of consolation, were it not for the fear of derision."

But an accident soon happened which made her resolve to brave even the scoffs of the world, rather than not enjoy the heavenly satisfaction of comforting a desponding fellow creature.

Mrs. Beauchamp was an early riser. She was one morning walking in the garden, leaning on her husband's arm, when

Digitized by Google

the sound of a harp attracted their notice: they listened attentively, and heard a soft, melodious voice, distinctly sing the following stanzas:[1]

"Thou glorious orb, supremely bright,
Just rising from the sea,
To cheer all nature with thy light
What are thy beams to me?

"In vain thy glories bid me rise,
To hail the new-born day,
Alas! my morning sacrifice,
Is still to weep and pray.

"For what are nature's charms conbin'd
To one whose weary breast
Can neither peace nor comfort find,
Nor friend whereon to rest?

"Oh! never, never! whilst I live
Can my heart's anguish cease;
Come, friendly death, thy mandate give,
And let me be at peace."

"'Tis poor Charlotte!" said Mrs.

[1] Attempts made in several directions to trace the authorship of these lines to some well-known poet or hymn writer have not succeeded. Mrs. Rowson may have written them herself.

Some of the later editions do not contain the first stanza of this poem, the omission of which must have been due to carelessness rather than design, inasmuch as the reader is left without knowledge of the noun to which the pronoun "thy" refers in the line "In vain thy glories bid me rise."

Digitized by Google

Beauchamp, the pellucid drop of humanity stealing down her cheek.

Captain Beauchamp was alarmed at her emotion. "What, Charlotte?" said he. "Do you know her?"

In the accent of a pitying angel did she disclose to her husband Charlotte's unhappy situation, and the frequent wish she had formed of being serviceable to her. "I fear," continued she, "the poor girl has been basely betrayed; and if I thought you would not blame me, I would pay her a visit, offer her my friendship, and endeavor to restore to her heart that peace she seems to have lost, and so pathetically laments. Who knows, my dear," laying her hand affectionately on his arm, "who knows but she has left some kind, affectionate parents to lament her errors, and would she return, they might with rapture receive the poor penitent, and wash away her faults in tears of joy? Oh! what a glorious reflection would it be for me

Digitized by Google

could I be the happy instrument of restoring her. Her heart may not be depraved, Beauchamp."

"Exalted woman!" cried Beauchamp, embracing her, "how dost thou rise every moment in my esteem. Follow the impulse of thy generous heart, my Emily. Let prudes and fools censure, if they dare, and blame a sensibility they never felt; I will exultingly tell them that the heart that is truly virtuous is ever inclined to pity and forgive the errors of its fellow creatures."

A beam of exulting joy played round the animated countenance of Mrs. Beauchamp at these encomiums bestowed on her by a beloved husband; the most delightful sensations pervaded her heart; and, having breakfasted, she prepared to visit Charlotte.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXI[1]

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see,
That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me.—*Pope.*

WHEN Mrs. Beauchamp was dressed she began to feel embarrassed at the thought of beginning an acquaintance with Charlotte, and was distressed how to make the first visit. "I can not go without some introduction," said she. "It will look so like impertinent curiosity." At length, recollecting herself, she stepped into the garden, and, gathering a few fine cucumbers, took them in her hand by way of apology for her visit.

A glow of conscious shame vermilioned Charlotte's face as Mrs. Beauchamp entered.

"You will pardon me, madam," said

[1] Many editions have had for this chapter the interpolated title, "A Benevolent Visit."

Digitized by Google

she, "for not having before paid my respects to so amiable a neighbor; but we English people always keep up that reserve which is the characteristic of our nation wherever we go. I have taken the liberty to bring you a few cucumbers, for I had observed you had none in your garden."

Charlotte, tho naturally polite and well-bred, was so confused she could hardly speak. Her kind visitor endeavored to relieve her by not noticing her embarrassment. "I am come, madam," continued she, "to request you will spend the day with me. I shall be alone; and as we are both strangers in this country, we may hereafter be extremely happy in each other's friendship."

"Your friendship, madam," said Charlotte, blushing, "is an honor to all who are favored with it. Little as I have seen of this part of the world, I am no stranger to Mrs. Beauchamp's goodness of heart and known humanity; but my

Digitized by Google

friendship——" She paused, glanced her eye upon her own visible situation, and in spite of her endeavors to suppress them, burst into tears.

Mrs. Beauchamp guessed the source from whence those tears flowed. "You seem unhappy, madam," said she: "shall I be thought worthy your confidence? Will you intrust me with the cause of your sorrow, and rest on my assurances to exert my utmost power to serve you." Charlotte returned a look of gratitude, but could not speak, and Mrs. Beauchamp continued—"My heart was interested in your behalf the first moment I saw you; and I only lament I had not made earlier overtures towards an acquaintance; but I flatter myself you will henceforth consider me as your friend."

"Oh, madam!" cried Charlotte, "I have forfeited the good opinion of all my friends; I have forsaken them, and undone myself."

"Come, come, my dear," said Mrs.

Digitized by Google

Beauchamp, "you must not indulge these gloomy thoughts: you are not, I hope, so miserable as you imagine yourself: endeavor to be composed, and let me be favored with your company at dinner, when, if you can bring yourself to think me your friend and repose a confidence in me, I am ready to convince you it shall not be abused." She then arose and bade her good-morning.

At the dining hour, Charlotte repaired to Mrs. Beauchamp's, and during dinner assumed as composed an aspect as possible; but when the cloth was removed, she summoned all her resolution, and determined to make Mrs. Beauchamp acquainted with every circumstance preceding her unfortunate elopement, and the earnest desire she had to quit a way of life so repugnant to her feelings.

With the benignant aspect of an angel of mercy, did Mrs. Beauchamp listen to the artless tale: she was shocked to the soul to find how large a share La Rue

Digitized by Google

had in the seduction of this amiable girl, and a tear fell when she reflected so vile a woman was now the wife of her father. When Charlotte had finished, she gave her a little time to collect her scattered spirits, and then asked her if she had never written to her friends.

"Oh, yes, madam," said she, "frequently: but I have broke their hearts; they are all either dead, or have cast me off forever, for I have never received a single line from them."

"I rather suspect," said Mrs. Beauchamp, "they have never had your letters: but suppose you were to hear from them, and they were willing to receive you, would you then leave this cruel Montraville, and return to them?"

"Would I?" said Charlotte, clasping her hands; "would not the poor sailor tossed on a tempestuous ocean, threatened every moment with death, gladly return to the shore he had left to trust to its deceitful calmness? Oh, my dear

Digitized by Google

madam, I would return, tho to do it I were obliged to walk barefoot over a burning desert, and beg a scanty pittance of each traveler to support my existence. I would endure it all cheerfully, could I but once more see my dear, blessed mother, hear her pronounce my pardon, and bless me before I died; but alas! I shall never see her more; she has blotted the ungrateful Charlotte from her remembrance, and I shall sink to the grave loaded with her's and my father's curse."

Mrs. Beauchamp endeavored to soothe her. "You shall write to them again," said she, "and I will see that the letter is sent by the first packet that sails for England; in the meantime, keep up your spirits, and hope everything by daring to deserve it."

She then turned the conversation, and Charlotte, having taken a cup of tea, wished her benevolent friend a good-evening.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXII

SORROWS OF THE HEART

WHEN Charlotte got home she endeavored to collect her thoughts, and took up a pen, in order to address those dear parents, whom, spite of her errors, she still loved with the utmost tenderness, but vain was every effort to write with the least coherence.

Her tears fell so fast, they almost blinded her; and as she proceeded to describe her unhappy situation, she became so agitated that she was obliged to give over the attempt, and retire to bed, where, overcome with the fatigue her mind had undergone, she fell into a slumber which greatly refreshed her, and she arose in the morning with spirits more adequate to the painful task she had to perform, and after several at-

Digitized by Google

tempts, at length concluded the following letter to her mother:

"NEW YORK.

"TO MRS. TEMPLE:

"Will my once kind, my ever-beloved mother, deign to receive a letter from her guilty, but repentant child? or has she, justly incensed at my ingratitude, driven the unhappy Charlotte from her remembrance? Alas! thou much injured mother, shouldst thou even disown me, I dare not complain, because I know I have deserved it: but yet, believe me, guilty as I am, and cruelly as I have disappointed the hopes of the fondest parents that ever girl had, even in the moment when, forgetful of my duty, I fled from you and happiness—even then I loved you most, and my heart bled at the thought of what you would suffer. Oh! never—never! whilst I have existence, will the agony of that moment be erased from my memory. It seemed like the separation of soul and body. What can I plead in excuse for my conduct? Alas! nothing! That I loved my seducer is but too true! Yet, powerful as that passion is, when operating in a young heart glowing with sensibility, it never would have conquered my affection to you, my beloved

Digitized by Google

parents, had I not been encouraged, nay, urged to take the fatally imprudent step by one of my own sex, who, under the mask of friendship, drew me on to ruin. Yet, think not your Charlotte was so lost as to voluntarily rush into a life of infamy; no, my dear mother, deceived by the specious appearance of my betrayer, and every suspicion lulled asleep by the most solemn promises of marriage, I thought not those promises would so easily be forgotten. I never once reflected that the man who could stoop to seduction, would not hesitate to forsake the wretched object of his passion, whenever his capricious heart grew weary of her tenderness. When we arrived at this place, I vainly expected him to fulfil his engagements; but was at last fatally convinced he never intended to make me his wife, or if he had once thought of it his mind was now altered. I scorned to claim from his humanity what I could not obtain from his love: I was conscious of having forfeited the only gem that could render me respectable in the eye of the world. I locked my sorrows in my own bosom, and bore my injuries in silence. But how shall I proceed? This man, this cruel Montraville, for whom I sacrificed honor,

Digitized by Google

happiness, and the love of my friends, no longer looks on me with affection, but scorns the credulous girl whom his art has made miserable. Could you see me, my dear parents, without society, without friends, stung with remorse, and (I feel the burning blush of shame dye my cheeks while I write it) tortured with the pangs of disappointed love; cut to the soul by the indifference of him, who, having deprived me of every other comfort, no longer thinks it worth his while to soothe the heart where he has planted the thorn of never-ceasing regret! My daily employment is to think of you and weep, to pray for your happiness, and deplore my own folly: my nights are scarce more happy; for, if by chance I close my weary eyes, and hope some small forgetfulness of sorrow, some little time to pass in sweet oblivion, fancy, still waking, wafts me home to you: I see your beloved forms; I kneel and hear the blessed words of peace and pardon. Ecstatic joy pervades my soul; I reach my arms to catch your dear embraces; the motion chases the illusive dream; I wake to real misery. At other times I see my father, angry and frowning, point to horrid caves, where, on the cold, damp ground, in the

Digitized by Google

agonies of death, I see my dear mother and my revered grandfather. I strive to raise you; you push me from you, and shrieking, cry: 'Charlotte, thou has murdered me!' Horror and despair tear every tortured nerve; I start and leave my restless bed, weary and unrefreshed.

"Shocking as these reflections are, I have yet one more dreadful than the rest. Mother, my dear mother! do not let me quite break your heart when I tell you, in a few months I shall bring into the world an innocent witness of my guilt. Oh! my bleeding heart, I shall bring a poor little helpless creature heir to infamy and shame.

"This alone has urged me once more to address you, to interest you in behalf of this poor unborn, and beg you to extend your protection to the child of your lost Charlotte; for my own part, I have wrote so often, so frequently have pleaded for forgiveness, and entreated to be received once more beneath the paternal roof, that, having received no answer, nor even one line, I much fear you have cast me from you forever.

"But sure you can not refuse to protect my innocent infant: it partakes not of its mother's

Digitized by Google

guilt. Oh! my father, oh! beloved mother, now do I feel the anguish I inflicted on your hearts recoiling with double force upon my own.

"If my child should be a girl (which Heaven forbid), tell her the unhappy fate of her mother, and teach her to avoid my errors; if a boy, teach him to lament my miseries, but tell him not who inflicted them, lest, in wishing to revenge his mother's injuries, he should wound the peace of his father.

"And now, dear friends of my soul, kind guardians of my infancy, farewell. I feel I never more must hope to see you; the anguish of my heart strikes at the strings of life, and in a short time I shall be at rest. Oh, could I but receive your blessing and forgiveness before I died, it would smooth my passage to the peaceful grave, and be a blessed foretaste of a happy eternity. I beseech you, curse me not, my adored parents; but let a tear of pity and pardon fall to the memory of your lost

"CHARLOTTE."

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXIII

A MAN MAY SMILE, AND SMILE AND BE A VILLAIN

WHILE Charlotte was enjoying some small degree of comfort in the consoling friendship of Mrs. Beauchamp, Montraville was advancing rapidly in his affection toward Miss Franklin.

Julia was an amiable girl; she saw only the fair side of his character; she possessed an independent fortune, and resolved to be happy with the man of her heart, tho his rank and fortune were by no means so exalted as she had a right to expect; she saw the passion which Montraville struggled to conceal; she wondered at his timidity, but imagined the distance fortune had placed between them occasioned his backwardness, and made every advance which

Digitized by Google

strict prudence and a becoming modesty could permit. Montraville saw with pleasure he [*sic*] was not indifferent to her [*sic*]; but a spark of honor which animated his bosom would not suffer him to take advantage of her partiality. He was well acquainted with Charlotte's situation, and he thought there would be a double cruelty in forsaking her at such a time; and to marry Miss Franklin, while honor, humanity, every sacred law, obliged him still to protect and support Charlotte, was a baseness which his soul shuddered at.

He communicated his uneasiness to Belcour: it was the very thing his pretended friend had wished. "And do you really," said he, laughing, "hesitate at marrying the lovely Julia, and becoming master of her fortune, because a little, foolish, fond girl, chose to leave her friends, and run away with you to America? Dear Montraville, act more like a man of sense: this whining, pining

Digitized by Google

Charlotte, who occasions you so much uneasiness, would have eloped with somebody else, if she had not with you."

"Would to Heaven," said Montraville, "I had never seen her; my regard for her was but the momentary passion of desire; but I feel I shall love and revere Julia Franklin as long as I live; yet to leave poor Charlotte in her present situation, would be cruel beyond description."

"Oh, my good, sentimental friend," said Belcour, "do you imagine nobody has a right to provide for the brat but yourself?"

Montraville started. "Sure," said he, "you can not mean to insinuate that Charlotte is false!"

"I don't insinuate it," said Belcour; "I know it."

Montraville turned pale as ashes. "Then there is no faith in woman," said he.

"While I thought you were attached

Digitized by Google

to her," said Belcour, with an air of indifference, "I never wished to make you uneasy by mentioning her perfidy; but, as I know you love and are beloved by Miss Franklin, I was determined not to let these foolish scruples of honor step between you and happiness, or your tenderness for the peace of a perfidious girl prevent your uniting yourself to a woman of honor."

"Good Heavens!" said Montraville, "what poignant reflections does a man endure who sees a lovely woman plunged in infamy, and is conscious he was her first seducer. But are you certain of what you say, Belcour?"

"So far," replied he, "that I myself have received advances from her, which I would not take advantage of out of regard to you. But, hang it, think no more about her. I dined at Franklin's to-day, and Julia bid me seek and bring you to tea: so come along, my lad, make

Digitized by Google

good use of opportunity, and seize the gifts of fortune while they are within your reach."

Montraville was too much agitated to pass a happy evening even in the company of Julia Franklin. He determined to visit Charlotte early the next morning, tax her with her falsehood, and take an everlasting leave of her; but when the morning came, he was commanded on duty, and for six weeks was prevented from putting his design into execution. At length he found an hour to spare, and walked out to spend it with Charlotte: it was near four o'clock in the afternoon when he arrived at her cottage; she was not in the parlor, and without calling her servant, he walked upstairs, thinking to find her in her bedroom. He opened the door, and the first object that met his eyes was Charlotte asleep on the bed, and Belcour by her side.

Digitized by Google

"Death and distraction!" said he, stamping, "this is too much. Rise, villain, and defend yourself!" Belcour sprang from the bed. The noise awoke Charlotte; terrified at the furious appearance of Montraville, and seeing Belcour with him in the chamber, she caught hold of his arm, as he stood by the bedside, and eagerly asked what was the matter.

"Treacherous, infamous girl!" said he, "can you ask? How came he here?" pointing to Belcour.

"As Heaven is my witness!" replied she, weeping, "I do not know. I have not seen him for these three weeks."

"Then you confess he sometimes visits you?"

"He came sometimes by your desire."

"'Tis false; I never desired him to come, and you know I did not; but mark me, Charlotte, from this instant our connection is at an end. Let Belcour or any other of your favored lovers

Digitized by Google

take you and provide for you; I have done with you forever!"

He was then going to leave her; but starting wildly from the bed, she threw herself on her knees before him, protested her innocence, and intreated him not to leave her. "Oh, Montraville!" said she, "kill me, for pity's sake, kill me, but do not doubt my fidelity. Do not leave me in this horrid situation; for the sake of your unborn child, oh, spurn not the wretched mother from you!"

"Charlotte," said he, with a firm voice, "I shall take care that neither you nor your child want anything in the approaching painful hour; but we meet no more." He then endeavored to raise her from the ground, but in vain. She clung about his knees, entreating him to believe her innocent, and conjuring Belcour to clear up the dreadful mystery.

Belcour cast on Montraville a smile of contempt: it irritated him almost to

Digitized by Google

madness; he broke from the feeble arms of the distressed girl; she shrieked and fell prostrate on the floor.

Montraville instantly left the house, and returned hastily to the city.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXIV

MYSTERY DEVELOPED

UNFORTUNATELY for Charlotte, about three weeks before this unhappy rencontre, Captain Beauchamp, being ordered to Rhode Island, his lady had accompanied him, so that Charlotte was deprived of her friendly advice and consoling society. The afternoon on which Montraville had visited her she had found herself languid and fatigued, and after making a very slight dinner, had lain down to endeavor to recruit her exhausted spirits, and, contrary to her expectations, had fallen asleep. She had not long been laid down when Belcour arrived, for he took every opportunity of visiting her, and striving to awaken her resentment against Montraville. He enquired of the servant where her mistress was, and being told

Digitized by Google

she was asleep, took up a book to amuse himself; having sat a few minutes, he by chance cast his eyes towards the road, and saw Montraville approaching; he instantly conceived the diabolical scheme of ruining the unhappy Charlotte in his opinion forever; he therefore stole softly up-stairs, and laying himself by her side with the greatest precaution, for fear she should awake, was in that situation discovered by his credulous friend.

When Montraville spurned the weeping Charlotte from him, and left her almost distracted with terror and despair, Belcour raised her from the floor, and leading her down-stairs, assumed the part of a tender, consoling friend; she listened to the arguments he advanced, with apparent composure; but this was only the calm of the moment: the remembrance of Montraville's recent cruelty again rushed upon her mind: she pushed him from her with some violence, crying—"Leave me, sir, I beseech you; leave me, for much I

Digitized by Google

fear you have been the cause of my fidelity being suspected; go, leave me to the accumulated miseries my own imprudence has brought upon me."

She then left him with precipitation, and retiring to her own apartments, threw herself on the bed, and gave vent to an agony of grief which it is impossible to describe.

It now occurred to Belcour that she might possibly write to Montraville, and endeavor to convince him of her innocence: he was well aware of her pathetic remonstrances, and sensible of the tenderness of Montraville's heart, resolved to prevent any letters ever reaching him: he therefore called the servant, and by the powerful persuasion of a bribe, prevailed with her to promise whatever letters her mistress might write should be sent to him. He then left a polite, tender note for Charlotte, and returned to New York. His first business was to seek Montraville, and endeavor to

Digitized by Google

convince him that what had happened would ultimately tend to his happiness; he found him in his apartment, solitary, pensive and wrapped in disagreeable reflections.

"Why, how now, whining, pining lover?" said he, clapping him on the shoulder. Montraville started; a momentary flush of resentment crossed his cheek, but instantly gave place to a death-like paleness, occasioned by painful remembrance—remembrance awakened by that monitor, whom, tho we may in vain endeavor, we can never entirely silence.

"Belcour," said he, "you have injured me in a tender point."

"Prithee, Jack,"[1] replied Belcour, "do not make a serious matter of it: how could I refuse the girl's advances? and thank Heaven she is not your wife."

"True," said Montraville; "but she

[1] It will be observed here that Mrs. Rowson gives to Montraville the same Christian name that was borne by Montrésor.

Digitized by Google

was innoceent when I first knew her. It was I seduced her, Belcour. Had it not been for me, she had still been virtuous and happy in the affection and protection of her family."

"Pshaw," replied Belcour, laughing, "if you had not taken advantage of her easy nature, some other would, and where is the difference, pray?"

"I wish I had never seen her," cried he, passionately, and starting from his seat. "Oh, that cursed French woman!" added he with vehemence, "had it not been for her I might have been happy—" He paused.

"With Julia Franklin," said Belcour. The name, like a sudden spark of electric fire, seemed for a moment to suspend his faculties—for a moment he was transfixed; but recovering, he caught Belcour's hand, and cried—"Stop! stop! I beseech you, name not the lovely Julia and the wretched Montraville in the same breath. I am a seducer, a mean, ungener-

Digitized by Google

ous seducer of unsuspecting innocence. I dare not hope that purity like hers would stoop to unite itself with black, premeditated guilt: yet, by heavens! I swear, Belcour, I thought I loved the lost abandoned Charlotte till I saw Julia—I thought I never could forsake her; but the heart is deceitful, and I now can plainly discriminate between the impulse of a youthful passion, and the pure flame of disinterested affection."

At that instant Julia Franklin passed the window, leaning on her uncle's arm. She courtesied as she passed, and with the bewitching smile of modest cheerfulness, cried—"Do you bury yourselves in the house this fine evening, gents?" There was something in the voice! the manner! the look! that was altogether irresistible. "Perhaps she wishes my company," said Montraville, mentally, as he snatched up his hat: "if I thought she loved me, I would confess my errors, and trust to her generosity to pity and pardon

Digitized by Google

me." He soon overtook her, and offering her his arm, they sauntered to pleasant, but unfrequented walks. Belcour drew Mr. Franklin on one side, and entered into a political discourse; they walked faster than the young people, and Belcour, by some means, contrived entirely to lose sight of them. It was a fine evening in the beginning of autumn; the last remains of daylight faintly streaked the western sky, while the moon with pale and virgin luster in the room of gorgeous gold and purple, ornamented the canopy of heaven with silver, fleecy clouds, which now and then half hid her lovely face, and, by partly concealing, heightened every beauty; the zephyrs whispered softly through the trees, which now began to shed their leafy honors; a solemn silence reigned: and, to a happy mind, an evening such as this would give serenity, and calm, unruffled pleasure: but to Montraville, while it soothed the turbulence of his passions, it brought

Digitized by Google

increase of melancholy reflections. Julia was leaning on his arm: he took her hand in his, and pressing it tenderly, sighed deeply, but continued silent. Julia was embarrassed: she wished to break a silence so unaccountable, but was unable; she loved Montraville; she saw he was unhappy, and wished to know the cause of his uneasiness, but that innate modesty which nature has implanted in the female breast, prevented her inquiring. "I am bad company, Miss Franklin," said he, at last recollecting himself; "but I have met with something to-day that has greatly distressed me, and I can not shake off the disagreeable impression it has made on my mind."

"I am sorry," she replied, "that you have any cause of inquietude. I am sure if you were as happy as you deserve, and as all your friends wish you——" She hesitated. "And might I," replied he, with some animation, "presume to rank the amiable Julia in that number?"

Digitized by Google

"Certainly," said she, "the service you have rendered me, the knowledge of your worth, all combine to make me esteem you."

"Esteem, my lovely Julia," said he, passionately, "is but a poor, cold word. I would if I dared—if I thought I merited your attention—but no, I must not—honor forbids. I am beneath your notice, Julia, I am miserable and can not hope to be otherwise."

"Alas!" said Julia, "I pity you."

"Oh, thou condescending charmer," said he, "how that sweet word cheers my sad heart. Indeed, if you knew all, you would pity; but at the same time, I fear you would despise me."

Just then they were again joined by Mr. Franklin and Belcour. It had interrupted an interesting discourse. They found it impossible to converse on indifferent subjects, and proceeded home in silence. At Mr. Franklin's door, Montraville again pressed Julia's hand, and,

Digitized by Google

faintly articulating "good-night," retired to his lodgings, dispirited and wretched, from a consciousness that he deserved not the affection with which he plainly saw he was honored.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXV

RECEPTION OF A LETTER

"AND where now is our poor Charlotte?" said Mr. Temple, one evening, as the cold blasts of autumn whistled rudely over the heath, and the yellow appearance of the distant wood, spoke the near approach of winter. In vain the cheerful fire blazed on the hearth, in vain was he surrounded by all the comforts of life; the parent was still alive in his heart, and when he thought that perhaps his once darling child was ere this exposed to all the miseries of want in a distant land, without a friend to soothe and comfort her, without the benignant look of compassion to cheer, or the angelic voice of pity to pour the balm of consolation on her wounded heart; when he thought of this, his whole soul dissolved in tenderness, and

Digitized by Google

while he wiped the tear of anguish from the eye of his patient, uncomplaining Lucy, he struggled to suppress the sympathizing drop that started in his own. "Oh! my poor girl!" said Mrs. Temple, "how must she be altered, else surely she would have relieved our agonizing minds by one line to say she lived—to say she had not quite forgot the parents who almost idolized her."

"Gracious Heaven!" said Mr. Temple, starting from his seat, "who would wish to be a father to experience the agonizing pangs inflicted on a parent's heart by the ingratitude of a child?" Mrs. Temple wept: her father took her hand. He would have said: "Be comforted, my child!" but the words died on his tongue. The sad silence that ensued was interrupted by a loud rap at the door. In a moment a servant entered with a letter in his hand.

Mrs. Temple took it from him: she cast her eyes upon the superscription;

Digitized by Google

she knew the writing. "'Tis Charlotte," said she, eagerly breaking the seal, "she has not quite forgot us." But before she had half gone through the contents, a sudden sickness seized her; she grew cold and giddy, and putting it into her husband's hands, she cried—"Read it: I can not." Mr. Temple attempted to read it aloud, but frequently paused to give vent to his tears. "My poor, deluded child!" said he, when he had finished.

"Oh, shall we not forgive the dear penitent?" said Mrs. Temple. "We must, we will, my love; she is willing to return, and 'tis our duty to receive her."

"Father of mercy," said Mr. Eldridge, raising his clasped hands, "let me but live once more to see the dear wanderer restored to her afflicted parents, and take me from this world of sorrow whenever it seemeth best to Thy wisdom."

"Yes, we will receive her," said Mr.

Digitized by Google

Temple; "we will endeavor to heal her wounded spirit, and speak peace and comfort to her agitated soul. I will write to her to return immediately."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Temple. "I would, if possible, fly to her, support and cheer the dear sufferer in the approaching hour of distress, and tell her how nearly penitence is allied to virtue. Can not we go and conduct her home, my love?" continued she, laying her hand on his arm. "My father will surely forgive our absence if we go to bring home his darling."

"You can not go, my Lucy," said Mr. Temple: "the delicacy of your frame would but poorly sustain the fatigue of a long voyage; but I will go and bring the gentle penitent to your arms: we may still see many years of happiness."

The struggle in the bosom of Mrs. Temple between maternal and conjugal tenderness was long and painful. At length the former triumphed, and she

Digitized by Google

consented that her husband should set forward to New York by the first opportunity: she wrote to her Charlotte in the tenderest, most consoling manner, and looked forward to the happy hour when she would again embrace her with the most animated hope.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXVI

WHAT MIGHT BE EXPECTED

In the meantime the passion Montraville had conceived for Julia Franklin daily increased, and he saw evidently how much he was beloved by that amiable girl: he was likewise strongly prepossessed with an idea of Charlotte's perfidy. What wonder, then, if he gave himself up to the delightful sensation which pervaded his bosom; and finding no obstacle arise to oppose his happiness, he solicited and obtained the hand of Julia. A few days before his marriage, he thus addressed Belcour:

"Tho Charlotte, by her abandoned conduct, has thrown herself from my protection, I still hold myself bound to support her till relieved from her present condition, and also to provide for

Digitized by Google

the child. I do not intend to see her again, but I will place a sum of money in your hands which will amply supply her with every convenience; but should she require more, let her have it, and I will see it repaid. I wish I could prevail on the poor, deluded girl to return to her friends; she was an only child, and I make no doubt but that they would joyfully receive her; it would shock me greatly to see her henceforth leading a life of infamy, as I should always accuse myself as being the primary cause of all her errors. If she should choose to remain under your protection, be kind to her, Belcour, I conjure you. Let not satiety prompt you to treat her in such a manner as may drive her to actions which necessity might urge her to, while her better reason disapproves them: she shall never want a friend while I live, but I never more desire to behold her: her presence would be always painful to me, and a glance from her eye would

Digitized by Google

call the blush of conscious guilt into my cheek.

"I will write a letter to her, which you may deliver when I am gone, as I shall go to St. Eustatia the day after my union with Julia, who will accompany me."

Belcour promised to fulfil the request of his friend, tho nothing was further from his intentions than the least design of delivering the letter, or making Charlotte acquainted with the provision Montraville had made for her. He was bent on the complete ruin of the unhappy girl, and supposed, by reducing her to an entire dependence upon him, to bring her by degrees to consent to gratify his ungenerous passion.

The evening before the day appointed for the nuptials of Montraville and Julia, the former retired early to his apartment, and, ruminating on the past scenes of his life, suffered the keenest remorse in the remembrance of Charlotte's seduc-

Digitized by Google

tion. "Poor girl," said he, "I will at least write and bid her adieu; I will, too, endeavor to awaken that love of virtue in her bosom which her unfortunate attachment to me has extinguished." He took up the pen and began to write, but words were denied him. How could he address the woman whom he had seduced, and whom, tho he thought unworthy his tenderness, he was about to bid adieu forever? How should he tell her that he was going to abjure her, to enter into the most indissoluble ties with another, and that he could not even own the infant which she bore as his child? Several letters were begun and destroyed: at length he completed the following:

"To Charlotte.

"Tho I have taken up my pen to address you, my poor, injured girl, I feel I am inadequate to the task; yet, however painful the endeavor, I could not resolve upon leaving you forever without one kind line to bid you adieu —to tell you how my heart bleeds at the re-

Digitized by Google

membrance of what you was [*sic*] before you saw the hated Montraville. Even now imagination paints the scene, when torn by contending passions, when struggling between love and duty, you fainted in my arms and I lifted you into the chaise: I see the agony of your mind, when, recovering, you found yourself on the road to Portsmouth: but how, my gentle girl, how could you, when so justly impressed with the value of virtue, how could you, when loving as I thought you loved me, yield to the solicitation of Belcour?

"Oh, Charlotte, conscience tells me it was I, villain that I am, who first taught you the allurements of guilty pleasure; it was I who dragged you from the calm repose which innocence and virtue ever enjoy; and can I, dare I tell you it was not love prompted to the horrid deed? No, thou dear, fallen angel; believe your repentant Montraville when he tells you that the man who truly loves will never betray the object of his affection. Adieu, Charlotte: could you still find charms in a life of unoffending innocence, return to your parents; you shall never want the means of support both for yourself and child. Oh! gracious Heaven! may that child be entirely free from

Digitized by Google

the vices of its father and the weakness of its mother.

"To-morrow—but no, I can not tell you what to-morrow will produce; Belcour will inform you: he also has cash for you, which I beg you will ask for whenever you may want it. Once more, adieu; believe me, could I hear you was returned to your friends, and enjoying that tranquility of which I have robbed you, I should be as completely happy as even you, in your fondest hours, could wish me. But till then a gloom will obscure the brightest prospects of

"MONTRAVILLE."

After he had sealed this letter he threw himself on the bed and enjoyed a few hours' repose. Early in the morning Belcour tapped at his door: he arose hastily, and prepared to meet his Julia at the altar.

"This is the letter to Charlotte," said he, giving it to Belcour: "take it to her when we are gone to Eustatia;[1] and I

[1] So printed, instead of St. Eustatia, as on a previous page.

Digitized by Google

conjure you, my dear friend, not to use any sophilastic arguments to prevent her return to virtue; but should she incline that way, encourage her in the thought and assist her to put her design in execution."

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXVII

Pensive she mourn'd, and hung her languid head,
Like a fair lily overcharg'd with dew.

CHARLOTTE had now been left almost three months a prey to her own melancholy reflections—sad companions, indeed; nor did any one break in upon her solitude but Belcour, who once or twice called to inquire after her health, and tell her he had in vain endeavored to bring Montraville to hear reason; and once, but only once, was her mind cheered by the receipt of an affectionate letter from Mrs. Beauchamp. Often had she wrote to her perfidious seducer, and with the most persuasive eloquence endeavored to convince him of her innocence; but these letters were never suffered to reach the hands of Montraville, or they must, tho on the very eve of marriage, have prevented his deserting the wretched girl. Real anguish of heart

Digitized by Google

had in a great measure faded her charms; her cheeks were pale from want of rest, and her eyes, by frequent, indeed, almost continued weeping, were sunk and heavy. Sometimes a gleam of hope would play about her heart when she thought of her parents. "They can not, surely," she would say, "refuse to forgive me; or should they deny their pardon to me, they will not hate my innocent infant on account of its mother's errors." How often did the poor mourner wish for the consoling presence of the benevolent Mrs. Beauchamp. "If she were here," she would cry, "she would certainly comfort me, and soothe the distraction of my soul."

She was sitting one afternoon, wrapped in these melancholy reflections, when she was interrupted by the entrance of Belcour. Great as the alteration was which incessant sorrow had made on her person, she was still interesting, still charming; and the unhallowed flame, which had

Digitized by Google

urged Belcour to plant dissension between her and Montraville, still raged in his bosom: he was determined, if possible, to make her his mistress; nay, he had even conceived the diabolical scheme of taking her to New York, and making her appear in every public place where it was likely she should meet Montraville, that he might be a witness to his unmanly triumph.

When he entered the room where Charlotte was sitting, he assumed the look of tender consolatory friendship. "And how does my lovely Charlotte?" said he, taking her hand: "I fear you are not so well as I could wish."

"I am not well, Mr. Belcour," said she, "very far from it; but the pains and infirmities of the body I could easily bear, nay, submit to them with patience, were they not aggravated by the most insupportable anguish of my mind."

"You are not happy, Charlotte?" said he, with a look of well-dissembled sorrow.

Digitized by Google

"Alas!" replied she, mournfully shaking her head, "how can I be happy, deserted and forsaken as I am, without a friend of my own sex to whom I can unburthen my full heart; nay, my fidelity suspected by the very man for whom I have sacrificed everything valuable in life, for whom I have made myself a poor, despised creature, an outcast from society, an object only of contempt and pity?"

"You think too meanly of yourself, Miss Temple: there is no one who would dare to treat you with contempt: all who have the pleasure of knowing you, must admire and esteem. You are lonely here, my dear girl; give me leave to conduct you to New York, where the agreeable society of some ladies to whom I will introduce you will dispel these sad thoughts, and I shall again see returning cheerfulness animate those lovely features."

"Oh, never! never!" cried Char-

Digitized by Google

lotte, emphatically: "the virtuous part of my sex will scorn me, and I will never associate with infamy. No, Belcour, here let me hide my shame and sorrow; here let me spend my few remaining days in obscurity, unknown and unpitied; here let me die unlamented, and my name sink to oblivion." Here her tears stopped her utterance. Belcour was awed to silence: he dared not interrupt her: and after a moment's pause she proceeded—"I once had conceived the thought of going to New York to seek out the still dear, tho cruel, ungenerous Montraville, to throw myself at his feet and entreat his compassion; Heaven knows, not for myself; if I am no longer beloved, I will not be indebted to his pity to redress my injuries, but I would have knelt and entreated him not to forsake my poor unborn——" She could say no more; a crimson glow rushed over her cheeks, and, covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud.

Digitized by Google

Something like humanity was awakened in Belcour's breast by this pathetic speech. He arose and walked toward the window, but the selfish passion which had taken possession of his heart soon stifled these finer emotions; and he thought if Charlotte was once convinced she had no longer any dependence on Montraville, she would more readily throw herself on his protection. Determined, therefore, to inform her of all that had happened, he again resumed his seat; and, finding she began to be more composed, inquired if she had ever heard from Montraville since the unfortunate rencontre in her bedchamber.

"Ah, no!" said she, "I fear I shall never hear from him again."

"I am greatly of your opinion," said Belcour, "for he has been, for some time past, greatly attached——"

At the word "attached," a death-like paleness overspread the countenance of Charlotte, but she applied to some harts-

Digitized by Google

horn which stood beside her, and Belcour proceeded:

"He has been for some time past greatly attached to one Miss Franklin, a pleasing, lively girl, with a large fortune."

"She may be richer, may be handsomer," cried Charlotte, "but can not love him so well. Oh! may she beware of his art, and not trust him too far, as I have done."

"He addresses her publicly," said he, "and it was rumored they were to be married before he sailed for Eustatia, whither his company is ordered."

"Belcour," said Charlotte, seizing his hand, and gazing at him earnestly, while her pale lips trembled with convulsive agony. "Tell me, and tell me truly, I beseech you, do you think he can be such a villain as to marry another woman, and leave me to die with want and misery in a strange land? Tell me what you think; I can bear it

Digitized by Google

very well; I will not shrink from this heaviest stroke of fate; I have deserved my afflictions, and I will endeavor to bear them as I ought."

"I fear," said Belcour, "he can be that villain."

"Perhaps," cried she, eagerly, interrupting him, "perhaps he is married already: come, let me know the worst," continued she, with an affected look of composure: "you need not be afraid; I shall not send the fortunate lady a bowl of poison!"

"Well, then, my dear girl," said he, deceived by her appearance, "they were married on Thursday, and yesterday morning they sailed for Eustatia."

"Married—gone—say you?" cried she, in distracted accents; "what, without a last farewell, without one thought on my unhappy situation! Oh, Montraville! may God forgive your perfidy!" She shrieked, and Belcour sprang forward just in time to prevent her falling

Digitized by Google

to the floor. Alarming faintings now succeeded each other and she was conveyed to her bed, from whence she earnestly prayed she might never more arise. Belcour stayed with her that night, and in the morning found her in a high fever. The fits she had been seized with had greatly terrified him; and confined as she now was to a bed of sickness, she was no longer an object of desire: it is true, for several days he went constantly to see her, but her pale, emaciated appearance disgusted him: his visits became less frequent; he forgot the solemn charge given him by Montraville; he even forgot the money entrusted to his care; and the burning blush of indignation and shame tinges my cheek while I write it, this disgrace to humanity and manhood at length forgot even the injured Charlotte; and, attracted by the blooming health of a farmer's daughter, whom he had seen in his frequent excursions to the country, he left the un-

Digitized by Google

happy girl to sink unnoticed to the grave, a prey to sickness, grief and penury; while he, having triumphed over the virtue of the artless cottager, rioted in all the intemperance of luxury and lawless pleasure.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXVIII

A TRIFLING RETROSPECT[1]

"BLESS my heart!" cries my young, volatile reader, "I shall never have patience to get through these volumes, there are so many ahs! and ohs! so much fainting, tears and distress, I am sick to death of the subject." My dear, cheerful, innocent girl, for innocent I will suppose you to be, or you would acutely feel the woes of Charlotte, did conscience say, thus might it have been with me, had not Providence interposed to snatch me from destruction: therefore, my lively, innocent girl, I must request your patience; I am writing a tale of truth: I mean to write it to the heart: but, if perchance the heart is rendered impenetrable by unbounded prosperity,

[1] Heading omitted from late editions.

Digitized by Google

or a continuance in vice, I expect not my tale to please, nay, I even expect it will be thrown by with disgust. But softly, gentle fair one; I pray you throw it not aside till you have perused the whole; mayhap you may find something therein to repay you for the trouble. Methinks I see a sarcastic smile sit on your countenance—"And what," cry you, "does the conceited author suppose we can glean from these pages, if Charlotte is held up as an object of terror, to prevent us from falling into guilty errors? Does not La Rue triumph in her shame, and, by adding art to guilt, obtain the affection of a worthy man and rise to a station where she is beheld with respect, and cheerfully received into all companies. What, then, is the moral you would inculcate? Would you wish us to think that a deviation from virtue, if covered by art and hypocrisy, is not an object of detestation, but on the contrary, shall raise us to fame and honor? while the

Digitized by Google

hapless girl who falls a victim to her too great sensibility, shall be loaded with ignominy and shame?" No, my fair querist, I mean no such thing. Remember the endeavors of the wicked are often suffered to prosper, that in the end their fall may be attended with more bitterness of heart, while the cup of affliction is poured out for wise and salutary ends, and they who are compelled to drain it even to the bitter dregs, often find comfort at the bottom; the tear of penitence blots their offences from the book of fate, and they rise from the heavy, painful trial, purified and fit for a mansion in the kingdom of eternity.

Yes, my young friends, the tear of compassion shall fall for the fate of Charlotte, while the name of La Rue shall be detested and despised. For Charlotte the soul melts with sympathy; for La Rue it feels nothing but horror and contempt. But perhaps your gay hearts would rather follow the fortunate

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Crayton through the scenes of pleasure and dissipation in which she was engaged than listen to the complaints and miseries of Charlotte. I will for once oblige you; I will for once follow her to midnight revels, balls and scenes of gayety, for in such was she constantly engaged.

I have said her person was lovely; let us add that she was surrounded by splendor and affluence, and he must know but little of the world who can wonder (however faulty such a woman's conduct) at her being followed by the men and her company courted by the women: in short, Mrs. Crayton was the universal favorite; she set the fashions; she was toasted by all the gentlemen, and copied by all the ladies.

Colonel Crayton was a domestic man. Could he be happy with such a woman? impossible! Remonstrance was vain: he might as well have preached to the winds as endeavor to persuade her from any

Digitized by Google

action, however ridiculous, on which she had set her mind: in short, after a little ineffectual struggle, he gave up the attempt and left her to follow the bent of her own inclinations: what those were, I think the reader must have seen enough of her character to form a just idea. Among the number who paid their devotions at her shrine, she singled one, a young ensign of mean birth, indifferent education, and weak intellects. How such a man came into the army we hardly know to account for; and how he afterward rose to posts of honor is likewise strange and wonderful. But fortune is blind, and so are those, too, frequently, who have the power of dispensing her favors: else why do we see fools and knaves at the very top of the wheel, while patient merit sinks to the extreme of the opposite abyss. But we may form a thousand conjectures on this subject, and yet never hit on the right. Let us, therefore, endeavor to deserve her smiles,

Digitized by Google

and whether we succeed or not, we shall feel more innate satisfaction than thousands of those who bask in the sunshine of her favor unworthily. But to return to Mrs. Crayton: this young man, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Corydon, was the reigning favorite of her heart. He escorted her to the play, danced with her at every ball, and, when indisposition prevented her going out, it was he alone who was permitted to cheer the gloomy solitude to which she was obliged to confine herself. Did she ever think of poor Charlotte?—if she did, my dear miss, it was only to laugh at the poor girl's want of spirit in consenting to be moped up in the country, while Montraville was enjoying all the pleasures of a gay, dissipated city. When she heard of his marriage, she smiling said: "So there's an end of Madame Charlotte's hopes. I wonder who will take her now, or what will become of the little affected prude?"

Digitized by Google

But, as you have led to the subject, I think we may as well return to the distressed Charlotte, and not, like the unfeeling Mrs. Crayton, shut our hearts to the call of humanity.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXIX

WE GO FORWARD AGAIN

THE strength of Charlotte's constitution combated against her disorder, and she began slowly to recover, tho she still labored under a violent depression of spirits: how must that depression be increased, when upon examining her little store, she found herself reduced to one solitary guinea, and that during her illness the attendance of an apothecary and nurse, together with many other unavoidable expenses, had involved her in debt, from which she saw no method of extricating herself. As to the faint hope which she had entertained of hearing from and being relieved by her parents; it now entirely forsook her, for it was above four months since her letter was dispatched, and she had received no an-

Digitized by Google

swer; she, therefore, imagined that her conduct had either entirely alienated their affection from her, or broken their hearts, and she must never more hope to receive their blessings.

Never did any human being wish for death with greater fervency or with juster cause; yet she had too just a sense of the duties of the Christian religion to attempt to put a period to her own existence. "I have but to be patient a little longer," she would cry, "and nature, fatigued and fainting, will throw off this heavy load of mortality, and I shall be relieved from all my sufferings."

It was one cold, stormy day in the latter end of December, as Charlotte sat by a handful of fire, the low state of her finances not allowing her to replenish her stock of fuel, and prudence teaching her to be careful of what she had, when she was surprised by the entrance of a farmer's wife, who, without much

Digitized by Google

ceremony, seated herself and began this curious harangue.

"I'm come to see if as how you can pay your rent, because as how we hear Captain Montable is gone away, and it's fifty to one if he b'ant killed afore he comes back again; and then, miss or ma'am, or whatever you may be, as I was saying to my husband, where are we to look for our money?"

This was a stroke altogether unexpected by Charlotte: she knew so little of the ways of the world that she had never bestowed a thought on the payment for the rent of the house; she knew, indeed, that she owed a good deal, but this was never reckoned among the others: she was thunderstruck; she hardly knew what answer to make, yet it was absolutely necessary that she should say something; and judging of the gentleness of every female disposition by her own, she thought the best way to interest the woman in her favor would be to tell her candidly to

Digitized by Google

what a situation she was reduced, and how little probability there was of her ever paying anybody.

Alas, poor Charlotte; how confined was her knowledge of human nature, or she would have been convinced that the only way to insure the friendship and assistance of your surrounding acquaintance, is to convince them that you do not require it, for when once the petrifying aspect of distress and penury appear, whose qualities, like Medusa's head, can change to stone all that look upon it; when once this Gorgon claims acquaintance with us, the phantom of friendship, that before courted our notice, will vanish into unsubstantial air, and the whole world before us appear a barren waste. Pardon me, ye dear spirits of benevolence, whose benign smiles and cheerful-giving hand have strewed sweet flowers on many a thorny path through which my wayward fate forced me to pass; think not, that in condemning the un-

Digitized by Google

feeling texture of the human heart, I forget the spring from whence flow all the comforts I enjoy: oh, no! I look up to you as to bright constellations, gathering new splendors from the surrounding darkness; but, ah! whilst I adore the benignant rays that cheered and illumined my heart, I mourn that their influence can not extend to all the sons and daughters of affliction.

"Indeed, madam," said poor Charlotte, in a tremulous accent, "I am at a loss what to do. Montraville placed me here and promised to defray all my expenses: but he has forgot his promise, he has forsaken me, and I have no friend who has either power or will to relieve me. Let me hope, as you see my unhappy situation, your charity——"

"Charity!" cried the woman, impatiently interrupting her, "charity, indeed: why, mistress, charity begins at home, and I have seven children at home, *honest, lawful* children, and it is

Digitized by Google

my duty to keep them; and do you think I will give away my property to a nasty, impudent hussy, to maintain her and her bastard; an I was saying to my husband the other day, what will this world come to; honest women are nothing nowadays, while the harlotings are set up for fine ladies, and look upon us no more nor the dirt they walk upon: but let me tell you, my fine spoken ma'am, I must have my money: so seeing as how you can't pay it, why, you must troop, and leave all your fine gimcracks and fal-der-ralls behind you. I don't ask for no more than my right, and nobody shall dare for to go for to hinder me of it."

"Oh, heavens!" cried Charlotte, clasping her hands, "what will become of me?"

"Come on ye!" retorted the unfeeling wretch: "why, go to the barracks and work for a morsel of bread; wash and mend the soldiers' cloaths, an cook

Digitized by Google

their victuals, and not expect to live in idleness on honest peoples' means. Oh, I wish I could see the day when all such cattle were obliged to work hard and eat little; it's only what they deserve."

"Father of mercy," cried Charlotte, "I acknowledge Thy correction just; but prepare me, I beseech Thee, for the portion of misery Thou may'st please to lay upon me."

"Well," said the woman, "I shall go an tell my husband as how you can't pay; and so, d'ye see, ma'am, get ready to be packing away this very night, for you should not stay another night in this house, tho I were sure you would lay in the street."

Charlotte bowed her head in silence; but the anguish of her heart was too great to permit her to articulate a single word.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXX

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep. [1]

WHEN Charlotte was left to herself, she began to think what course she must take, or to whom she should apply, to prevent her perishing for want, or perhaps that very night falling a victim to the inclemency of the season. After many perplexed thoughts she at last determined to set out for New York and inquire out Mrs. Crayton, from whom she had no doubt but she should obtain immediate relief as soon as her distress was made known; she had no sooner formed this resolution than she resolved immediately to put it in execution: she therefore wrote the following little billet to Mrs. Crayton, thinking

[1] These lines are Goldsmith's.

Digitized by Google

if she should have company with her, it would be better to send it in than to request to see her.

"To Mrs. Clayton:

"Madam, When we left our native land, that dear happy land which now contains all that is dear to the wretched Charlotte, our prospects were the same; we both, pardon me, madam, if I say, we both too easily followed the impulse of our treacherous hearts, and trusted our happiness on a tempestuous ocean, where mine has been wrecked and lost forever; you have been more fortunate—you are united to a man of honor and humanity, united by the most sacred ties, respected, esteemed, and admired, and surrounded by innumerable blessings of which I am bereaved, enjoying those pleasures which have fled my bosom, never to return; alas! sorrow and deep regret have taken their place. Behold me, madam, a poor, forsaken wanderer, who has not where to lay her weary head, wherewith to supply the wants of nature, or to shield her from the inclemency of the weather. To you I sue, to you I look for pity and relief. I ask not to be received as an intimate or an equal; only for charity's sweet sake,

Digitized by Google

receive me into your hospitable mansion, allot me the meanest apartment in it, and let me breathe out my soul in prayers for your happiness; I can not, I feel I can not long bear up under the accumulated woes that pour in upon me; but oh! my dear madam, for the love of Heaven, suffer me not to expire in the street; and when I am at peace, as soon I shall be, extend your compassion to my helpless offspring, should it please Heaven that it should survive its unhappy mother. A gleam of joy breaks in on my benighted soul, while I reflect that you can not, will not, refuse your protection to the heart-broken CHARLOTTE."

When Charlotte had finished this letter, late as it was in the afternoon, and tho the snow began to fall very fast, she tied up a few necessaries, which she had prepared against her expected confinement, and terrified lest she should be again exposed to the insults of her barbarous landlady, more dreadful to her wounded spirit than either storm or darkness, she set forward for New York.[1]

[1] The identity of the house which Charlotte was now

Digitized by Google

It may be asked by those who, in a work of this kind, love to cavil at every trifling omission, whether Charlotte did not possess any valuable of which she could have disposed, and by that means have supported herself till Mrs. Beauchamp's return, when she would have been certain of receiving every tender attention which compassion and friendship could dictate: but let me entreat these wise, penetrating gentlemen to re-

---

leaving with a house shown on the Ratzen map has already been referred to in the Introduction. It is interesting to note further than in Watson's "Annals," published in 1846, its location is given as what was then No. 24 Bowery, the edifice being described as "a low wooden house." Watson gives Dr. John W. Francis, the author of "Old New York," as his authority for the statement that Charlotte lived in this house. Dr. Francis, at the time when Watson wrote, was 57 years old, and had spent his life in New York, where he was born in 1789.

The Bowery at that point is now accessible from the west, not only by Pell Street, but by another street, called Doyers, which turns northerly and soon enters Pell, thus making a small triangular block bounded by Doyers, Pell, and the Bowery. Within this enclosure originally stood the two houses shown on the Ratzen map, Charlotte's house being subsequently removed to the northwest corner of Pell and the Bowery, where, as already stated, it was known as "The Old Tree House."

Digitized by Google

flect, that when Charlotte left England, it was in such haste that there was no time to purchase anything more than what was wanted for immediate use on the voyage, and after her arrival at New York, Montraville's affection soon began to decline, so that her whole wardrobe consisted of only necessaries; and as to the baubles, with which fond lovers often load their mistresses, she possessed not one, except a plain gold locket of small value, which contained a lock of her mother's hair, and which the greatest extremity of want could not have forced her to part with.

I hope, sir, your prejudices are now removed in regard to the probability of my story? Oh, they are. Well, then, with your leave, I will proceed. The distance from the house which our suffering heroine occupied, to New York, was not very great; yet the snow fell so fast, and the cold so intense, that, being unable from her situation to walk quick, she found

Digitized by Google

herself almost sinking with cold and fatigue before she reached the town; her garments, which were merely suitable to the summer season, being an undress robe of plain white muslin, were wet through; and a thin, black cloak and bonnet, very improper habiliments for such a climate, but poorly defended her from the cold. In this situation she reached the city, and inquired of a foot-soldier whom she met, the way to Colonel Crayton's.

"Bless you, my sweet lady," said the soldier, with a voice and look of compassion, "I will show you the way with all my heart; but if you are going to make a petition to Madame Crayton, it is all to no purpose, I assure you: if you please, I will conduct you to Mr. Franklin's: tho Miss Julia is married and gone now, yet the old gentleman is very good."

"Julia Franklin," said Charlotte; "is she not married to Montraville?"

"Yes," replied the soldier, "and may

Digitized by Google

God bless them, for a better officer never lived, he is so good to us all; and as to Miss Julia, all the poor folks almost worshiped her."

"Gracious Heaven!" cried Charlotte, "is Montraville unjust then to none but me?"

The soldier now showed her Colonel Crayton's door, and with a beating heart she knocked for admission.[1]

[1] In attempts heretofore made to establish the identity of this house, two famous Colonial homes have been brought into the discussion — the Franklin and the Walton. The former was perhaps first suggested in consequence of its name, but, as already pointed out, the Julia Franklin episode in "Charlotte Temple" never occurred in real life.

The Franklin house stood at the northwest corner of Franklin Square and Cherry Street, the site being now overshadowed by one of the arches of the approach to the Brooklyn Bridge. It was built in 1770, and few, if any, private houses in America at that time, were more imposing. During Washington's residence in New York as President, beginning in 1789, it was his first home.

The Walton house, of which the Franklin house was a rival, stood a little further south on Pearl Street, near Franklin Square, and had been built twenty years earlier, when no home in America was quite its equal in architectural splendor or in furnishings. Its owner, William Walton, was a commercial magnate who, in the late Colonial times, entertained with such exceptional munificence, that his expenditures were cited in Parliament as evidence of the ability of people in the Colonies to bear the burden of the Stamp Tax.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXXI[1]

SUBJECT CONTINUED

WHEN the door was opened, Charlotte, in a voice rendered scarcely articulate, through cold and the extreme agitation of her mind, demanded whether Mrs. Crayton was at home; the servant hesitated: he knew that his lady was engaged at a game of picquet with her dear Corydon, nor could he think she would like to be disturbed by a person whose appearance spoke her of so little consequence as Charlotte; yet there was something in her countenance that rather interested him in her favor, and he said his lady was engaged; but if she had any particular message he would deliver it.

"Take up this letter," said Charlotte,

[1] By mistake this chapter is numbered XXXVII. in the first American edition.

Digitized by Google

"tell her the unhappy writer of it waits in the hall for an answer."

The tremulous accent, the tearful eye, must have moved any heart not composed of adamant. The man took the letter from the poor suppliant, and hastily ascended the staircase.

"A letter, madam," said he, presenting it to his lady; "an immediate answer is required."

Mrs. Crayton glanced her eye carelessly over the contents. "What stuff is this"; cried she, haughtily; "have not I told you a thousand times that I will not be plagued with beggars and petitions from people one knows nothing about? Go tell the woman I can't do anything in it. I'm sorry, but one can't relieve everybody."

The servant bowed, and heavily returned with this chilling message to Charlotte.

"Surely," said she, "Mrs. Crayton has not read my letter. Go, my good friend,

Digitized by Google

pray, go back to her; tell her it is Charlotte Temple who requests beneath her hospitable roof to find shelter from the inclemency of the season."

"Prithee, don't plague me, man," cried Mrs. Crayton, impatiently, as the servant advanced something in behalf of the unhappy girl. "I tell you I don't know her."

"Not know me!" cried Charlotte, rushing into the room (for she had followed the man up-stairs), "not know me —not remember the ruined Charlotte Temple, who, but for you, perhap might still have been innocent, still have been happy. Oh! La Rue, this is beyond everything I could have believed possible."

"Upon my honor, miss," replied the unfeeling woman with the utmost effrontery, "this is a most unaccountable address: it is beyond my comprehension. John," continued she, turning to the servant, "the young woman is cer-

Digitized by Google

tainly out of her senses; do pray take her away, she terrifies me to death."

"Oh, God!" cried Charlotte, clasping her hands in an agony, "this is too much; what will become of me? but I will not leave you; they shall not tear me from you; here on my knees I conjure you to save me from perishing in the street; if you really have forgotten me, O, for charity's sweet sake, this night let me be sheltered from the winter's piercing cold."

The kneeling figure of Charlotte, in her affecting situation, might have moved the heart of a stoic to compassion; but Mrs. Crayton remained inflexible. In vain did Charlotte recount the time they had known each other at Chichester; in vain mention their being in the same ship; in vain were the names of Montraville and Belcour mentioned. Mrs. Crayton could only say she was sorry for her imprudence, but could not think of having her own reputation en-

Digitized by Google

dangered by encouraging a woman of that kind in her own house; besides, she did not know what trouble and expense she might bring upon her husband by giving shelter to a woman in her situation.

"I can at least die here," said Charlotte. "I feel I can not long survive this dreadful conflict. Father of mercy, here let me finish my existence." Her agonizing sensations overpowered her, and she fell senseless on the floor.

"Take her away," said Mrs. Crayton; "she will really frighten me into hysterics; take her away, I say, this instant."

"And where must I take the poor creature?" said the servant, with a voice and look of compassion.

"Anywhere," cried she, hastily, "only don't let me ever see her again. I declare she has flurried me so, I sha'n't be myself again this fortnight."

John, assisted by his fellow servant,

Digitized by Google

raised and carried her down-stairs. "Poor soul," said he, "you shall not lay in the street this night. I have a bed and a poor little hovel, where my wife and her little ones rest them; but they shall watch to-night and you shall be sheltered from danger." They placed her in a chair; and the benevolent man, assisted by one of his comrades, carried her to the place where his wife and children lived. A surgeon was sent for; he bled her; she gave signs of returning life, and before the dawn gave birth to a female infant. After this event, she lay for some hours in a kind of stupor; and, if at any time she spoke, it was with a quickness and incoherence that plainly evinced the total deprivation of her reason.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXXII

REASONS WHY AND WHEREFORE

THE reader of sensibility may perhaps be astonished to find Mrs. Crayton could so positively deny any knowledge of Charlotte; it is, therefore, but just that her conduct should in some measure be accounted for.

She had ever been fully sensible of the superiority of Charlotte's sense and virtue; she was conscious that she had never swerved from rectitude had it not been for her bad precepts and worse example. These were things as yet unknown to her husband; and she wished not to have that part of her conduct exposed to him, as she had great reason to fear she had already lost considerable part of that power she once maintained over him. She trembled whilst Charlotte was in the

Digitized by Google

house, lest the colonel should return; she perfectly well remembered how much he seemed interested in her favor, whilst on their passage from England, and made no doubt but, should he see her in her present distress, he would offer her an asylum, and protect her to the utmost of his power. In that case, she feared the unguarded nature of Charlotte might discover to the colonel the part she had taken in the unhappy girl's elopement, and she well knew the contrast between her own and Charlotte's conduct, would make the former appear in no very respectable light. Had she reflected properly, she would have afforded the poor girl protection; and, by enjoining her silence, insured it by acts of repeated kindness; but vice in general blinds its votaries, and they discover their real characters to the world when they are most studious to preserve appearances.

Just so it happened with Mrs. Crayton: her servants made no scruple of

Digitized by Google

mentioning the cruel conduct of their lady to a poor distressed lunatic who claimed her protection; every one joined in reprobating her inhumanity; nay, even Corydon thought she might at least have ordered her to be taken care of, but he dare not even hint it to her, for he lived but in her smiles, and drew from her lavish fondness large sums to support an extravagance to which the state of his own finances was very inadequate: it can not therefore be supposed that he wished Mrs. Crayton to be very liberal in her bounty to the afflicted suppliant; yet vice had not so entirely seared over his heart but the sorrows of Charlotte could find a vulnerable part.

Charlotte had now been three days with her humane preservers, but she was totally insensible of everything; she raved incessantly for Montraville and her father; she was not conscious of being a mother, nor took the least notice of her child, except to ask whose it was,

Digitized by Google

and why it was not carried to its parents.

"Oh!" said she one day, starting up on hearing the infant cry, "why, why, will you keep that child here; I am sure you would not if you knew how hard it was for a mother to be parted from her infant: it is like tearing the cords of life asunder. Oh! could you see the horrid sight which I now behold—there—there stands my dear mother, her poor bosom bleeding at every vein; her gentle, affectionate heart torn in a thousand pieces, and all for the loss of a ruined, ungrateful child. Save me—save me—from her frown! I dare not—indeed I dare not speak to her."

Such were the dreadful images that haunted her distracted mind, and nature was sinking fast under the dreadful malady which medicine had no power to remove. The surgeon who attended her was a humane man; he exerted his utmost abilities to save her; but he saw

Digitized by Google

she was in want of many necessaries and comforts which the poverty of her hospitable host rendered him unable to provide; he therefore determined to make her situation known to some of the officers' ladies, and endeavor to make a collection for her relief.

When he returned home after making this resolution, he found a message from Mrs. Beauchamp, who had just arrived from Rhode Island, requesting he would call and see one of her children, who was very unwell. "I do not know," said he, as he was hastening to obey the summons, "I do not know a woman to whom I could apply with more hope of success than Mrs. Beauchamp. I will endeavor to interest her in this poor girl's behalf; she wants the soothing balm of friendly consolation: we may perhaps save her; we will try, at least."

"And where is she?" cried Mrs. Beauchamp, when he had prescribed something for the child, and told his little pa-

Digitized by Google

thetic tale, "where is she, sir? we will go to her immediately. Heaven forbid that I should be deaf to the calls of humanity. Come, we will go this instant." Then seizing the doctor's arm, they sought the habitation that contained the dying Charlotte.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXXIII

WHICH PEOPLE VOID OF FEELING NEED NOT READ

WHEN Mrs. Beauchamp entered the apartment of the poor sufferer, she started back with horror. On a wretched bed, without hangings and but poorly supplied with covering, lay the emaciated figure of what still retained the semblance of a lovely woman, tho sickness had so altered her features that Mrs. Beauchamp had not the least recollection of her person. In one corner of the room stood a woman washing, and shivering over a small fire, two healthy, but half-naked children; the infant was asleep beside its mother, and on a chair by the bedside stood a porringer and wooden spoon containing a little gruel, and a tea-cup with about two spoonfuls of wine in

Digitized by Google

it. Mrs. Beauchamp had never before beheld such a scene of poverty; she shuddered involuntarily, and exclaiming—"heaven preserve us!" leaned on the back of a chair, ready to sink to the earth. The doctor repented having so precipitately brought her into this affecting scene; but there was no time for apologies: Charlotte caught the sound of her voice, and starting almost out of bed, exclaimed—"Angel of peace and mercy, art thou come to deliver me? Oh, I know you are, for whenever you was near me I felt eased of half my sorrows; but you don't know me, nor can I, with all the recollection I am mistress of, remember your name just now; but I know that benevolent countenance and the softness of that voice, which has so often comforted the wretched Charlotte."

Mrs. Beauchamp had, during the time Charlotte was speaking, seated herself on the bed: and taking one of her hands she looked at her attentively, and at the

Digitized by Google

name of Charlotte she perfectly conceived the whole shocking affair. A faint sickness came over her. "Gracious Heaven!" said she, "is this possible?" and bursting into tears, she reclined the burning head of Charlotte on her own bosom; and folding her arms about her, wept over her in silence. "Oh," said Charlotte, "you are very good to weep thus for me: it is a long time since I shed a tear for myself: my head and heart are both on fire; but these tears of yours seem to cool and refresh it. Oh, now I remember you said you would send a letter to my poor father: do you think he ever received it? or perhaps you have brought me an answer: why don't you speak, madam? Does he say I may go home? Well, he is very good: I shall soon be ready."

She then made an effort to get out of bed; but being prevented, her frenzy again returned, and she raved with the greatest wildness and incoherence. Mrs.

Digitized by Google

Beauchamp, finding it was impossible for her to be removed, contented herself with ordering the apartment to be made more comfortable, and procuring a proper nurse for both mother and child; and having learned the particulars of Charlotte's fruitless application to Mrs. Crayton from honest John, she amply rewarded him for his benevolence, and returned home with a heart oppressed with many painful sensations, but yet rendered easy by the reflection that she had performed her duty towards a distressed fellow creature.

Early the next morning she again visited Charlotte, and found her tolerably composed; she called her by name, thanked her for her goodness, and when her child was brought to her, pressed it in her arms, wept over it, and called it the offspring of disobedience. Mrs. Beauchamp was delighted to see her so much amended, and began to hope she might recover, and spite of her former errors, become an

Digitized by Google

useful and respectable member of society; but the arrival of the doctor put an end to these delusive hopes: he said nature was making her last effort, and a few hours would most probably consign the unhappy girl to her kindred dust.

Being asked how she found herself, she replied—"Why, better, much better, doctor. I hope now I have but little more to suffer. I had last night a few hours' sleep, and when I awoke recovered the full power of recollection. I am quite sensible of my weakness; I feel I have but little longer to combat with the shafts of affliction. I have an humble confidence in the mercy of Him who died to save the world, and trust that my sufferings in this state of mortality, joined to my unfeigned repentance, through His mercy, have blotted my offences from the sight of my offended Maker. I have but one care—my poor infant! Father of mercy!" continued she, raising her eyes, "of Thy infinite goodness, grant

Digitized by Google

that the sins of the parent be not visited on the unoffending child. May those who taught me to despise Thy laws be forgiven; lay not my offences to their charge I beseech Thee; and oh! shower the choicest of Thy blessings on those whose pity has soothed the afflicted heart, and made easy even the bed of pain and sickness."

She was exhausted by this fervent address to the throne of mercy, and tho her lips still moved, her voice became inarticulate: she lay for some time, as it were, in a doze, and then recovering, faintly pressed Mrs. Beauchamp's hand, and requested that a clergyman might be sent for.

On his arrival she joined fervently in the pious office, frequently mentioning her ingratitude to her parents as what lay most heavy at her heart. When she had performed the last solemn duty, and was preparing to lie down, a little bustle on the outside door occasioned Mrs.

Digitized by Google

Beauchamp to open it and inquire the cause. A man, in appearance about forty, presented himself, and asked for Mrs. Beauchamp.

"That is my name, sir," said she.

"Oh, then, my dear madam," cried he, "tell me where I may find my poor, ruined, but repentant child."

Mrs. Beauchamp was surprised and affected; she knew not what to say; she foresaw the agony this interview would occasion Mr. Temple, who had just arrived in search of his Charlotte, and yet was sensible that the pardon and blessing of her father would soften even the agonies of death to the daughter.

She hesitated. "Tell me, madam," cried he, wildly, "tell me, I beseech thee, does she live? shall I see my darling once again? Perhaps she is in this house. Lead, lead me to her, that I may bless her, and then lie down and die."

The ardent manner in which he uttered these words occasioned him to raise

Digitized by Google

his voice. It caught the ear of Charlotte: she knew the beloved sound: and uttering a loud shriek, she sprang forward as Mr. Temple entered the room. "My adored father." "My long lost child." Nature could support no more, and they both sunk lifeless into the arms of the attendants.

Charlotte was again put into bed, and a few moments restored Mr. Temple: but to describe the agony of his sufferings is past the power of any one, who tho they may readily conceive, can not delineate the dreadful scene. Every eye gave testimony of what each heart felt—but all were silent.

When Charlotte recovered, she found herself supported in her father's arms. She cast on him a most expressive look, but was unable to speak. A reviving cordial was administered. She then asked in a low voice for her child: it was brought to her: she put it in her father's

Digitized by Google

arms. "Protect her," said she, "and bless your dying——"

Unable to finish the sentence, she sunk back on her pillow: her countenance was serenely composed; she regarded her father as he pressed the infant to his breast, with a steadfast look; a sudden beam of joy passed across her languid features: she raised her eyes to heaven—and then closed them forever.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXXIV

RETRIBUTION

In the meantime, Montraville having received orders to return to New York, arrived, and having still some remains of compassionate tenderness for the woman whom he regarded as brought to shame by himself he went out in search of Belcour, to inquire whether she was safe, and whether the child lived. He found him immersed in dissipation, and could gain no other intelligence than that Charlotte had left him, and that he knew not what was become of her.

"I can not believe it possible," said Montraville, "that a mind once so pure as Charlotte Temple's should so suddenly become the mansion of vice. Beware, Belcour," continued he, "beware if you have dared to behave either un-

Digitized by Google

justly or dishonorably to that poor girl, your life shall pay the forfeit:—I will revenge her cause."

He immediately went into the country, to the house where he had left Charlotte. It was desolate. After much inquiry he at length found the servant girl who had lived with her. From her he learnt the misery Charlotte had endured from the complicated evils of illness, poverty, and a broken heart, and that she had set out on foot for New York on a cold winter's evening; but she could inform him no further.

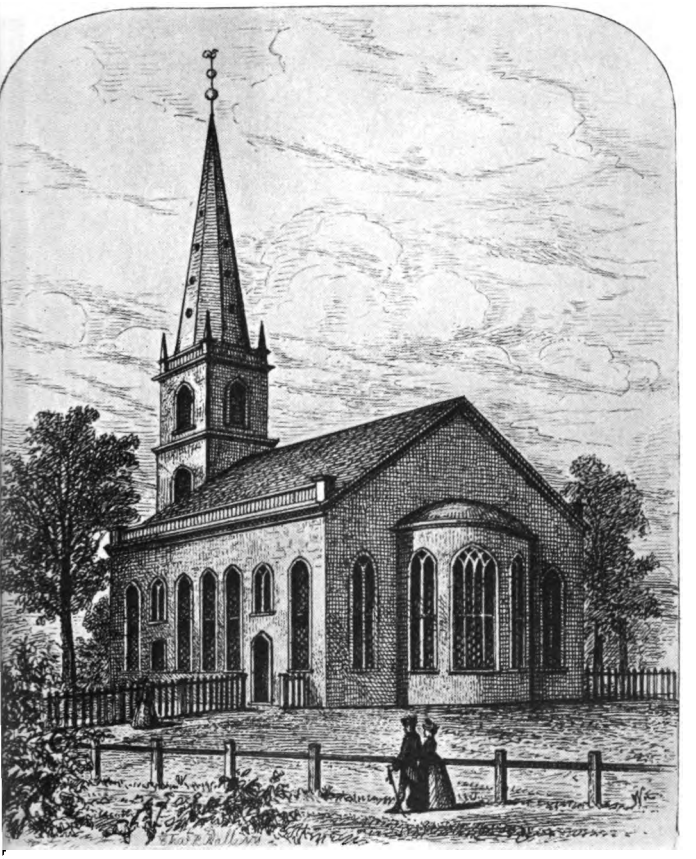
Tortured almost to madness by this shocking account, he returned to the city, but before he reached it, the evening was drawing to a close. In entering the town, he was obliged to pass several little huts,[1] the residences of poor women, who supported themselves by washing

[1] These stood upon the highway which was long known as Chatham Street. It is now that part of Park Row which extends from Brooklyn Bridge to Chatham Square.

Digitized by Google

the clothes of the officers and soldiers. It was nearly dark; he heard from a neighboring steeple a solemn toll that seemed to say, some poor mortal was going to their last mansion: the sound struck on the heart of Montraville, and he involuntarily stopped, when from one of the houses he saw the appearance of a funeral. Almost unknowing what he did, he followed at a small distance; and as they let the coffin into the grave, he inquired of a soldier, who stood by, and had just brushed off a tear that did honor to his heart, who it was that was just buried. "An' please your honor," said the man, "'tis a poor girl that was brought from her friends by a cruel man, who left her when she was big with child, and married another." Montraville stood motionless, and the man proceeded—"I met her myself, not a fortnight since, one night, all wet and cold in the streets; she went to Madam Crayton's, but she would not take her in and so the poor thing went

Digitized by Google



TRINITY CHURCH AT THE TIME OF CHARLOTTE'S DEATH
From an old print

UNIV. OF
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

raving mad." Montraville could bear no more; he struck his hands against his forehead with violence, and exclaiming, "poor murdered Charlotte!" ran with precipitation towards the place where they were heaping the earth on her remains. "Hold—hold! one moment," said he, "close not the grave of the injured Charlotte Temple, till I have taken vengeance on her murderer."

"Rash young man," said Mr. Temple, "who art thou that thus disturbest the last mournful rites of the dead, and rudely breakest in upon the grief of an afflicted father?"

"If thou art the father of Charlotte Temple," said he, gazing at him with mingled horror and amazement—"if thou art her father—I am Montraville."

Then, falling on his knees, he continued—"Here is my bosom. I bare it to receive the stroke I merit. Strike—strike now, and save me from the misery of reflection."

Digitized by Google

"Alas!" said Mr. Temple, "if thou wert the seducer of my child, thy own reflections be thy punishment. I wrest not the power from the hand of Omnipotence. Look on that little heap of earth; there hast thou buried the only joy of a fond father. Look at it often; and may thy heart feel such true sorrow as shall merit the mercy of Heaven." He turned from him, and Montraville, starting up from the ground where he had thrown himself, and at that instant remembering the perfidy of Belcour, flew like lightning to his lodgings. Belcour was intoxicated; Montraville impetuous; they fought, and the sword of the latter entered the heart of his adversary. He fell, and expired almost instantly. Montraville had received a slight wound: and, overcome with the agitation of his mind, and loss of blood, was carried in a state of insensibility to his distracted wife. A dangerous illness and obstinate delirium ensued, during which he raved incessant-

Digitized by Google

MONTRAVILLE AT CHARLOTTE'S FUNERAL

From a woodcut in the sensational Philadelphia edition of 1865

Digitized by Google
UNIV. OF ILL.

Digitized by Google

ly for Charlotte: but a strong constitution and the tender assiduities of Julia, in time overcome the disorder. He recovered, but to the end of his life was subject to severe fits of melancholy, and while he remained at New York,[1] frequently retired to the churchyard, where he would weep over the grave, and regret the untimely fate of the lovely Charlotte Temple.

[1] Colonel Montrésor, it will be recalled, sailed from New York with his family in the autumn of 1778, never to return.

Mrs. Rowson, in "Lucy Temple," says Colonel Franklin (that is, Montraville) "returned to his own country, which he had left nine years before a captain of artillery, with little besides his pay, an honorable descent, and fair character, to receive the thanks of royalty for his intrepidity [an honor which, as a matter of fact, Colonel Montrésor is known to have received], and to dash into the world of splendor and gaiety. Promoted to the rank of colonel of artillery, and having had the office of Chief Engineer during his service abroad [the exact office, be it remembered, which Colonel Montrésor held in America], he stood in an elevated rank and associated with the first personages in the kingdom." After Colonel Franklin's early death, his widow, discontented in England, "embarked for New York with the whole of her family," and later "purchased a beautiful seat on the banks of the Delaware," where she continued to live "in the enjoyment of all the happiness which was to be derived from the society of her family and the delightful serenity of nature."

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXXV

CONCLUSION

SHORTLY after the interment of his daughter, Mr. Temple, with his dear little charge and her nurse, set forward for England. It would be impossible to do justice to the meeting-scene between him, his Lucy, and her aged father. Every heart of sensibility can easily conceive their feelings. After the first tumult of grief was subsided, Mrs. Temple gave up the chief of her time to her grandchild, and as she grew up and improved, began to almost fancy she again possessed her Charlotte.

It was about ten years after these painful events, that Mr. and Mrs. Temple, having buried their father, were obliged to come to London on particular business,[1] and brought the little Lucy

[1] In "Lucy Temple" the death of Colonel Blakeney

Digitized by Google

CHARLOTTE'S TOMBSTONE

From an old woodcut (about 1850) in the Lenox Library

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

with them. They had been walking one evening, when, on their return they found a poor wretch sitting on the steps of the door. She attempted to rise as they approached, but from extreme weakness was unable, and after several fruitless efforts fell back in a fit. Mr. Temple was not one of those men who stand to consider whether by assisting an object in distress they shall not inconvenience themselves, but, instigated by the impulse of a noble, feeling heart, immediately ordered her to be carried into the house and proper restoratives applied.

---

is said to have occurred when Lucy was ten years old. By the "particular business" above referred to, Mrs. Rowson may have had in mind the settlement of his will under which Lucy came into possession of £20,000.

Lieutenant-Colonel Grice Blakeney, of the British army, who died about 1785, as already stated in the Introduction, has been identified as the original of the Blakeney of "Charlotte Temple" and "Lucy Temple." He belonged to an ancient English family long settled in Norfolk, where they possessed a considerable landed estate, but in the reign of Queen Elizabeth removed to Ireland. In Galway they still have their seat, which is called Castle Blakeney. Colonel Blakeney's direct connection with the family in Ireland is indicated in Burke's "Landed Gentry." He is described there as an army officer "who died unmarried."

Digitized by Google

She soon recovered; and fixing her eyes on Mrs. Temple, cried—"You know not, madam, what you do; you know not whom you are relieving, or you would curse me in the bitterness of your heart. Come not near me, madam, I shall contaminate you. I am the viper that stung your peace. I am the woman who turned the poor Charlotte out to perish in the street. Heaven have mercy! I see her now," continued she, looking at Lucy; "such, such was the fair bud of innocence that my vile arts blasted ere it was half blown."

It was in vain that Mr. and Mrs. Temple entreated her to be composed and to take some refreshment. She only drank half a glass of wine; and then told them that she had been separated from her husband seven years, the chief of which she had passed in riot, dissipation and vice, till, overtaken by poverty and sickness, she had been reduced to part with every valuable, and thought only of end-

Digitized by Google

ing her life in a prison; when a benevolent friend paid her debts and released her; but that, her illness increasing, she had no possible means of supporting herself, and her friends were weary of relieving her. "I have fasted," said she, "two days, and last night laid my aching head on the cold pavement: indeed, it was but just that I should experience those miseries myself, which I had unfeelingly inflicted on others."

Greatly as Mr. Temple had reason to detest Mrs. Crayton, he could not behold her in this distress without some emotions of pity. He gave her shelter that night beneath his hospitable roof, and the next day got her admission into an hospital: where, having lingered a few weeks, she died, a striking example that vice, however prosperous in the beginning, in the end leads only to misery and shame.

FINIS.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

INDEX

Abercrombie, General James, lxxv.
Abington, Mass., xxi.
Adams, Samuel, xxii.
Ainslie, Edward, lxxxix.
Albany, N. Y., xxviii., lxxi.
Alexandria, Va., xcviii.
Altemus, Henry, cvi.
"America, Commerce and Freedom," xxvi.
"Americans in England," xxiv.
Amherst, General Jeffery, lxxii., lxxv.
André, John, lxxv.
Andrus, Gauntlett & Co., civ.
Annapolis, Md., xxiii.
"Appleton's Dictionary of National Biography," l.
Astor Library, the, xci.

Bacon, John B. ("John Tripod"), an article by, xxxv.; describes Lucy Blakeney's coming to New York, lvii.-lviii.; describes theft of the inscription plate in Trinity churchyard, lxii.-lxiii.
Baltimore, Md., xxiii.
Barbauld, Anna Letitia, lxvi.
Barclay & Co., civ., cv.
Bayard Street, xlvii.
Beach, Lazarus, ci.
Beauchamp, Mrs., as Mrs. Rowson's authority for the story of Charlotte Temple, xlii; her home

Digitized by Google

in New York near Charlotte's, xlviii.; meets her father, Colonel Crayton, I., 130-132; inquires as to Charlotte, 130; takes a home near her, II., 23; calls on Charlotte, 23-25, 28-34; goes to Rhode Island, 48; writes to Charlotte, 70; returns from Rhode Island and goes to Charlotte, 111-112; assists Charlotte in her last illness, 113-114; meets Charlotte's father, 119-120.

Beauchamp, an officer in the British Army, xlii.; and Charlotte, II., 26-27; goes to Rhode Island, 48.

Belcour, in Charlotte's room, lxxiv.; at Chichester with Montraville, I., 7-10; character of, 73-74; encourages Charlotte to go with Montraville, 86; interested in Charlotte, 123; and Colonel Crayton, 126; calls on Charlotte, II., 21; poisons the mind of Montraville as to Charlotte, 41-43; again found in Charlotte's room, 45-46; his presence there explained, 48-50; and Mr. Franklin, 54; receives money from Montraville for Charlotte, 64-68; his designs on Charlotte, 65; suppresses letter from Charlotte to Montraville, 70; proposes to take Charlotte to New York, 73; announces to Charlotte Montraville's marriage, 71-78; deserts Charlotte, 78; becomes dissipated, 122; killed in a duel by Montraville, 126.

Bellevue, Colonel Franklin's home, lxxxvi.

Belmont, Colonel Montrésor's home in England, lxxxiv., lxxxvi.

"Ben Hur," lxv.

"Biblical Dialogues," xxvii.

Blakeney, Colonel Grice, identified as the Blakeney of "Charlotte Temple," lvii.-lviii.; II., 128-129; induces Mr. Temple to aid Mr. Eldridge, I., 14-16, 18; as the hero of "Charlotte Temple," 35.

Digitized by Google

Blakeney, Lucy, erects a memorial stone to her mother, Charlotte Temple, in Trinity churchyard, lvi., lvii.; becomes an heiress, lix.; an offer of marriage to, lxxxvii.; when ten years old, II., 128-129.
Bloomingdale Road, the, xlvi.
Boston, Mrs. Rowson acts in, xxiv.; Mrs. Rowson settles in, xxv., xxxix.; port of, closed, xliv.
Boston Post Road, the, xlvi.
Boston Tea Party, the, xliii.; I., 114.
Boston Weekly Magazine, the, xxvi.
Bowery, Charlotte Temple's home in the, xliv., xlvi.; II., 97.
Bowling Green, lxxix.
Braddock, General Edward, Colonel John Montrésor comes to America with, lxxi., lxxv.
Brandywine, Battle of the, lxxix.
Brattleborough, Vt., xcviii.
British Museum, the, xcii.
Brookfield, Mass., c.
Brooklyn, N. Y., lxxix.
Buckingham, Joseph T., xcvi.
Bull's Head Tavern, the, xlvi.
Bunker Hill, Battle of, xliv.
Burgoyne, General John, xxi., lxxxi.; the husband of Charlotte's aunt, I., 41.
Burke, Sir Bernard, his "Peerage," I., 41.
Burney, Fanny, lxvi.
Burtus, Samuel A., xcix.

Carey, Mathew, xcvii.
Catskill, N. Y., xcviii.
"Charlotte: A Tale of Truth," original title of "Charlotte Temple," xxiii.

Digitized by Google

"Charlotte Temple," why a new edition of, vii.-viii.; first American edition of, xxiv.; the sequel to, xxvi., lvi.; its remarkable survival, xxix.; innumerable editions of, xxx.; where now sold, xxxi., cviii.; corrupted text of, xxxii.-xxxiii.; condensed edition of, xxxiv.-xxxv.; sensational cover-title, to face page xxxiv.; as "A Tale of Truth," xl.; cause of its success, lxiv.-lxix.; little help for, from advertising or reviews, lxv.-lxviii.; one of the largest-selling books, lxv.; Mrs. Rowson on the origin of, I., 3-5; bibliography of, xci.-cix. See also *Temple, Charlotte, and Stanley, Charlotte.*
Chatham Square, when Charlotte Temple arrived in New York, xlv.; her home in, xlvi., xlvii.; an impossible scene in, ciii.
Chestnut Street Theatre, the, in Philadelphia, xxiii.
Chichester, England, I., 7, 10, 112.
"Children of the Abbey, The," xxix.
Clark, Haswell C., xxvii.
Clark, Mary, xxvii.
Clark, Rebecca Haswell, l., lix.
Clinton, General Sir Henry, lxxv., lxxviii.
Cobbett, William, attacks Mrs. Rowson, xxiv., lxvii.; Mrs. Rowson replies to, xliii.
Colden, Lieutenant-Governor Cadwallader, lxxvii.
Collister, Thomas, lvii.
Columbia University, lxxix.
Concord, N. H., xxx., xcix.
Conkey, —, cvi.
Cook, Increase & Co., xcviii.
Copley, John S., portrait by, lxxiii.
Cornish, L. & Co., cii.
Corydon, —, 85.
Cowper, William, lxv.; I., 117.

Digitized by Google

Crayton, Colonel, on the ship with Charlotte and Montraville, I., 118; his character, 120-121; yields to La Rue's designs, 121-122; intends to marry La Rue, 126; introduces La Rue to his daughter, 128-130; marries La Rue, 131; the marriage unhappy, II., 22-23, 83-84.
Crayton, Mrs, a fashionable favorite, II., 83-85; Charlotte resolves to visit, 94; a letter to, from Charlotte, 95; Charlotte calls on, 101; repulses Charlotte from her door, 102-105; her conduct accounted for, 107-109; found in London in distress, 130-131. See *La Rue.*
Critical Review, the, lxviii.
"Critique on Authors, A," xxiii.
Crommelin, William H., inscribed the tombstone in Trinity churchyard, lxi.-lxiii.
"Cyclopedia of American Literature," xxxi.

Dall, Caroline H., cv.
"David Harum," lxv.
Dawson, Henry B., identifies the site of Charlotte Temple's home, xlvi.-xlviii.
Derby, Countess of, I., 44.
Derby, the old Earl of, Charlotte's father his younger son, xli.; I., 41; marries Miss Weatherby, 44.
Derby, the young Earl of, I., 41.
Devonshire, Duchess of, xxi.-xxii.
Doyers Street, II., 97.
Du Pont, Madame, I., 8; described, 47; and Montraville's letter, 72; discovers Charlotte's distress, 91-92; finds Charlotte gone, 98-101.
Duyckinck, Evert, xcix.
Duyckinck, E. A., xxxi.

Digitized by Google

Eldridge, George, and his friend Lewis, I., 21-27, 28; death of, 31.
Eldridge, Lucy, Charlotte's mother, lvii.; in the Fleet Prison, I., 16-18, 19; and her brother's friend, Lewis, I., 26; and her brother, 28; supports her father, 34. See *Temple, Mrs. Henry.*
Eldridge, Mr., Charlotte's grandfather, lvii.-lviii.; tells the story of his misfortunes, I., 21-35; arrested for debt, 24-25; his goods seized, 32; helped by Mr. Temple, 34-37; calls at the school for Charlotte, 98-102; learns of her elopement, 102-105; returns to her parents, 105-107.
"Exercises in History," xxvi.

"Fastest Girl in New York, The," xxxvi.
Faversham, Kent, England, lxxxiv., lxxxvi.
Federal Book Co., cvi.
Federal Hall, New York, xliv.
"Female Patriot, The," xxiv.
Fessenden, Wm., xcviii.
First Continental Congress, the, xliv.
Fisher, civ, cv.
Fisher & Bros., civ.
Fisher & Denison, civ.
Flanagan, C., ci.
Fleet Prison, the, of London, lvii.; I., 15.
Flügel, J. S., ci.
Ford, Gordon L., xcii.
Ford, Paul Leicester, xcii.
Ford, Worthington C., xcii.
Fort Duquesne, Penn., lxxii., lxxv.
Fort George, on Lake George, lxxi.
Fourteenth Royal Dragoons, the, lviii.
Franklin House, the, II., 100.

Digitized by Google

Franklin Square, II., 11.
Franklin, Benjamin, xxv.; his autobiography, xxix.
Franklin, Colonel, lxxxvi.; his tragic death, lxxxix.
Franklin, Julia, lxxiv.; an account of, II., 11; how she met Montraville, 12-14; Montraville calls on, 15; his attentions to, 40-41, 53-55; engaged to Montraville, 63; their marriage announced to Charlotte, 76-77.
Franklin, Lieutenant, lxxxvii.-lxxxix.
Franklin, Mr., II., 12, 54, 99.
Fulton, Robert, li.
Funk & Wagnalls Company, the, cvii.

Gage, General Thomas, goes to Boston, xliv., lxxxviii.; misfortunes of, in Boston, lxxxi.; I., 114.
Gallatin, Albert, lii.
Gentleman's Magazine, the, lxvii.
George III., lxxix.
George IV., xxii.
Golden Hill, Battle of, xlv.
Goldsmith, Oliver, II., 94.
Graupner, Gotlieb, xxvii.
Griffith, H. M., cii.

Haldimand, General Sir Frederick, lxxv.
Halifax, N. S., xxi.
Halsey, Francis W., cviii.
Hamilton, Alexander, li.
Harlem Heights, Battle of, lxxix.
Harrisburg, Pa., xcviii.
Harrison, J., ci.
Hartford, Ct., xcviii., c., ci., cii.
Haswell, Mary, liv.

Digitized by Google

Haswell, Montrésor, liii.
Haswell, William (Mrs. Rowson's father), comes to America, xix., xx.; a pension for, xxii., liv.
Hill, Isaac, xcix.
Hill, Walton B., xcix.
Hingham, Mass., xxi.
Hobbs, R. C., cii.
Hone, Philip, lxiii., lxiv.
Howe, General Sir William, lxxv.; his return to England, lxxvi.; his landing in Kip's Bay, lxxviii.
"H. S. B.," lii.
Hudson, N. Y., xcviii.
Hurst & Co., cv., cvi.

Inchbald, Elizabeth, lxvi.
Inquisitor, the, xxiii.
Irwin, Theodore, cii.
Ithaca, N. Y., xxx.

James, U. P., ciii.
"John Tripod," xxx. See *Bacon, John B.*
Francis, Dr. John W., II., 97.
Judah, N., ci.
Judd, Loomis & Co., cii.

Kearney, General Philip, lii.
Kelby, William, lxi.
"Kick for a Bite, A," xxv.
Kip's Bay, lxxviii.
Knapp, Samuel L., xxvii., xc., xcv., ci.
Knyphausen, General, lxxxv.

Lake Champlain, lxxi.
Lake Erie, lxxi.

Digitized by Google

Langdon, S. J., ci.
La Rue, Mademoiselle, described, I., 47; tries to influence Charlotte, 55-61, 74; urges her to go with Montraville, 86, 92-94; meets Colonel Crayton, 118-119; to marry Colonel Crayton, 126-131. See *Crayton, Mrs.*
Lawrence, Captain James, lii.
Leary & Co., Wm. C., ciii.
Leavitt & Allen, ciii., civ.
Leavitt & Allen Bros., civ.
Leipzig, Germany, ci., cii.
Lewis, —, and George Eldridge, I., 21; and Lucy Eldridge, 26.
Lexington, Battle of, lxxviii.
Lippincott, J. B. & Co., cv.
Lomax, John, ci.
London, xxx.
Loudoun, General Lord, lxxv.
Louisbourg, Siege of, lxxii.
Lovell, J. W., cv.
"Lucy Temple," xxvii.; an outline of, xxxv., lvi.; as a transcript from real life, lxix.; Colonel Franklin in, lxxxvi., xc.; II., 127.
Lupton, F. M., cv.

Mack, Andrus & Co., ciii.
Mack, Andrus & Woodruff, cii.
Marlborough, Duke of, lxx.
Marsh, Richard, ciii.
"Mary; or, the Test of Honor," xxiii.
Matthews, William, cii.
McGown's Pass, in New York, lxxix.
Medford, Mass., xxvi.
"Mentoria," xxiv.

Digitized by Google

Mercantile Library Association, the, xlvii.
Merrifield, Preston, xcix.
"Merry Wives of Windsor, The," xxiv.
Middleton, Sir Charles, xxii.
Milner & Co., cvi.
"Miscellaneous Poems," xxvi.
Mischianze, the, lxxv.
Monk, General, lxx.
Monthly Review, the, lxvii.
Montraville, John, what is known as to the original of, viii., xlii., xlix., liii., lxxiv.; as to Colonel Franklin, lxxxvi.; at Chichester with Belcour, I., 7; meets Charlotte Temple, 8-12, 50; his letter to Charlotte, 61-63; meets her again, 71-73; his character, 74; pleads with Charlotte, 76-77; his family, 79; admonished by his father as to marriage, 80-82; takes leave of his father, 82; concludes he can not marry Charlotte, 83; meets Charlotte, 83-85; agrees to marry her, 87; induces her to elope with him, 95-96; sails with her for America, 112-115; suppresses her letter to her parents, 114; talks with her of La Rue's marriage to Colonel Crayton, 127-128; finds a home for her in New York, II., 4; meets Julia Franklin, 12-14; calls on her, 15; in love with her, 16; goes to see Charlotte, 17-18; writes to her, 19; Charlotte writes about him to her mother, 36; his attentions to Julia Franklin, 40-41; visits Charlotte, 44-45; remorseful as to his treatment of Charlotte, 52-53; meets Julia Franklin, 55-56; becomes engaged to her, 63; writes a farewell letter to Charlotte, 66; gives Belcour money for Charlotte, 68; his letter to Charlotte suppressed by Belcour, 70; Charlotte's rent not paid by, 91;

Digitized by Google

Charlotte calls for, in her last illness, 109; return of, to New York, 122; learns of Charlotte's fate and sees her buried, 125; meets her father at the funeral, 125; kills Belcour in a duel, 126; his melancholy and his later life, 127. See *Montrésor, Colonel John.*

Montrésor, Colonel James G., lxx.-lxxi.; portrait of, facing lxx.; family of, I., 81.

Montrésor, Colonel John, his map of New York, faces lxvi., lxvii.; his Journals published, liv.; as the original of Montraville, lxx.; portrait of, faces lxxii.; his early life in America, lxxii.; his marriage, lxxiii.; his home in New York, lxxiii.; Mrs. Rowson, his relative, lxxiv.; and Julia Franklin, lxxiv.; Chief Engineer in America, lxxv.; maps and plans by, lxxvi.; retires from service, lxxvii.; passages from the diary of, lxxvii.-lxxxi.; his last days, lxxxiii.-lxxxv., lxxxix.; later career of, resembles that of Colonel Franklin in "Lucy Temple," lxxxvi., xc.; suffers retribution, lxxxix.; his brother, I., 81; his last days, II., 127. See *Montraville, John.*

Moore, Sir Henry, xlvii.

More, Hannah, lxvi.

Munro, George, cv., cvi.

Musgrave, Susannah, xix.

Nafis, Cornish & Co., cii.

Nafis & Cornish, cii.

Nafis, N. C., cii.

Nantucket, Mass., xix., xx.

Nason, Rev. Elias, his memoir of Mrs. Rowson, xxviii.; as to the real Charlotte Temple, xxxi., xl.; as to the tombstone, l.; lviii.

Digitized by Google

New Dutch Church, the, lv.
New Haven, c.
Newton, Mass., xxvi.
New York, xxx.; coming of Charlotte Temple to, xlii.-xliii; English sentiment strong in, xxx.; third among American cities, xlv.; arrival of Charlotte and Montraville in, I., 128; Charlotte's father arrives in, II., 119-121.
New York Evening Post, the, lii.
New York Historical Society, the, liv., lxi.
New York Public Library, the, xci.
New York Times, the, li., xcv.
New York Tribune, the, lvi.
Niagara, lxxiii.

Ogilvie, J. S., cv., cvi.
Old Bowery Theatre, the, xlvi.
Old Dutch Church, the, lv.
"Old Tree House, The," view of the present building on site of, faces page xlvii., xlviii.; II., 97.
Optimus Printing Co., the, cvi.
Osgood, Ellen Haswell, l.
Osgood, Mrs. Samuel, xxvii.
Otis, James, xx.

Pell Street, Charlotte's home near, xlvi.-xlviii.; II., 97.
Percy, Lord, lxxviii.
Perry, John B., cii.
"Peter Porcupine," xxiv.
Philadelphia, Mrs. Rowson in, xxiii., xxx.; condensed edition of "Charlotte Temple," published in, xxxiv.; Continental Congress meets in, xliv.
Pine Street, N. Y., lxiv.

Digitized by Google

"Poems on Various Subjects," xxiii.
Pontiac's Conspiracy, lxxiii.
Poole's "Index to Periodical Literature," lxviii.-lxix.
Pope, Alexander, II., 28.
Portland Place, London home of Colonel Montrésor, lxxxiv., lxxxvi., lxxxviii.
Portsmouth, England, I., 7, 8, 117.
"Present for Young Ladies, A," xxvi.
Putnam, General Israel, lxxxi.

Quebec, Siege of, lxxii.

Radcliffe, Mrs., lxvi.
Randall's Island, Colonel Montrésor's home on, in New York, lxxiii.
Ratzen, Lieutenant Bernard, xlvii.
"Rebecca," a novel, xxiii., xl.
"Reuben and Rachael," xxvi.
Richardson & Lord, ci.
Rider, R. D., c.
"Robinson Crusoe," cvii.
Rodgers, Susannah, xxxvii.
"Romeo and Juliet," 2.
Roorbach, his "Bibliotheca Americana," xcv.
Rowson, Miss, xxii.
Rowson, family of, l.
Rowson, Susanna Haswell, why a new edition of her "Charlotte Temple," vii.-ix.; portrait of, faces page xviii.; a sketch of, xix.-xxv.; writes of her early life, xix.-xxi.; comes to America as an actress, xxiii.; attacked by William Cobbett, xxiv.; visits Charlotte Temple's grave, xxiv.; plays she wrote, xxiv.; settles in Massachusetts, xxvi.; memorial to, in Roxbury, Mass, xxvii.; me-

Digitized by Google

moirs of, xxvii.; popularity of her "Charlotte Temple," xxx.-xxxiii.; first American edition of her "Charlotte Temple," xxxvii.; her sentimentality, xxxviii.-xxxix.; her stories taken from real life, xl.; a poem by, xli.; where she got the story of "Charlotte Temple," xlii.; her reply to William Cobbett, xliii.; declares the story to be true, l., liii.; uses a real name in Blakeney, lviii.; her fidelity to facts, lxviii.; her leniency to Montrésor, lxxiii.; as to retribution for Montrésor, xc.; lines by, I., 41; II., 25; insists her story is true, 80; her account of Montraville's last days, 127.
Rowson, William, becomes an actor, xxii.; comes to America, xxiii.
Roxbury, Mass., xxiv.
Royal George, the, loss of, I., 112.

St. Eustatia, II., 65.
St. George's Church, N. Y., lv.
St. Leger, Colonel, lxxxii.
St. Michael's Church, South Boston, Mrs. Rowson buried in, xxviii.
St. Paul's Church, N. Y., lv.
Sabin, Joseph, xcv.
"Sarah," a novel, xxvi.
"School for Scandal, The," xxiv.
Scott, Sir Walter, xxix.
Scull, G. B., edits the Montrésor Journals, liv.
Shirley, General William, lxxv.
Sickels, George C., ci.
Skinner & Blanchard, ciii.
"Slaves in Algiers," xxiv.
Society Library, the, c.
South Boston, xxvii.

Digitized by Google

Spithead, England, I., 112.
Spooner, A., c.
Stamp Act, the, xlv.
"Standard of Liberty, The," xxv.
Stanley, Charlotte, the elder, I., 41.
Stanley, Charlotte, Mrs. Rowson visits grave of, xxiv.; inscription to, on tombstone, lvi., lxii.; her aunt Charlotte, I., 42. See *Temple, Charlotte,* and *"Charlotte Temple."*
Stanley, Edward, Earl of Derby, I., 42.
Stanley, family of, xli., lvi.
Steel, H., xcviii.
Stephens, S. J., ci.
Stirling, Earl of, lii.
Stowe, Harriet Beecher, xxix.
Swain, John, cii.
"System of Geography, A," xxvi.

Taft, Miss Mary A., an article by, on "Charlotte Temple," li.
Temple, Charlotte, view of grave of, see frontispiece; Mrs. Rowson visits grave of, xxiv.; so-called likeness of, xxxiv., xxxvi.; represented as a noted courtesan, xxxvi.; a daughter of the Stanley family, xli.; by whom enticed away, xlii.; New York when she arrived in it, xliii.; her home in Chatham Square, xlvi., xlviii.; view of the home, facing page xlvi.; her age, xlix.; the tombstone of, in Trinity churchyard, xlix., *et seq.*; disappearance of inscription plate on tombstone of, xlix.; authenticity of the stone, l.; popular belief in it, li.; persistent survival of the story, lii.; failure of the Montrésor and Stanley families to deny the story, liv.; inscription on the stone, lvi.; her

Digitized by Google

mother, lvii.; her remains taken to England, lix.-lx.; cutting of the present inscription, lxiii.; disappearance of the plate, lxiii.; Philip Hone opposes interference with her grave, lxiv.; a so-called miniature of, lxxxvii., lxxxviii.; meets Montraville, I., 8; an only child, 47; influenced by La Rue, 49; meets Montraville, 50; regrets the meeting, 55-57; persuaded by La Rue, 59-62; letter to from Montraville, 60-64; a birthday party for, planned, 63-65, 72; meets Montraville again, 71-73; persuaded by Montraville, 76-77; her want of fortune, 82; continues to meet Montraville, 85; hesitates to yield, 87; consents to go, 86; regrets her promise, 89-91; receives her mother's letter, 92; again resolves not to go, 94-96; goes away with Montraville, 97; her flight discovered, 98-102; writes to Madame DuPont, 101-102; her parents learn of her flight, 105-108; sails for America with Montraville, 112-114; letter of, to her parents suppressed by Montraville, 114; depression of, on the voyage, 122; surprise of, that La Rue is to marry Colonel Crayton, 127-128; arrives in New York, 128; pointed out as Montraville's mistress, 130; realizes her forlorn state, II., 3-10; her home in New York, 4; forgotten by Montraville, 14-16; Montraville visits, 17; fears of, that he will leave her, 20; Mrs. Beauchamp takes a house near, 23-25; Mrs. Beauchamp calls on, 28-34; writes to her mother, 34-39; Belcour defames, 41-43; Montraville visits, 44; protests her innocence, 45-46; her letter reaches her mother, 59-60; Montraville provides for, 64; farewell letter to from Montraville, 66; learns of Montraville's marriage to Julia Frank-

Digitized by Google

lin, 71-78; deserted by Belcour, 78; finds herself in debt, 87-88; unable to pay her rent, 89; obliged to leave her home, 91-93; resolves to go to New York, 94; writes a letter to Mrs. Crayton, 95-96; the identity of her Chatham Square home, 96; goes to New York, 98; calls on Mrs. Crayton, 101; repulsed from Mrs. Crayton's door, 102-105; carried away by a servant alarmingly ill, 109-111; Mrs. Beauchamp comes to the aid of, 113-114; asks for a clergyman, 118; her father arrives at her death-bed, 119; her death, 121.

Temple, Henry (Charlotte's father), his family and character, I., 13; goes to the Fleet Prison, 15, 24-25; helps Mr. Eldridge, 34-37; and Blakeney, 36; his father's quarrel with, 37-39; his sister Charlotte, 41; refuses to marry Miss Wetherbee, 42; disowned, 43; marries Lucy Eldridge, 45; and Charlotte's birthday party, 63-65, 72; his small fortune, 85; hears of Charlotte's elopement, 119; thinking of Charlotte, II., 58; resolves to go to New York, 61-62; arrives to see Charlotte die, 119-121; meets Montraville at her funeral, 125-126; returns to England, 128; goes to London with Charlotte's daughter, 128; meets Mrs. Crayton in distress, 129, 131.

Temple, Mrs. Henry, plans birthday party for Charlotte, I., 63-65, 72; writes to Charlotte, 94; hears of Charlotte's elopement, 110-113; anxious to hear from Charlotte, 120-122; letter to, from Charlotte, II., 35-39, 59-69. See *Eldridge, Lucy.*

Temple, Lucy. See *Blakeney, Lucy.*

"Trials of the Human Heart," xix., xxv.

Trinity Church, New York, authenticity of the Charlotte Temple tombstone in churchyard of, viii.,

Digitized by Google

xxxv.; burning of, xlix.; pilgrimages to see Charlotte's tombstone, li.; consecration of, lx.
"Trip to Parnassus, A," xxiv.
Trübner, his "Bibliographical Guide," xcvi.
Tucker, Frances, lxxiii., II., 11.
Tucker, Thomas, lxxiii.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," xxix., lxv., xcvi.

"Vicar of Wakefield, The," cvii.
"Victoria," a novel, xxi., xxiii., xl.
"Volunteer, The," xxiv.

Wallop, England, c.
Walton House, the, II., 100.
Walton, William, II., 100.
Washington, George, xliv., lxxi., lxxv.
Washington, Martha, xxv.
Weatherby, Miss, and marriage with Henry Temple, I., 40; described, 41; marries the old earl, 43-44.
Windsor, Vt., xxx., xcviii.
Wolfe, General James, lxxii., lxxv.
Wright, Mabel Osgood (Mrs. Jas. Osborne), dedication of this edition to, v.; designs monument to Mrs. Rowson, xxvii.; her copy of the first edition of "Charlotte Temple," xxxvii.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 00065 9246
BOUND
SEP 1996
Digitized by Google